



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

DEATRICE



DANTE AND BEATRICE,
FROM 1282 TO 1290.



DANTE & BEATRICE

FROM 1282 TO 1290.

A ROMANCE.

BY

ROXBURGHE LOTHIAN.

"The Psyche and the Eros ne'er have been
Save in Olympus wedded ! as a stream
Glasses a star, so life the ideal love—
Restless the stream below—serene the orb above."

Butler Lytton.

VOL. II.



HENRY S. KING & Co., LONDON.

1876.

“ Haply I think of thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate ;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.”

SHAKESPEARE—*Sonnet xxix.*

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	The Raven's Tree, ... 1285	1
„	II. The Cottage of Stigliola, ... „	9
„	III. The Parting at the Monk's Ford, . . . „	19
„	IV. Cardinal Latino pares his Mushrooms with an Amber Knife, ... „	28
„	V. How Beatrice Portinari married Master Simon dei Bardi, ... 1286	42
„	VI. Dante's Grief and Dreams, ... „	52
„	VII. Master Simon dei Bardi, ... 1287-8	64
„	VIII. Cardinal Latino prepares for returning to Rome in May, ... 1289	71
„	IX. How Friends met in secret in Dante's Tower, „	82
„	X. The Fight of Campaldino, June 2d, . . „	100

BOOK THE FOURTH.

CHAP.	I. The Temple of Nurscia, ... 1289	106
„	II. Monk Jeremy visits Beatrice at the Orsini Palace in Rome, ... „	127
„	III. The Trials of Beatrice, ... „	136

		PAGE
CHAP.	IV. The Victors Feasted, ...	1289 144
„	V. The death of Master Folco dei Portinari, December 31, ... „	151
„	VI. The Visdomini ride into Florence, ...	1290 157
„	VII. Beatrice and Felicitas, ... „	163
„	VIII. Dante and Guido Cavalcanti in the Marshes, „	168
„	IX. The Heronry at Night, ... „	177
„	X. The Franciscans of Fiesole, ... „	188
„	XI. What followed Supper, ... „	204
„	XII. The <i>Credo</i> of Dante, ... „	209
„	XIII. The Death of Beatrice, June 9th, ... „	219
„	XIV. How Dante hears of the Death of Beatrice, „	227
„	XV. Dante at the Grave of Beatrice, ... „	238

APPENDIX.

NOTE	I. The Portinari Altar-Piece by Hugo van der Goes, now in the Library of the Hospital of Santa Maria Nuova at Florence, ...	247
„	II. Dante's third Canzonet, ...	249
„	III. Curious particulars concerning certain Convents of Franciscans, ...	250
„	IV. Masons' Marks on Phœnician Buildings in Palestine, .	251
„	V. The Free Masons as religious builders, ...	253
„	VI. The Foundation and Settlement of Santa Maria Nuova, .	256
„	VII. Concerning Folco Portinari's good servant, Monna Tessa, ...	257

Contents.

v

	PAGE
NOTE VIII. On the excellent Order of the Bridge, or Bridge Brethren, ...	258
„ IX. On the influences of Hebrew and Arabic learning on the 13th Century, ...	259
„ IXA. The Tomb of Master Folco dei Portinari at Santa Maria Nuova in Florence (Church of Sant' Egidio), . .	263
„ X. Other Portinari Tombs, and Works of Art in the Church of Sant' Egidio, in Santa Maria Nuova, . .	264
„ XI. Of the <i>Credo</i> or <i>Profession of Faith</i> of Dante, and its date in his Life, ...	264
„ XII. On the sometime residence of Dante Allighieri at Tal-y-Llyn in North Wales, during his exile, with some account of the present state of his place of refuge near Tal-y-Llyn, ...	269
„ XIII. On the finding the remains of Dante, on the 24th May 1865, not in his tomb at Ravenna, but builded into the wall of the Church near it; with the reason why the tomb itself was empty; and proofs of identity, ...	270

DANTE AND BEATRICE.

BOOK III.—CHAPTER I.

THE RAVEN'S TREE.

“ Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
Grins fell destruction,—to the monster's heart
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.”
(*Thomson's Autumn.*)

THE party proceeded in high spirits to the inner glades of the forest, till they reached the riven tree, with the white goose banner. It stood not far from the boar's harbour, and there, walking along, telling his beads most edifyingly,—not thinking of hunting—not he, pious man!—was the Hermit of the Monk's Ford. Gerardo Visdomini greeted him kindly, and asked him to join their sport. Suddenly, the horn of Gundulf sounded. Bell-collars had been fastened on the hounds' necks, and six couple of the best and staunchest dogs were put into the thicket. They had not been long there, before their deep voices told that the game was afoot. The boar, roused in his sleeping-lair, tried first to escape by the same way at which he had entered; but, on that side of the covert, the Hermit and Gundulf had seen his marks.

“ That's your trick, is it, old fellow ? ” growled Gundulf, riding in among the hounds, and keeping them close, to change the direction of escape. “ I prefer you should go to the west, friend, instead of trotting out as you came in ! ”

In doing this, however, Gundulf, himself scathless, lost two of his best dogs ere the boar broke away. Nor were the sufferers at that young and eager age, when hounds will seize a boar, and be killed or spoiled, for useless provocation.

They were old and well taught, and the boar was a five-year old of immense girth and strength, well deserving the good opinion of the enthusiastic Hermit, who admired the sulkiness with which the grunter shook off his new assailants.

"Oh these young men!" groaned Gundulf; "Would that my Lord were here! Not one of them durst have stirred from the station he gave them, until my horn sounded to follow the chase!"

The over-anxious cavaliers were galloping in every direction. Some judging the boar would issue here, some there. Out of all patience, but with some prudent semblance of respect, he rode up to them.

"My Lords! my Lords! you are spoiling the sport. Go back, or you will head the boar. Go back, and we will soon have him out, where you may ride, with spurs in your horses' sides, if you be so minded."

Well was it that Gundulf's orders were quickly followed, for the boar had already turned to the very quarter where the cavaliers had first placed themselves. Gundulf, from his station within the wood, where his view was not even intercepted by the cunning Hermit, who had posted himself at the same point, now saw the magnificent boar break from the covert, stand, and listen for a moment, then, seeing the road clear, make off to some distant haunt in the direction the old huntsman had intended. The Hermit looked pityingly at the dying hounds, staunch old dogs, whose gray solemn heads showed age and wisdom, and whose former scars, and seams in lips and ears, betokened many an encounter. He would fain have doctored them, if he could, but Gundulf's horn now sounded lustily; twelve more couples were unleashed, and the forest echoed with hound and bugle.

The chase was up. Each gallant grasped his spear, and pressed his spurs to his horse's sides. Against all rule, some of the vainer men rode before Gundulf, and among the hounds, but their courage was soon damped in a quagmire, on the edge of which, divers of them floundered ingloriously.

"I hope you are not hurt, my Lords!" shouted the huntsman. "Forward!"

The boar had attempted to make for a sedgy marsh, where he had often wallowed in the heats of summer; but, from this, he had been turned, by Gundulf's activity, into a tract of comparatively open ground. The horse lent to the Hermit, by Gerardo Visdomini, was strong and active, as was his rider. The Hermit seemed Gundulf's second self, so ably, without communication or look, did he second his wishes. The boar, so soon as forced from the marsh, kept on, till, after listening to the noise of the dogs, and apparently hesitating, he made at once for that part of the forest out of which he had been roused. Gundulf knew well that an old boar will leave, as little as possible, the wood where he was bred, and will always seek, when hard pressed, to return there. So soon as he broke away to his original covert, the pursuit became hotter; the last relays of dogs were uncoupled, and the Hermit warned the ladies to be less venturesome.

The boar kept ahead, at a quick ambling gallop, foaming with rage. Gundulf, with quick eye and hand, guided his horse so adroitly, over broken ground, and through thickets and trees, that he appeared to keep near the hounds with little exertion, while the younger hunters, now galloping furiously in the glades, now stopped by thickets, or unable to twist their horses through intricate ways, suffered divers disasters. One of the Caponsacchi broke his spear against a tree; the elder Portinari was swept out of his saddle by an oak branch; Gangalandi lost his stirrups; and Nerli was crushed against some timber.

The ladies kept on steadily enough, warned by the Hermit, and guided by a pricker, along the openings cut through for carrying wood, but this was not always easily done, for, though much had been cleared, the ground was rough and briery; here and there, deep and miry with springs, and often cut with ditches, that had been made to drain the bog. Through every difficulty, the Countess Magdalene and Beatrice led the way, delighted when the

wild music of the chase would sometimes cross the path in which they rode. Once, they had to pull up, as the hunt passed close before them. Old Gundulf stopped a moment, to tell the pricker to lead the ladies to the Monk's Ford, where he calculated the boar would be brought to bay. Then turning to Beatrice, he said: "Be careful, dear lady. Remember you are not on your own jennet. That barb is scarcely broken to your hand. Come not near us when the boar is at bay, for he might break from us again, and you might not be able to guide your horse."

Much must the old man have loved Beatrice to have thus thought of her, and stopped to caution, while his hounds were in chase. When he rejoined them, the boar, as if to throw the dogs off the scent, passed over the lair of a second beast, which made off in a different direction, taking with him some young hounds, and divers hunters, to the extreme disgust of Gundulf and the Hermit.

"Sound to recall," cried Gerardo Visdomini, with a flash of his father's spirit. "Prickers, go, stop the young dogs, and bring them back!"

Presently afterwards, the boar, being hard pressed, came to bay at a spot where stood a venerable oak, known by the name of the Raven's Tree.

The young Visdomini, like all his countrymen, followed the old Roman method of boar-hunting, which was to keep the brute at bay with a single spear, and then engage and kill him. Gerardo Visdomini alighted, and, usually, none would have engaged the boar before him in his own forests; but he was young, and there were present several considerable men, who had been tried friends of his late father. To the most influential of these, Cæsar Adimari, a fine soldier and strongly-knit huntsman, Gerardo Visdomini gave the post of honour. Gundulf lost, meanwhile, all patience. "Would my old master," said he, "have suffered any stranger to plant spear in a boar that had cost such a run as that? Oh that I could place an older head on those young shoulders! He is ruining his hounds!—ruining *everything*! In his delay three more are killed—the old

ones growing mad ; and see there—my poor Woodman at last ! ripped in the flank, and good for nothing !” This havoc among the dogs was the work of a few minutes. The enraged boar, brought to bay, and surrounded, increased in fury with every opponent. At last Cæsar Adimari confronted him, and Gundulf fairly trembled for the result. Adimari was bold to a fault, but seldom cool ; and now, either taken by surprise at Gerardo’s courtesy, or over-anxious, as he saw the train of ladies about to arrive, he presented his spear somewhat hastily ; and, as ill-luck would have it, only grazed the neck of the boar. Thus escaping, the brute became more enraged, burst among the surrounding hounds, did more havoc among them, and, in fighting his way desperately through, met the train of ladies at that instant arrived, headed by the Countess Magdalene and Beatrice. At the sight of him, the barb which Beatrice rode became panic-stricken, and refused to obey her hand. Remaining thus in the very course, the horse received the mad onset of the boar, who, tossing his huge snout, ripped the barb’s breast with his sharp tusks, and would have destroyed the falling Beatrice also, who came to the ground with her slain palfrey, her green skirt bespattered with his blood, and whitened with the boar’s foam. But, in the eye and nick of time, a defender sprang to her side out of the thicket behind the Raven’s Tree, unsheathed his dagger, and plunged it, fair and firm, into the heart of the boar. With a struggle or two, the huge brute reeled, but could not recover himself, and fell, a harmless mass, on the grassy sward.

Gundulf, for the first time in his life, could not blow a mort. The danger he had all day foreseen, the delay made by his young master, and the death of Woodman in particular, had unnerved him ; but presently, when he saw the stranger lift Beatrice, unhurt, from the dying barb, he rallied, and blew a blast loud and strong. Such a bringing to bay he had certainly never seen in the old lord’s time !

But who was this heaven-sent stranger who had sprung

forth, in the nick of time, to save the life of Beatrice?—it was the student from Bologna—Dante Allighieri.

“Well and bravely done!” cried the Hermit, enthusiastically; “is it you, friend Allighieri? I never saw a firmer thrust; and ’tis a grand boar, too, huge and burly, and was mighty furious, as a bull of Bashan!”

The young Visdomini frowned uneasily. What did all this mean? Where did that fellow come from? Why could not he himself have saved her? And while he thus thought, Cæsar Adimari, and the others, looked cool defiance at the stranger.

Dante, no less haughty than themselves, explained that he was merely passing through the forest, and, seeing the danger of the lady, had stepped aside and delivered her; he would have done the same to any other; nothing could be more simple; it was mere accident, but he rejoiced he had saved her. The Countess thanked him; he raised his cap to her and to Beatrice; and, turning into the forest path, silently went his way.

“Who the devil thought of seeing him here?” said several who knew him.

“A bold, grand youth that, gentlemen!” said the Hermit; “something of woodcraft and hawking hath he learned from me, though I say it with all respect; and he has more ability in the Humanities than any of us! Our Abbot loves him, and would rejoice if he had grace to join our holy Order!”

This the Hermit said, out of a jovial and kindly goodwill to the two young people, between whom his practised eye discerned a glance or two that had escaped the other bystanders. Now, for the life of him, the Hermit of the Monk’s Ford had never been able to bring himself to thwart a love-passage. It was against nature with him; but the hunters did not think they would join the Vallombrosan Order if they could despatch a furious boar in so masterly a fashion!

Beatrice was not hurt, only a little shaken. She stood *pale and distressed* at the sight before her. The steed, her

kindly cousin's gift of the previous day, lay bleeding to death at her feet. She bent down to stroke the poor head that had, but a moment before, been held so proudly, and to hide her tears of useless pity, forgetting in her trouble the rescuer's identity, while grieving, in her gentle heart, for her fallen comrade. Her aunt made her take a restorative, and old Gundulf came up and repeated a charm over her. He, too, had a hazy notion that the stranger had the same lustrous eyes and long black hair, as the hero of the *Maia* and *Ariadne* dances, in which some of his little granddaughters had held the garlands; but he kept his own counsel.

Gerardo Visdomini busied himself in mounting Beatrice on another horse, not but he too felt uneasy and impatient, although his happiness, at her deliverance, well-nigh overpowered him; yet he could say nothing to her.

Beatrice made a great effort to convince them that all was well. Her colour returned; her dress was changed for the humbler skirt of one of the waiting-women; and she smiled gladly, and offered to continue the sport; but the elder ladies forbade, and the Countess enjoined her returning immediately to the castle. Nay, she herself offered to accompany her; but the young Visdomini and Cæsar Adimari were in no mood to let the ladies go; they remembered the second boar that had crossed their path not long before, and became clamorous to throw the remaining hounds upon his scent. The Countess and all the ladies remained, save Beatrice, who, with her own tire-woman, and Mistress Fabia, were guided by two grooms back to the castle, while the other dames followed the chase of the second boar.

While these things were occurring, Gundulf had stuck a branch into the ground beside the quarry. To the branch he had fastened a bunch of hawks' bells, to jingle and whistle in the wind. Next, he covered the carcass with green branches, and tied to them strips of red cloth, which he took from his all-containing pockets; then, looking

complacently at the boar, he said, "Lie there, now, safely enough, till I send for you for the britling. Neither beast nor bird will touch you; they will mistrust all my contrivances, and smell my footprints; but the poor barb! what a loss! and Woodman! and the dogs!—'tis a heavy day! Beppo, take off my young lady's housings, and spread them carefully on that branch. There, now, my young lords 'Hallo! hallo!' calls old Gundulf, as if he had nought to do or think of! Come, Beppo, we'll see what they can make of the next one!"

BOOK III.—CHAPTER II.

THE COTTAGE OF STIGLIOLA.

“Not new to me this prophecy of woe.”—(*Inferno*, Canto *xv.*, 94.)

“Ma un uomo di genio sente più intensamente e soffre più fortemente d'un altro.”—(*Ugo Foscolo*, *Saggi sopra il Petrarca*, p. 47.)

THE Raven's Tree had resumed its wonted solitude. Around it were traces of the conflict of the boar with the hounds. The sod was cut with horse-prints, and dyed with blood. Motionless, under the scattered branches, lay the boar; and, beyond him, was the mangled body of the unhappy barb. The wind sighed among the trees; the neighbouring stream prattled among rocky stones; far off, sounded the echo of old Gundulf's horn, in busy pursuit; and overhead came the shrill scream of birds, crossing and recrossing against the sky. Beatrice had disappeared; and the place was solitary and deserted.

Dante, whose anxiety to leave the company of the hunters had made him turn from them in unnecessary haste, was no sooner beyond them, than he felt a desire to revisit the spot where he had left Beatrice. He recrossed the Monk's Ford, and paused under the Raven's Tree.

“Vile brute!” said he, looking at the boar, “thou liest there, unconscious of the deed thy foul and savage rage had nearly done! All thy life long thou hast trod down the sweetest flowers—and never knewest them! The beauty of the green acorn, the elegance of the clustering chestnut, the bloom of the purple sloe, the amber fruits of the vine, were all alike to thee! Thou wouldest have slaughtered Beatrice, and never known how angelic the form that thy hide had touched! nor known that thy fell strength had robbed the world of its pearl of beauty! Insensate brute! of thy nature thou art dense and foul—and yet I bless thee! Thou hast given me the felicity of seeing her, and

of perilling my life for hers ! I thank Thee for it, giver of all good !” and here he reverently bared his head, and, with clasped hands, turned his eyes to the sky. “Thou orderest all things well ; and the-sparrow falleth not to the earth, but Thou knowest it !”

As he spoke, a flock of cranes passed over the small space of sky above the trees.

“Going home ! no doubt !” said Dante ; “so cannot I ! My home—if home I have—is far from here. I came to watch for a single glance of her passing by ; and I have seen and saved her ! My blessed Beatrice ! I must return soon to the lecturer at Bologna ; but I need not start till night-fall. I know the roads better now than I did last year ; and the Bridge-brethren are kind and friendly to me. I will go to Stigliola’s, and inquire what news of Beatrice. She said she was not hurt ; but what is nothing to one of us, may injure a damsel ; ay, the bravest of them !”

He turned from the Raven’s Tree, and sought the cottage or hut of the nurse Stigliola. Alp Arslan had brought him from Bologna, and was resting in the hospitable shed of the Brethren of the Bridge ; while his master had come on foot to the woods of Vallombrosa, and sought, at the Hermitage of the Ford, to hear news of Beatrice. Finding no Hermit there, but sounds of hunting near, he had waited by the Raven’s Tree for a sight of her he loved. Thus had presented itself the occasion for his delivering Beatrice from destruction. As he had said, it was an accident.

The cottage of Stigliola lay outside the village of Paterno, beyond the Monk’s Grange. He found its owner absent, a cat sitting on her chair, some goats browsing round the door, and her distaff laid down beside the bee-hives. He entered and sate down, and began to write something.

A while afterwards, Beatrice, who had been able to ride but slowly, fatigued with the steep ascent to Paterno, proposed to alight and rest with Stigliola ; though the neighbours told how the nurse was absent, but might return ere long. Beatrice sat down within the threshold, while the tire-woman, Stigliola’s daughter, went in search of her

mother. Accustomed to visit the cottage, familiar with all the ways of its poor mistress, Beatrice never dreamed of any one being there. She sate pensively reflecting on her deliverer, trying to account for his presence at the Raven's Tree, and watching, innocently enough, Stigliola's goats, kids, fowls, and chickens, and a bush of rosemary under the mountain ash tree at the door, and a nest of pigeons.

Within, Dante, busied in writing, heard no footfall enter the doorway, but bent over his scroll, unconscious of her nearness. It was his habit to fall into complete abstraction from surrounding things, his mind full of imaginary forms, or wrapt in some train of fancy. He had purposed to send Stigliola to inquire for the lady Beatrice's health, and, meantime, his thoughts turned into song. Line followed line upon the scroll, till, having written, he read aloud to himself the following Canzonet :—

“ My love, my heart, my dreams, my song,
To my Belovèd One belong.
I saw her in the forest green,
'Midst stately dames, a graceful queen.
Upon my ravished sight she came,
An ecstasy, a light, a flame,
That all my soul possest.
But danger sudden found her there,
The frantic boar but grazed the spear,
Then lowered his horrid crest.
A sudden spring—a steady blow,
A thrill of pain—a starting tear,
Only the milk-white barb did show
That wounds and death were near.
My love lived on ! oh, happy I,
So sweet a life to save !
Witness, my song, this tender sigh,
And tell her, Love can never die,—
Not even in the grave ! ”

Upon the stillness of that poor hut, his rich, impassioned voice rose to the ear of Beatrice, an astonishment, a surprise, a marvel. To recognise it; to hush the emotion of the discovery; to listen calmly to the beautiful words : who could have anticipated a joy so great and so unlooked for ?

The voice paused. The Canzonet was finished. Beatrice repeated, as in a dream—

“ And tell her, Love can never die,
Not even in the grave ! ”

Then, she turned to the place whence the voice had come; and, entering further, saw him, and said, "Dante, I have chanced to come here, I have heard your verses, and I know how truly they speak. Now I owe you my life, and to none other than you would I willingly owe it!"

He was surprised at her apparition, and so overcome by her unexpected presence, that, for a while, he lost the power to answer, except by rising, in courteous reverence, at her approach.

"Dante," she continued, "I knew not you were here. I thought you at Bologna, as you wrote my aunt. I came here to rest with Stigliola, but I rejoice to see you; and oh, if I could ever thank you for saving me from that dreadful wild boar in the forest!"

"Nay, lady, mention it not. Any other, passing as I did, would have done the same."

"Nay, but it was so good. One moment, I saw the terrible creature coming towards me; I tried to turn the barb, and could not; I felt that it was struck and wounded; I felt it fall; I thought all was over. I remembered you—it crossed my mind, like lightning, how the death of Beatrice would grieve you. The next, you, yourself, were bending over me, and all was well! Madonna be praised in paradise! Have we not friends in Heaven who watch our paths! My thanks affect you? Nay, I am not worth tears. . . . May I have the writing? I think I might be permitted it; and oh, I should so like to keep it!"

She passed her eye over the scroll, and saw upon it an Angel, which he had drawn* there. The face and features of the Angel were her own. Her eyes, too, like her lover's, became

* Dante was a master of the pencil as well as the pen. In the *Vita Nuova*, he describes himself drawing angels "*io mi sedea in parte nella quale ricordandomi di lei, disegnava un Angelo sopra certe tavolette*;" and again, "*onde partiti costoro, ritornai alla mia opera, ciò è, del disegnare figure d'Angeli*." (*Vita Nuova*, xxxv.) Leonardo Bruni says of Dante, that he "drew beautifully with his own hand—"e di sua mano egregiamente disegnara." Baldinucci states that the great illuminator, Oderigi da Gubbio, studied drawing and painting with Giotto and Dante, under Cimabue. Giotto was eleven years younger than Dante. (See Baldinucci. *Vita d'Oderigi da Gubbio*.)

dim with tears; her matchless hands trembled; a quiver came to her lip, and the not usually pale complexion of that exquisite face, lost its tints of rose in the effort to speak more.

"Is there some misery I do not know, sweet lady?" asked Dante; "Or do you feel ill at ease? or does my presence burden you?"

"My soul is sad and weary, dearest friend," replied Beatrice; "because thanks are all I can give, and they are nothing! Nay, flatter me not; where the soul itself would be too little, mere words are nothing indeed!"

"Lady,—to the hungry little is much—I pray you, spare not your words. If they are roses, they will blossom; if they are thorns, they will defend. I am ready for all things—do not turn from me!"

Beatrice was stifling her own tears. She dared not show too openly the love and sympathy she felt. There was a contest in her breast; grief for herself, for him. Laws to obey, not her own, nor of her choosing, but strict, firm laws, that ruled, and must rule, her life. A woman magnifies, perhaps, the sorrow by imagination and regret; but here there was no illusion—it was too real. She grieved for the youth and life that he was wasting at her shrine: a flood of tears nearly started from her pent-up grief; but no, she conquered it, and, unable to meet his glance, her eyes still rested on the pictured Angels till she grew calm. Then, not tears, but a faint sweet smile, broke gently over her heavenly features.

Dante stood in silence near her, watching, with anxious look, the guardian genius of his dreams. Further speech was impossible: all he had vowed to say, all he had repeated to himself, in solitude, a hundred times, died on his tongue, and he stood there, a spell-bound worshipper of the Beloved.

"Dante," she said, "I see you suffering, anxious, and troubled; you, who, so lately, saved my life; I know I have but to speak kindly the words that are in my heart, and near my tongue, to say, what I will confess I could say, that, for me, the Past has had but one image, and my life but one desire; we two have been long acquainted, and,

had we fallen on happier times, the words I hint at, now, might make this hut like Heaven!—but oh! dear, truest friend, there are many things that grieve me—circumstances I cannot alter; nor can you change! Ah! to-day, but for your arm, I should have left them all!”

“I can bear all, lady; but what will it be for you?—this grief, these circumstances—can I do nothing? Is there nothing I may be permitted to do for you, except to suffer?”

In a niche of the cottage wall, stood a rude image of the Virgin Mother—one of those the peasants of Italy love—rudely painted, and holding in her arms the infant Saviour, in the act of blessing. Beatrice was near failing in her resolution—near stretching out her hands to Dante, and renewing with him the happy memories of their brighter days. She would have felt his warm breath on her small white hands; perchance the arm that had lately saved her, would have wreathed her neck, and his voice would have broken the flood-gates of suspense and silence, and poured a sense of rapture in her ear. . . . The temptation was terrible—the solitude, the time, the place, such as might never return again—and only one half hour of such a comfort—one, in their whole lives—one!

But no. How grant a ray of hope, a moment's Elysium, when the wretched truth of their separation must succeed it? She had no right to offer anything but the hopelessness of a blank despair!

The awful phantom of Obedience rose before her; that stern, unquestioning obedience to Father and Mother, which, in her country, was then, as it is now, a law of steel. Obedience which the Church commanded—implicit, unquestioning, unenquiring. She turned to the image of clay: “Oh, Mother of Mercy! Mother of Pity! Mother of Help!” And, as if she had derived fortitude from the brief invocation, she fixed on Dante a look of determination and regret, for which her own heart was meanwhile chiding her.

“I have been weak, Dante, help me to be strong. We may not meet in this way; we may not hold this converse; alas! it is forbidden. We are fallen on evil times. I do

not comprehend. I must obey. Evil days, Dante, evil days! You and I are decreed to part! You do not credit it? You will not believe it? Oh, my friend, it is too true! They enforce terrible things. Listen! Friar Peter, in Florence, talks of unholy books you read, and unhallowed sciences you dive into. He drives me wild. My Aunt's Confessor, Brother Simeon, bids me renounce the world, and tells me the only sacrifice I can give to God, is the sacrifice of my whole heart. I said to him: 'Does God want it broken and crushed? Its pain, its bitter aching, its despair, do they make it more fit for a poor girl to offer to the Omnipotent? Can it be, that, only on the ruins of the love God placed beside me, I am to be able to reach to Him? Oh, is it only in its bleeding wreck, and expiring sigh, that I can obtain forgiveness, from Him, to whom my heart—all hearts—are open?' and he answered 'Yes.'"

"He answered like a priest," said Dante, "not like a living man. If I am not worthy of Beatrice Portinari, let them say so. Not rich enough—not powerful enough—let them declare it. They need not make it a crime for you to have thought of me! But oh, my dearest lady, this is their hour! . . . They threatened harm to you. I left my home in Florence, but I hoped on. Am I to hope no more? Is my love to be like theirs? Mutable, moveable, at the sound of danger, or the lure of gold? No, Beatrice. An idea that has been once planted, may be cut down, but it will sprout again! There is a yet stronger vitality and force in love. I may lose you, but I shall love you still!"

"Hush, Dante," said Beatrice; "Do not speak so. I am but a girl; it matters nothing to the world what comes of me! But you, Dante, you! were there not prophecies of your greatness before you were born? Has not Ser Brunetto drawn your horoscope, ever trying to find himself mistaken, yet it always comes the same? Greatness, in some way unknown to me, must be yours, and the thought comforts me. Your mind, your memory, are not like other men. Your speech differs from theirs. The people sing your songs, and find them music. You have received great

gifts; I love to think how they will bring fame. Happiness, Dante, I do not speak of; there are lives that never know it. In the holy Gospels, there is no mention of any who found it. I do not look for it for myself. I can scarcely hope for it for you! Do you remember the day I sang:

‘Fear not! my heart will brook no check,
The die is thrown and cast;
If he returns from out the cave,
I’ll follow him across the wave,
And soon forget the Past!
Oh Theseus, bravest Theseus!
Victorious, chase our fear!
Triumphant, lordly Theseus,
Return, our hearts to cheer!’

That was the last verse of my song, in the dance of Ariadne, and that day was the happiest day of my whole life!”

Her voice faltered. It is a great pain to remember happy hours, when we are in misery,—she was obliged to pause. Then, adopting, in her growing earnestness, the endearing *thou*, more intimate, more familiar, and so beautiful in the language of her country, she continued:

“Yes,—when I, and my life, and home, and family are forgotten:—ay, perchance, when my family shall have perished, and our country come into brighter days;—I dream, Dante, that thy name shall survive them all!—Think for thyself, my friend of friends; and choose the righteous way. As thy head was wreathed with wild flowers, on that May-day, long ago, in my father’s house, when thy father brought thee to mine:—so shall thy head be wreathed with a bright glory, and thy name shall be a house-word among good men!—I cannot bid thee forget me;—I am but a helpless maiden, but I am dear to thee;—I know it. If it is a sin to say so, I have sinned. I cannot bid thee forget me;—that would be mockery!—But,—forget our separation, —forget our troubles,—forget this grievous day,—forget this parting!—See me, thy prophetess, thy good Egeria, thy Fate;—and, young as thou art,—free, and, in all else, fortunate,—remember the path I trace for thee, and the great gifts that I do charge thee to make immortal!—As

for me ;—blood parts us,—pride parts us,—my mother parts us,—the priests part us ;—and yet I am still with thee !—I see thee, great and famous ;—I shadow forth thy future,—watered with much labour, and many tears ;—but, built on a grand foundation ;—and my poor voice bids thee, on the ashes of this broken hope, to raise an immortality for Italy ;—an immortality of Mind, Fortitude, and Virtue, which shall last, when her princes, her nobles, her merchants, her factions, her struggles, her discords,—her errors, and even her priests,—shall have passed away !—Beatrice will have reached a quiet resting-place,—*she will remember thee !* ”

With sweet and serious dignity in her elastic and lovely frame, the all-beautiful Portinari held out her snowy hand, and Dante kissed it. He tried to speak, but words came not. He had a sense of suffocation. The agitations and sorrows of his previous life were nothing to this.

“ Do not answer me,” said Beatrice, “ I know all thou wouldst say—I, too, could say more !—but what avails it ?—Follow me not, Dante God be with thee ! . . . Fare thee well ! ”—

With the words, “ Fare thee well ! ” sounding like the last notes of some sad hymn on his ear, Dante stood as one in a dream might stand ; his eyes fixed on the doorway through which all he loved had gone from his sight, it might be, for ever !

In later years, he never could recall what passed through his mind during those moments after Beatrice’s farewell, or what had occupied his thoughts ere the despairing trance came to an end. He sank on the chair beside him to bury his fevered head in his hands, and strove to check the sobs that rose from the strong man’s breast in this hour of agony and deep distress. They must part—she, the good, the kind, the true—had said “ for ever ! ”

Oh, the life, the hopeless years that were his possession in future ! Oh, the vanished dreams, the bygone splendours he had thought to make his own ! Gone—and for ever gone ! Gone the morning of life—gone the gay radiance of the brilliant dawn, pointing to brighter noonday !

Vanished his sun of hope ! Checked in its glorious course—checked—not by a passing mist, but by perpetual cloud casting black darkness on his future way !

Steps roused him in the midst of his prostration. Wordless he passed the returning peasant—it was Stigliola who stood gazing in wonder at the bowed, retreating figure as it disappeared.

The waiting woman had gone a long way to seek Stigliola, and, returning with her, had met Beatrice soon after she had left the cottage. But Beatrice could not speak to them. The grooms went on before. The waiting woman saw that her young mistress was not only fatigued and agitated, but that some grief had come. From her palfrey in the suite of the Countess, she, Fabia, had seen nothing ; but it was soon whispered how Dante had appeared in the forest and had rescued Beatrice from the onslaught of the boar. Curiosity could not rest. Fabia believed silence would be as bad for her young mistress, as it was irksome to herself, and resolved to speak.

“With all respect, dear lady ;” said the house-keeper, “now, that you are rested, may I ask if the noble cavalier who saved you from the boar, is not the same, who received Paul the writing-master, the day I brought him with me, in the waggon ? he who took him to write for his living at the Vallombrosa ?”

“The same, Fabia ; and the next morning it was May-Day, and we danced, and sang upon the green, the ancient games of Maia and Ariadne.”

They had still a long ascent ; for the hills there are high and steep ; but, at last they reached the barbican, crossed the draw-bridge, passed under the port-cullis, and beside the draw-well, and, entering the court-yard from whence they had that morning issued in so much glee, they regained the Castle.

There, when Beatrice was left in the solitude of her own chamber, there was but one other heart in Tuscany as miserable and as desolate as her’s !

BOOK III.—CHAPTER III.

THE PARTING AT THE MONK'S FORD.

“ Wherefore deprived of such bright imagery,
I turned again mine eyes to Her I loved.”

(*Paradiso*, xxx. 14.)

BEATRICE had, from the first, done her utmost to foster no illusions in her own mind. She had disciplined herself, so far as she could, not to dream or dwell too fondly on her secret. She had tried to face life as it is, and not to pine for that ideal life her fancy framed. She even schooled herself to compare the lot before her, not with poetic story of the happy among romantic lovers, but with the miserable, the prisoners, and the hopeless. It was not a gladsome manner of preparing for marriage, but it was more practical and sensible, and more dignified too, than sickly dreaming. What she would aspire after, would be patience ; ay, lengthened patience, to meet the long endurance of a life she could not love ; a home climate, neither hot nor cold ; a home twilight that would be perpetually dull, if it were not, also, perpetually irksome. These were the strivings after duty ; the brave attempts to stifle Nature herself, and mould the heart and mind to circumstance. How could she know the realities that lay before her ? How sound the companionship with exacting temper, cold egotism, endless self-sufficiency, self-laudation, and carping speech, to which her life was doomed ? She looked for little else than such tediousness ; but, to her inexperience, that alone was a heavy anticipation, that often unnerved her courage, and almost shattered her resolution, especially since that last incident of the rescue from the boat, of which she and the Countess talked repeatedly together.

“ I have made a vow, dear Aunt,” said Beatrice, “ that

I will pray to-morrow in the chapel of our Lady at the Monk's Ford, and will dedicate my amber necklace to her. You know, Aunt, it was she who saved my life !”

“Did she, my beautiful ?” answered the Countess, “then she took the form of our young friend, whom we believed to be at Bologna !”

“Sweet Aunt,” replied Beatrice, blushing, “the Hermit declares it was our Lady of the Ford, who saved me ; and, perhaps, she sent Dante hither.”

“It may be so,” replied the Countess. “We must not argue on these things. Next week my darling must return home. The vow must be kept at once. I will send Gundulf with thee, if he can be spared.”

“My vow is for to-morrow, dearest Aunt, at early dawn. We shall have returned here before Gerardo will require him.”

And, on the following day, soon after daybreak, Beatrice entered the forest, escorted by the hale old huntsman, and, in due time, reached the Monk's Ford.

The Hermit was standing outside his rustic dwelling, telling his beads. The door of the chapel stood open, and showed the Virgin Goddess clad in blue and gold, with a crown of rays upon her head.

There were two or three wayfarers on their knees,—a forester or two, and an old man who fished the streams for the Vallombrosans. The Hermit stood still, reciting his prayers, and only bowed his head in an abstracted manner to Beatrice.

“I see how it is, lady,” said Gundulf, “his reverence means to go out hawking to-day ; he will attire himself before mass,—I know his ways.” The Hermit had obtained, from Gerardo Visdomini, leave to keep two greyhounds, and a spaniel or two, wherewith to use tiercelet and falcon at his pleasure, within certain bounds. The young lord, pleased to favour tastes so congenial to his own, had presented the Hermit with dogs and hawks from his own stock.

Gundulf was right ; the worshippers had not waited long, when the Hermit entered the chapel, booted, and holding a

tiercelet on his wrist ; which additions to his usual attire, though not strictly ecclesiastical, were so usual to the time and place, that no one took exception at them.

“ Good ! ” said old Gundulf to himself, “ what a proper sportsman he is ! Ay, the blessed apostles loved fishing, and for aught we know, may have gone a fowling also ! ” And, moving slightly from where he stood behind Beatrice, Gundulf helped the Hermit to rest the bird, ready hooded and jessed, upon the Gospel horn ; which done, the Hermit began the service.*

At the end of it, Beatrice unclasped the amber from her neck, and asked that it might be dedicated. Even so fair a jewel, and from a neck like her's, required the church's consecration. The hermit, inwardly chafing a little at the short delay, laid it on the Evangel book, sprinkled it with holy water, recited over it the necessary prayers, and then accepted it for the Virgin's use. A moment later it hung round the neck of the statue. The vow was accomplished. Beatrice rose from her knees, and, with Gundulf, recrossed the ford.

Now, Stigliola had been very early astir in her poor dwelling, and so it befell that she had seen Beatrice and the old huntsman pass ; and had, in her garrulous way, told it to Dante, who had slept that night in her hut. It would have been prudent to avoid another meeting, but he could not forego the joy of seeing her once more. He passed down the forest path, following almost where her footprints must have touched the ground ; and presently, after she had recrossed the stream, they were approaching one

* That this is no singular instance, see the following, many centuries afterwards :—“ Acte de l'an 1642, cité dans le *Mercuré François*, Février 1735, p. 293.” “ Peut le dit sieur de Sacey faire dire la messe par le curé d'Ezy, ou autre, en l'église Notre Dame d'Evreux devant le grand autel, quand il lui plaira ; et peut le dit seigneur, ou curé, chasser sur tout le diocèse d'Evreux, avec autour et tiercelet, six épagneuls et deux levriers, et peut le dit sieur faire porter et mettre son oiseau sur le coin du grand autel au lieu le plus près et le plus commode à son vouloir. Peut le dit sieur curé dire la messe botté et éperonné en la dite église Notre Dame d'Evreux, tambour battant, en lieu et place des orgues. Il existait un usage semblable, à Auxerre.—(*Carpentier*.) Verbo acceptor.” (*Michélet*, *Origines du Droit*, *Supplément*, vol. ii., page 274.)

another. Her first impulse was to avoid the meeting ; her second, to accept it. They were again at the Raven's Tree.

"Fated to me for good !" thought Beatrice, "my life was saved on this very spot."

"I did not think to meet thee again, Dante," said Beatrice timidly.

"Nor did I expect it, lady, and yet we are here, and I am happy, though I may but hear again that there is no hope—nothing but separation !"

"Nothing more !" replied Beatrice, and old Gundulf told his dame, that night, that the young lady looked for all the world like a snow-drift, as she spoke at the Raven's Tree.

"Thou canst not love this man ?" said Dante sorrowfully.

"I love no one," answered Beatrice.

"Lady !" exclaimed he passionately, "break not the only comfort I have left ; the belief that I am not forgotten ! thy kind heart seems, in my fancy, to beat for me, though it beats more patiently than mine. The world goes hardly with me now ; for the brightness of my life has faded ; but, by thy own kindness, and by my solitary tears, oh lady, speak with me in all honesty, this once. A word that shall lighten all my life until I die ! It shall never pass my lips. I will conceal our meeting, and our parting. I will only speak of thee as a dream or vision of my enamoured mind. I will hide the word I ask for. I will speak of thee only as a remembrance, an imagination, and a worship. And I shall speak the truth ; alas ! thou wilt be nothing more ! But I will be silent as death on all the times that I have spoken with thee. From me, thy own pride, the pride of thy future husband, shall suffer nothing. But, dearest lady, by the effort this will cost me—by the memory of what my lips will seem to cancel, and my tongue conceal—by the hidden grief with which my past must be ever darkened—speak with me truly now ! I do not question thee of what is thy present mind ; but in past years—Beatrice—hast thou not loved me ?

"Yes;" replied the maiden.

"And how did I love thee, Beatrice?"

"As I love Felicitas."

"Is that quite true, Beatrice?"

"Thou didst love me from my childhood, when I was like her . . ."

"Ay. But when we grew older—did I only love thee as thou lovest little Felicitas?"

"There might be a difference, Dante," replied Beatrice, hesitating to admit more.

"There is a world of difference, Beatrice! shall I tell it thee?"

"I think I know it," she answered, with that smile of her's there was no resisting.

"Thou dost not know it!" cried Dante, "there are things women never know, nor can tongue describe! Music cannot be told in words, nor Beauty proved by numerals of proportion! Seest thou our purest sky, bright with this fresh new morning? It is less bright than thou art! Seest thou the glassy dew on the grass around us? It is less pure than thee! Seest thou this stream, that, from the hills, runs on to rest in the eternal sea? It is less clear and less translucent than thy smile! And then the fondness, Beatrice! the fondness! The close, dear, exquisite sense of the tie of loving! the wish to shield, to guard, to save thee, as my own! Was I too bold that I hoped to live for thee? As the sky watches the flowerets of this beautiful earth, I would have tried to watch over thee! As yon stream whispers to the woods, oh sweet one, thou wouldst have talked to me true companionship, true society, real oneness; and our love, like the peace of the immortal, should have been cloudless, serene, and true!"

"Some day," answered Beatrice, "we shall meet again in Heaven!"

Dante looked on her. "I would to God," said he, "that we were there! and being there, had forgotten this evil world! But we are here, and misery is with us . . . and thou wilt take another name . . . and I . . ."

The words he wished to speak choked his utterance, and emotion mastered him. His whole frame shook with pain, and he hid his face from the all-beautiful lady of his love.

But the maiden's courage rose as his forsook him; and, laying her hand on his arm, she said beseechingly :

"Dante, this must not be. Listen, I am already dead. My father has granted me a long delay, but it is nearly over. He and my mother have betrothed me; and I am their's, not my own. The life I used to live has perished; the flowers I loved have faded; duty and prayer are all that I have left."

"Where is memory?" asked Dante, "has that too died?"

"It must die," answered the maiden. "I have had many memories. They are dying . . . this day and yesterday will come back on me . . . but . . . I must bury them also."

"Stay—Beatrice—thou didst say that in the past thou lovest me . . ."

"With a dear, dear love!" interrupted Beatrice.

"God be thy guide, my blessed one!—Would that thy path had not had thorns like these! He knoweth best!—God's comfort guard thee! And comfort thee He will, for thou art meek, and gentle! But I,—I am wild and wayward!—When I leave thee, I shall curse my life, my home, my fate,—and who will quiet me? I shall be solitary, heart-broken, hopeless,—and who will comfort me, in the future days, when, after all, there will be but a few streets between thee and me, and yet.—Lethe for ever!"

"Listen to me, friend," said Beatrice; "of all I spoke to thee, yesterday, in Stigliola's cottage, hast thou remembered nothing?—Or do we meet now, only to speak again the same desolation? to repeat the same inexorable truth?—Nay—friend—I laid a charge upon thee, to put in my place, in the place I held within thy mind and heart, another culture, and another worship. I tried to rouse thy ambition, and to realize my own; for, I myself aim at thy greatness, and believe that it will come. But,—ere we part, there is

another word, and, when I have said it, thou must hear my voice no more—Listen, friend. Though I am but a girl, and ignorant, yet have I had so much time for thought, that it may be I have seen more, in my quietness, than thou in thine activity. I have not asked for much in life, but what I asked for has been denied me. Perhaps, by this very thing, have I learned that this is not our life. This is only transition; and transitory. The real life lies away, far beyond. There is the true sunshine; there are the living waters. There is the true shelter—there is the only Peace. Remember it, my friend. Press forward there! Do good among the people. Be great in goodness. Shine as an example, and a teacher, looking to the great Light beyond! Let me hear of thee, as the people's guide and counsellor, as a beacon, a pilot, a pioneer!—And, in return for my grief and patience, let me see that, in this way, thou wilt remember me! meantime,—accept this grief. I believe I was sent into the world to be this grief to thee; that thou shouldst lose me, . . . and that, at this, our second parting, I should again bind thee to a mighty Hope, a mighty inspiration, and a vast desire! Thy future will be my dearest wish and dream. And, though we shall meet no more,—let me, to whom it is forbidden to lean on that strong arm that saved me yesterday,—let me lean, proudly, on the Hope I keep!—There are some who seek to silence thee. Let my small voice bid thee stand firm, and God will surely give thee some of His work to do!—Live down this adverse destiny of our's—Turn from the present. Look to the Future. In the Future,—Light, Greatness, Glory. For the present,—grief; but, under the grief, Fortitude. For the present, darkness;—but, under the darkness, strength.”

Dante had listened, as of old, men listened to the sybils. For the time, Beatrice was greater than he. He had no words; only, with a gesture of despair, he heard her say “Farewell!” and watched her moving on the forest path, till her white robe was lost among the trees, and even the tall figure of old Gundulf faded out of sight.

He was beside the Raven's Tree. The cranes, in file, crossed, and re-crossed the sky above the forest, and there he lay for hours, living her words again.

Towards night a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder. It was the Hermit of the Ford, returned from fowling.

"Come, young man!" said he, jovially, "this sort of thing will never do! I have been out a-fowling, and I met several who made trial to find out from me what became of the rescuer of yesterday; so I told them that you were staying at the Vallombrosa, and, perchance, thinking of joining our Order . . . all the same, I know thy horse is with the Bridge Brethren, and I must hurry thee back to Bologna."

"I am going there," said Dante.

"Then, for God's sake, go at once!" cried the Hermit, "and do not let them find me tripping, in my account of thee! Come, thou art as pale as water, and what's the good of it?"

"Good?" answered Dante; "there is no good in anything!"

"Come with me, young man; an empty stomach is an evil counsellor, and lying under the Raven's Tree is not cheerful work. Come with me!"

"Go where I may," answered Dante, "never again can tree, or plant, or flower, wear for me the same look they used to wear!"

"Tush!" replied the Hermit; "all botherations of any consequence make fellows mad for the time. Come, and tell me all about it, while I lay on my rustic board the remains of a rare, tender pasty, and a very unimpeachable flagon of Aleatico. After eating and talking, thou must depart; for, behold my skill in fortune-telling will not shield me from their reverences' displeasure should any one find thee here! They might tell me I was a queer sort of a saint to deceive them, as I most assiduously did, and shall do, till I know thou art safe again at Bologna. I don't mind if I take a squint at the Bridge Brethren along with thee, for without me, and travelling by night, as thou must, I never saw any one more likely to lose his way if I do

not guide. Why, thou art not half thankful enough for my commiseration ! Where is there another hermit would offer thee such a thundering good pasty, and go halves in such wine as that ? ”

And so the kindly Hermit chattered and talked, till he wiled his young friend to begin their journey ; and night, darkness, and solitude, settled once more on the Raven's Tree.

BOOK III.—CHAPTER IV.

1285.

CARDINAL LATINO PARES HIS MUSHROOMS WITH AN AMBER KNIFE.

“ Let the Pope's pleasure be done.”

(SHELLEY, *The Cenci*.)

“ There is not a barefoot monk, Sir, of the most beggarly, abstemious order, but can give you some pretty notions of tossing up a fricassee or an omelet, or of mixing an olio.”—(MEG DODS, *Introduction to Cookery*, page 20.)

THE scene changes again to Florence, to the Convent of the Dominicans, in Santa Maria Nuova. Here, two days after Beatrice's deliverance from the onset of the wild boar, Cardinal Latino degli Orsini, having accomplished his business in the city, was preparing for departure. His servants, retainers, and gentlemen-in-waiting, had packed up the apostolic valises, trunks, mails, wallets, saddle-bags, cooking apparatus, and other furniture; the cardinalistic litter stood at the gates; sumpter-mules and baggage-horses jolted each other; sundry jillets were loitering for a farewell with grooms or servitors; and all showed the comfort and luxury with which a great field-officer of the Church was to take the road.

Within doors, however, Cardinal Latino was in no such hurry. The preparations of inferiors affected him slightly; and it was no unusual thing for his litter and suite to prepare three or four times for departure before actually setting out. On the present occasion he took things leisurely; and being, like the ancient Romans, from whom he claimed descent, delicate in his eating, he was preparing his own mushrooms with an amber knife. Shreds of the esculents fell, unheeded, into a silver tray, or lay on the satin couch he occupied. Their preparation proceeded slowly. The

fact was, that some dish at the supper of the previous evening had disagreed with his consecrated and princely palate. He suspected that a forest-fed ham had been sliced too thickly. Accordingly, in no contented mood, he had summoned the cook for indoctrination.

"The traditions of the cooks of *my* family," said the Cardinal, feebly, "prescribe that a forest-ham, of the usual size, shall be so sliced as to cover the whole acreage of our gardens in Rome."

"My lord," rejoined the offended cook, who well knew himself the most important functionary in his master's service, "when you appointed me to carve, as well as cook, your Eminence's dinners, I hope you knew me to be a man who, in the matter of a ham, would not stand on an acre, less or more. If one ham ever covered the Orsini Gardens at Rome, I will engage that another shall do the same; but your eminent Grandeur must not prescribe the mode of dressing, because some modes carve more easily, and some with greater difficulty than others. Your Grandeur had that ham smoked with cinnamon-wood; to preserve the spicy odour whereof, I could neither soak nor bake it. I laid the ham in the run of a clear fountain by moonlight, myself sitting up to watch the silver flowing of the stream. I then boiled it quickly in Rhine wine, with a handful of fresh orange-blossoms. By no other means could I preserve equal colour and flavour; but, alas! it does not cut so transparent, and I fear this was the fault."

"Next, the pullet," sighed Cardinal Latino.

"The pullet, my good lord! Oh, most holy Virgin! can it be that, for my infinite misfortune, the fowl of your signor secretary was served to you in error? Alas! by the holy beard of Saint Joseph, I fear that has occurred! How shall I recover it, if my labour was only wasted on the signor secretary? Could he be so base as to eat the wrong dish, and forbear to make me his *complimento*? If your Eminence will condescend to believe me, I selected a fat, short-legged, plump-rumped pullet, six months old, fed in a warm, airy spot, upon seed-corn, and bread soaked in milk.

Sand, green herbs, and even flowers, were given her twice a day, with the purest water, fresh vine leaves, and dry straw. She led a delicious life, and no doubt wished to live for ever. She was mistaken. I devoted her to your Sacred Eminence. I put her into a twilled linen sack, or bag, with two pats of iced butter, some shred onions, and a pinch of all-spice. A second linen sack, or bag, was drawn over the first. I sealed her up firmly, and stewed her to a turn. How else could I have preserved her juices intact? Our proverb says :

'Fammi indovin che ti farò beato,'

'Make me a diviner, I'll make you a saint.' Could I possibly know that my pains would be lost? Oh! if that signor secretary had but told me! As for *his* fowl, it swam about in its pan of water, and bobbed and soaked in nakedness, after the usual fashion of vulgar and democratic poultry."

"I believe I got the right pullet. The other one would have given me the plague," said the Lord Cardinal, yawning; "but it was only a tame villatic fowl, after all; and, Beppo, you forgot to garnish the ortolans with bitter orange. I live so plainly, and am content with so little, that it is somewhat hard I cannot have that little to my mind!"

"My lord!" exclaimed the cook, reddening, "no man alive could cook a pullet better than I did! I was honoured by your commands to provide a nutritious pullet; and is not a pullet, dressed, as I have described to your Sacred Eminence, the very exact and secret regale of every lucky Mess John who, on a starlight night, visits the fairest of his fair penitents? But"—and the cook, laughing a sly and significant laugh, advanced a step nearer to his patron—"but, for the next day that we are settled somewhere, for your lordship to rest on the road, I have prepared a choice ortolan with four feet; that is to say, with all respect, a ten days' sucking-pig. Your Eminence knows that a farrow is a miracle, a marvel, a wonder in the month of October; but they have one at the Franciscan Convent, and I went

there and made them sell me this for my lord's own eating. What is there I would not do to surprise your sacred lordship? He is, as I said, an ortolan on four legs."

"Baste him incessantly with the best salad oil," exclaimed the Cardinal; "and, hark ye, do not, for the very life of you, forget the screen I had made in Rome, to protect the middle region of small animals from being scorched while their extremities attain the proper brownness. And, if you have forgotten it, send for an adept, and keep him working all night, to make another. What sauce do you contemplate?"

"Unripe muscat grapes, my lord; with a little liquid amber, a cup of Spanish wine, and a suspicion of truffle powder!"

"I hardly expect that will be right," said the Cardinal, languidly; "I am tired of truffles."

Just at that moment a chamberlain announced Friar Peter; who, entering, made an obeisance, in which the Cardinal perceived a peculiar sign or signal of business in hand. "The cook has had the misfortune to make your Eminence ill!" said the Friar soothingly; "what a pity!"

"It is an hour of acidities, crudities, and evil digestion, Friar. The hand of a young infant could destroy us. But we are meditating—meditating on a sucking pig ten days old."

"Make a White Monk of him!"† exclaimed the Friar, with enthusiasm. "I know him; he comes from a farrow of ours! We had a sister of his yesterday, dressed as a White Monk. She was delicious!"

"Was she? Then send your cook to me."

"Impossible, Eminence; our cook never leaves his own kitchen. But I will dress the white monk for you, or instruct Beppo how to do so; though, I may say, the process is difficult and elaborate, and needs patience and even genius, for the several forcemeats required are stupendous!

† This dish is the same as the "*Cochon de lait au Moine Blanc*" of French cookery-books some fifty years ago; it was done *en galantine*, and was eaten cold—a complicated *entre-mets*.

But it eats richer, lighter, and more delicate, than by roasting. We swaddle the white monk in a skin of white kid (after boning him and filling every part with a different delicacy), we bind him with linen fillets, lay him on a silver strainer, and stew him in the most delicious veal broth."

"You revive me!" cried the Cardinal. "Do not go—stay—we will defer our journey, and you shall cook it for us yourself. Who invented the white monk, Friar? He is new to me."

"I invented him, your Eminence, on a fast-day."

"I require care just now," sighed the Cardinal. "I fear I am growing lost to all the joys of eating. My stomach is flighty, and my bowels are speculative. I suppose a lank and pinch-visaged crow, like your Brother Simon, feels none of this?"

"The belly is every man's master!" retorted Friar Peter. "A hungry man is an angry man; and not all things are as good in the belly as on the table. Brother Simon is an exception. He lives on bread and simples. When we have twenty different dishes on the board; and, while a stately crane, sitting in a lake of rich oyster sauce is carried in, flanked, perhaps, by a well-farced peacock, garnished with his own splendid tail, or a lordly swan with a sprig of myrtle in her beak, and her body frothed of a rich, warm, mellow brown, Brother Simon munches his crust, and eats water-cresses, without even salt! Job would not have had patience with him! But go, Beppo, and prepare your plates and trenchers for the white monk."

The cook withdrew. "Your gracious Eminence understood," continued the Friar, "that I have some news of importance."

"I knew as much last evening. This illness of mine is of a purely mythical and mythological character. I never felt better. I assume it, simply to delay our journey southward; but you must keep your appointment with Beppo, and speak of me as suffering from some confounded crudities. What do you seek with us?"

"Our Abbot, your Eminence, is about to die. He is

nearly *in extremis*. That matter of the lands near the river, left by John Puccio, remains unsettled. We shall never get them if you do not assist us. A mill, pasturage for eighty oxen, and ploughland for two yokes—and our Abbot unable to move in the matter! You see Puccio made no will; he only promised the Abbot for his soul's good."

"Let the Abbot swear so before notaries."

"He is dying. He will do nothing of the sort. I have been to him; he is as obstinate as a heretic; and says there are no mills in the land where he is going. But we must have the fields; they are of great value; and their boundaries meet our lands of San Pancrazio. If your Eminence would interfere. . . ."

"My Eminence will not interfere. Cannot you get up a Vision? or a Dream? or a Voice? or some contrivance for frightening John Puccio's widow? What care I! you must manage for yourselves. How next?"

"If your sacred Eminence would cast a thought on the next Abbot the brethren will choose, by promising your great influence at Rome if they elect a man you would approve. . . ."

"For instance, Brother Simon and his water-cresses . . ." interrupted the Cardinal.

"I should leave Florence if that occurred," sighed Friar Peter. "The brotherhood would never keep their heads another twelvemonth above water if he were Abbot! He would enforce fasting, and silence, and chastity, and all manner of discomforts! Besides, when men rail at our dear Mother, Holy Church, Simon stands by, and answers nothing. They say of us, that our Curates be curs; that our spirituality be spitefaulty; that our bishops are but bite-sheep; that our Cardinals (God grant me your Eminence's pardon!) are carnal; and, worst of all, that we friars are asses! Nay, because every Pope, on his elevation to Peter's chair, swops his own name for another, to denote that change of nature which has transformed him from a natural man, by virtue of his office, into half a God, therefore, say they, that their Holinesses become more like

unto Satan than they were before ! All these things Simon listens unto and says nothing !”

“Cocks populorum !” exclaimed the Cardinal. “Stop, Peter ! do not pollute our ears ! It matters not what the wretches say concerning Curates, Friars, and such like ; but, touching ourselves, as Cardinal Legate, and our blessed Uncle, the lately reigning Pope, it matters much indeed ! for, had he not all power to bind and loose, both in earth and heaven ? Nay, further, I know of a surety that it was his set purpose, within a little space, to charge and command the holy Angels that they should take into Paradise, for the future, without delay or tarrying, the souls of all such men and women as, having purposed a pilgrimage to Rome, may, against their natural will, have died upon the road thither.* For, was not his Holiness clearly placed over and above all judgments, both of God and man ? Could he not make the crooked straight, and the straight crooked if he so saw fit ? I tell thee, Peter, he was the true and living Fountain of Law and Judgment ; who, being *in re ecclesiastica*, infallibly right, could neither fail nor miss in any wise. He only might interpret Scripture as he thought good. He only might take or leave ; do or undo chapters and verses ; and whatsoever was done by God in Heaven, that my Uncle, the lately reigning Holiness, did on the earth, nay, and in hell too—for he was the Head and Governor of the whole Church ; yea, the high and principal governor of the world universal. Therefore, to speak of him and of ourselves, his nephew, in unbecoming terms, is the very most heinous and outrageous sin !”

“Whence ! Lack-a-day, and mercy upon us ! Cock sure am I, that your gracious lordship is a Pope’s nephew, and a Cardinal Legate, with a vengeance ! Why, a calf with one eye might well discern the flavour-royal of your high lordship’s Christianity and erudition ! Bless my soul !

* Pope Nicholas III. unluckily had not lived long enough to carry out this purpose of his ; having died August 12, 1281. But the pious wish was afterwards fulfilled by Pope Clement V., who, in the year 1309, delivered to the Catholic world a Bull to that effect.

in a twinkling have you quoted to me, beast that I am, and unworthy, the *Summa* of our dear brother Anselm, the *Humanum Speculum* of Spanish Zodorick, and the *Gloria Mundi* of Barthelmy the hunchback ! all of them canonical works of the mightiest and soundest learning ! I myself have lately put the same sentiments (or similar ones) into terse Latin, which is very much at your Eminence's service.

" *Venalia nobis,
Templa, Sacerdotes,
Altaria, Sacra, Coronæ,
Ignis, Thura, Preces, Cælum,
Est venale, Deusque !*" *

" All things are trade to us, temples, and priests,
Our sacred altars, and the saints' own crowns ;
Fire, incense, prayers, Monks' cowls, and Bishops' vests ;
The hope of heaven, the word of God's behests ;
Nay, heaven itself we sell, for gold our conscience drowns !"

This doggerel made I, my gracious and mighty lord, when the devil moved me one day to ponder how his present holiness receiveth yearly from priories, deaneries, and parsonages alone, the little sum of one hundred thousand crowns ; and from the parish churches, one with another, two hundred and fifty hundred thousand crowns. How it is known that he hath now in his holy coffers twenty-two tons weight of gold in ready coin, being a small matter of twenty-five millions of crowns. The devil then tempted me to say, even as was said by your holy uncle's immediate successor, the holy Pope Martin IV., when nine millions of gold were brought to him out of France: '*Indicat timoratus quæ vorago hæc !*' Judge ye what a fearful gulf is this ! ay, a gulf for gold indeed ! Yet I, Friar Peter, do with difficulty scrape my dole, and live as poorly as though I were some rascal, some knave, some rogue, some gallow-clapper, or some thief !"

" Stop, stop, Peter !" cried the Cardinal, " thou goest too fast ! come, cool thy fiery humour ; drink thou some *Vinum Cos.*,† and may it sweeten thy humour !"

* Borrowed from *Baptista Mantuanus, De Calamitatibus Temporum*, Lib. iii.

† *Vinum Cos.*, a witty monkish contraction for *vinum coloris, odoris saporis, optimi* ; wine of strength, flavour, and taste, most excellent.

"Sweeten my humour, my lord? if your Eminence recommends brother Simon, who shall sweeten my humour?"

"You know as well as I do, Peter, that the next abbot has been *in petto* for years. The prior is the man, and the fittest man possible."

"If your Eminence would but recommend the sub-prior! I have a considerable party among the brethren; for I am active, zealous, and vigilant."

"Too zealous, Peter! Ha! ha! Thy zeal for our dear Mother Apostolical was great indeed when, at the village of Cadorfin, near to Lyons, thou orderedst in one of our crusades the disembowelling of pregnant wives; and thyself didst cast their unripe babes into the flames, crying 'Ha! ha! out of eggs, fried in a frying-pan, come no ill chickens! By this fire I will play them a fine pipe-tune for their gaillarde dancing!'^{*} Thou canst speak censoriously of the riches of his holiness; hast thou farmed the prattle court wholly to thyself? Are we the only priests who give to mankind bricks for turfs? Is it in *our* garden only that foul weeds grow and thrive? Peter, unless I had discerned thy merit, thou wert at one time no more valued at Rome than a frosted turnip! nay, humble not thyself, Peter, thou art certain to be made Prior. I will make that a personal request to the Chapter."

"Thank your noble Eminence. But, even so, I shall only be censured next after the Abbot. I had hoped to be no longer one of the Obedientiarii; but the will of the Lord be done! Yea, let the Lord's will be done; if I cannot move the will and purpose of your gracious Eminence! I thought your mighty eloquence would address itself to our Chapter. Like another St Chrysostom, your mouth of gold would have inclined all hearts . . ."

"Tush, Peter! don't be a fool! I am not a new fledged simpleton, to be led by the nose. What would they say at Rome if I were to interfere to make you an Abbot? Nay, what would be said straightway here in Florence? What

^{*} This is stated as fact in a Sermon of Friar Cornelis of Bruges, 1560; himself also, like Friar Peter, a Franciscan.

would be said by your dear brethren, who judge the heretics with you? Aldobrandino da Cerreto? Neri Bardi? Gherardino dei Cerchi? Monte dai Bagnesi? Lotto Tornaquinci? and Pacciolo dei Cappiardi? Eh? At the present time they think thee moved by holiest and devoutest zeal for our dear Mother Apostolic; not thinking of the world, nor remembering the things of time and sense. Oh, Peter, what a falling-off would there be, if they found thee smelling after the Abbot's cast off shoes! if they came to suspect thee of caring whether thou be censured before or after thy conventual chums! And not this only, Peter, but I know thee to be mortal; and being mortal, I am aware that thou wilt die. Wherefore, I am anxious to get as much out of thee, for our dear Mother, as may be, while thou art alive. Now a man never persecutes properly unless his belly be kept sour, either by his own evil temper, or the world's scurvy usage, real or supposed; wherefore, Peter, I see that it is wisest to establish a raw in thee, and to maintain within thee a constant fountain of acidity; which, while it shall prevent thy soul from being led astray by worldly enjoyments, shall utterly purge thee of any indulgence or good temper which might otherwise interfere with thine Inquisitorial duties. Therefore, pray thou, and burn thou devout candles before thy patron, St Francis, and thank thy stars that we are so far thy friend, as thus diligently to prune and weed thy soul."

"My Lord Cardinal!" interrupted the Friar, losing all patience.

"Let Patience have her perfect work, Peter! do not interrupt us, or we shall lose our thread! We tell thee, we are anxious, (if it be possible,) to qualify thee for passing current in Heaven. Now, as Prior, thou mayest get there; but as Abbot, we know the thing to be impossible."

"But, my Lord, if this is all your noble Eminence has to say"

"It is by no means all, Peter. Now, tell me what is this story I hear of your niece, Beatrice the beautiful, being rescued within these few days from the tusks of a

boar of the wood ? What is the meaning of it ? What doth it all signify ? ”

“ It means, my Lord, that woman will beat the devil himself at getting into mischief. I have the details from an eye-witness, the Vallombrosan Hermit, who lives at the forest ford. The thing happened close to his hut, and the holy man looked up from his prayers just in time to report it.”

“ Ay, Peter ;—doubtless the holy man, when the hunt swept by, was mumbling his Pater Nosters and Ave Marys, by tale, upon a pair of beads ”

“ My Lord, the hunters had missed the boar, which broke away as the ladies rode up ; and met, first, my lady niece, and killed her horse, and would have killed her too, but the diabolical fellow whom I had safely sent to Bologna, had, unknown to any of us, left that city, and come over, on some errand of his own, to visit the Abbot of Vallombrosa, who, although an Abbot, is a huge and outrageous fool, and hates us Franciscans like poison. Well, this fellow, prowling about there, on his way to, or from the Abbey, was passing nigh the place. He slew the boar, and saved the Lady’s life. The Hermit estimated the boar to weigh over two hundredweight.”

“ Hang your hundredweights and your Hermit into the bargain ! who cares for the boar ?—did the young man from Bologna, this Dante of Florence, did he kneel on one knee and kiss her hand and obtain one of her lovely, her seraphic smiles ? ” enquired the Cardinal.

“ No, my Lord, he did not. I enquired particularly of the Hermit. He tells me that the youth spoke to her for a moment, or so, lifted her off her dying horse, and that then, he stated the whole thing to have chanced by merest accident, and went away, as if nothing of importance had occurred. After which, my niece rode home with her attendants, as quietly and coolly, as if nought had happened. Still, for all that, I have my own ideas, my Lord ; for, dead as of course I am to the world, I bear in mind the things that sometimes occur among the worldly-minded ; and,

sometimes, I have known a young man and woman love each other prodigiously, and keep their love safe out of sight. I had best advise my brother to marry Beatrice as soon as possible to Simon dei Bardi. The match was thoroughly settled, and fixed ; but she entreated a respite, and asked her future husband to cut off his hair, and hang it up in our church, as an offering, which should make him a partaker of our prayers. Now, Custom and Fashion forbid him to marry, till his hair grows again. I am vexed that he was so dull of wit as not to see the girl's contrivance, but to believe she intended the request out of sheer devotion ; but I was not nigh at hand at the time. However, I will press the business with her father and mother, and your Eminence may trust me for looking sharply after Master Dante for the future."

"Art thou not confessor to Simon dei Bardi, and all the mighty bankers of his house ? What bought he from thee, last week, at thy stall in the fair at Fiesole ?"

"An eye-tooth of St James, most noble lord. Truly, I forgot to remit the per centage on its price to the Apostolic Chamber. Why frowns your Eminence ? It shall be duly paid. We Franciscans are fond of fairs, and we sell readily at them. Our stalls, being set up familiarly among the traders, we are enabled, the better, to keep our eye on foreign pedlars, and merchants, who secretly bring among the people fly-sheets and booklets of the Paterini and Credenti. But, my lord, if I were to become an Abbot, I would not keep a relic stall at a fair any more."

"Probably not," observed the Cardinal, drily. "Nevertheless, I know some of the Franciscan Order, whose nature is histrionic enough to enable them to fulfil all parts in turn. At present, fill thou thine own, and attend faithfully to it."

"I will, my Lord ; all the more that I shall thereby have the felicity of obliging your Eminence, and discomfiting one of the army of our adversaries. I suspect that Master Dante is as dead-set against us as any Catharo or Paterino, and holds that Filippo Paternon and Ser Torsello were

unjustly dealt with.* Cavalcante, and all that clique, think the same. We have not a friend among them. They, devils that they are, have rare gifts. The youth, Dante, is possessed of fine and exquisite genius; he flies higher than his friend Cavalcante, or our old secretary, Messer Brunetto, or Fra Guittone, or his namesake Da Majano, or any of them. Besides, my lord, they correspond with foreign lands, even with England, which is as rich a pearl as any in the Papal crown; and they write to Roger Bacon and to Richard Fishacre's grand-nephew, who is about as damnable as his great-uncle was, only he sails with the motto, '*mediocria firma*,' and they endeavour secretly to undermine us all. But, as for Simon dei Bardi, he is entirely ours, and will for ever remain so. He hates Dante and Cavalcante, and all that set, as profoundly as I do. I warrant your noble Eminence the young poet will never see the beautiful Beatrice after she is once safely married to my friend Simon Bardi, for a more assiduous and argus-eyed tyrant than she will find him, is a sheer impossibility."

"Enough, Peter; look on the *postica* behind the door, and reach our hood and rochet."

The Friar took them from the folding seat thus indicated.

"We thank thee," said the Cardinal, putting them on; "thou mayest go. In the space of an hour or two, we may perchance set forth to see if thy brethren are holding a chapter."

"I will have the Abbot's stool extraordinarily cushioned and draped for your sacred Eminence. And if, out of his goods and chattels, your Eminence would fancy that *Arbor Lucis*, which you were once pleased to admire, it shall be at your service, without word or whisper of payment, so soon as the bell tolls for his passing away."

"Excellent Peter!—Take up the cross, Peter, and sing lustily thy *Ultreia*, for thou art holy enough to make thy will, say farewell, and set forward!"

* Filippo Paternon was a great Paterino or Protestant, in Florence, against by Papal Brief, 1227. Torsello di Castel Nuovo and Jacopo Monto Fiascone, succeeded him as Paterino preachers. (See Fra Niccolò Maria Federici, *Storia Dei Cavalieri Gaudenti*.)

With this allusion to the customs of departing Pilgrims, the Cardinal waved his guest out of the chamber. Next, he fell to meditating or ruminating ; but a tap at the door made him look up, and discern that the Friar had retraced his steps.

“How now, Peter? Has the Chapter met already, and are you come back to summon us?”

“My gracious Lord,—No,” replied Friar Peter. “But as I left your august and most reverend presence, it struck me how familiar and disrespectful I had been. I did not ask a favour on my bended knees, as I ought to have done, and as your superior dignity required. I did not kiss my own hands after they had presumed to touch the hem of your garment. Nor did I observe those many other ceremonies and nice distinctions which keep the less at a proper distance from the greater. Now, with all respect to your noble Eminence, this was a mistake on both sides. Your lordship ought to have corrected me; for though your Eminence honours me with condescension, I ought not to take advantage thereof. In future interviews, I will only recollect my nothingness, and the ineffable grandeur of Cardinal Latino di Roma, Cardinal Bishop of Ostia; often Papal Legate; often Paciaro; always holy, and ever sacred!”

With these words, Friar Peter crossed his hands on his breast, and kneeling in great humility, with downcast eyes, besought the Cardinal's blessing.

“Thou art a strange beast!” said the Cardinal, looking at him. Friar Peter moved not. The Cardinal wanted to be rid of him; so he raised one hand and said, “Benedicite, and—begone!”

The Friar rose, and vanished. “I had no idea he was so clever!” observed the Cardinal; but on his face was an expression very like the keenest dislike and hatred of the man who had just left his presence.

BOOK III.—CHAPTER V.

HOW BEATRICE PORTINARI MARRIED MASTER SIMON DEI BARDI.

“I am cast off from the only world I know,
From light, and life, and love, in youth’s sweet prime.”
(*Shelley, The Cenci.*)

OUR scene now changes to the year 1286.

“I tell you, my dear,” said the Duenna, attending Beatrice, who had just stepped out of her morning bath; “there will not be an old woman in Florence or a young one either, that will not envy you!—going to be married!—Faith, that does not happen every day! To jump into a large fortune, and a house of one’s own, and be called Madonna, and sit at the top of the table, and look down on the salt, and have lots of servants, and dozens of fine linen, and splendid cassettes of silks and satins, and suits of silver, and suits of gold! You are in luck, my dear;—such a knife and fork as you will use, all carved in ivory, like a church pillar, to be sure! And such fine table cloths, all worked by hand, and fringed with lace, and whiter than myrtle flowers! Now, pass your chamber-gown, till the brides-maids arrive, and let me teach you how to curtsy, when the good Bishop pronounces the nuptial benediction; and how you are to look at him, and then at me, you know; and how you are to hold your veil, and to leave the altar. Dear me, I never was so busy in my life! I have seen the canopy you are to stand under,—a brand new one, given by your marriage-mother, to the church, on this occasion. It is of rich embroidered satin, with deep gold fringes, and the posts are gilt, and painted. And the bottle of wine, and the glass for drinking the health-blessing, are superb; I never saw the like! Adam and Eve are *painted on them*, more natural than life! why do you not

answer me, my dear, when I tell you of all these fine things?"

"Is my mother risen?" asked Beatrice. At the same moment her mother entered the room.

"Sweet one, I have come to see if there is any thing I can do for you."

"Dearest Mother, I was asking for you. Mother, dear Mother, my foolish heart" . . . and she threw herself on Celia's neck, and whispered, "is breaking."

"Dearest;" answered her mother, "we all feel so on our wedding mornings.—It will pass away. What a holiday for the poor; think of all the clothing thou art to give them; and the bread, and the mantles, and hoods, to so many young girls. . . . They will bring thee blessings!"

"I hope so, Mother,—but not on earth!" "Come," replied Celia, "do not droop, or Master Simon will think thee froward, and thou art not so. For thy father's sake, and mine, look cheerful, Beatrice."

"Mother, give me your blessing, and hear me thank you for all the happiness I have had in my home with you. I leave you to-day, dear Mother, sorely against my will!"

"Thy friends are coming to thee, Beatrice; the merry bridal train is coming.—I hear them, laughing on the stairs. Bless thee!—Yes, I do bless thee, child! cheer her up, Dorcas, and give her a glass of iced orgeade to calm her spirits."

The door flew open, and there was the ringing sound of girlish voices, and the chatter, as of a nest, or quorum, of young magpies, as the bridal train of maidens entered the room, scattering flowers. They all flew and kissed Beatrice, and fluttered, and came, and went about her like a swarm of bees. "Oh, how nice to find her in her chamber gown!" and one took one garment, and one another, and some would put on the boddice, and some the skirt, and some would dress the feet, and some the head. Never had there been such a coming and going before, in that quiet room. At last came the embroidered white robe, and Mistress Dorcas could hold out no longer. "It has come to the turn

of the wedding vesture," said she, solemnly; "and I see you children expect to be trusted to put it on" . . .

"Oh yes, yes! yes!" cried twenty merry voices.

"And I say, oh no, no, no! Do you think a vestment of price, like that, is to be handled by young giddy things, like you? while I, the pink and pearl of Duennas, stand by, and see my privilege,—yes, my privilege,—ignored, and taken from me? Never!"

"Have your own way, dear Dorcas," said Beatrice, almost out of patience.

"My own way?—I should think so!—who but me, should unfold the dainty robe, and pass it over your maiden head, I should like to know?—There!—not a crease have I made in it,—and my perquisite for that, is three silver crowns, I can tell ye. Now, you butterflies may fasten it, my part is done!"

"What! no finery?" exclaimed the girls; "no bracelets? brooches, or ouches? no ear-rings? no necklace?—only a long white veil?"

"Oh, the fine jewels!" exclaimed the others; "what pearls! what rubies! what a sin not to put some of them on! Here is a pearl cross, Beatrice,—it would look so well! And why will you not wear some of this bravery? I am sure *I* would wear it all at once!" said one merry voice after another.

"Dorcas, go and fetch Felicitas to me." Mistress Dorcas went, and returned presently, leading the little sister of five years old.

"Sister!" cried the little one, leaping joyfully into the lap of Beatrice; "How kind to send for me!"

"Sweet Felicitas!" answered Beatrice, covering the little cherub with tender kisses. "See, here are my nightingale, and my white doves. I give them to thee, Felicitas, and my little bed, and my flowers, and all my treasures, and my room where I have been so happy. Sweet Felicitas, I will come and see thee soon; and thou wilt take care of them all, wilt thou not? and be my own, sweet, good *darling*."

"I will do what you tell me."

"Oh yes—sweet one; another kiss and another, and another; now, go with Dorcas, darling." And the little one was led away carrying the nightingale with her.

The girls, directed by Mistress Dorcas, proceeded to fasten the bridal veil. It was white, and very deep, encircling the whole person, and Beatrice looked like a goddess, veiled for adoration. A tear stood in her eyes as they all admired her excessive modesty and beauty.

"I will take my book," said she, "and go into the oratory, while you dress Dorcas."

Fortunately, for the repose Beatrice needed, this ceremony was of very different duration from her own preparations. The Duenna, to the infinite delight of the bride's-maids, had to be rouged, and painted, and smoothed, and dyed, for at least half-an-hour before her face was ready. Then, the hair had to be piled up, the pinners to be adjusted, the frills and top-knots to be duly fixed. White cloth hose, of her own shaping, with portentous clocks on the instep, had to be drawn, with labour and patience, over ancles by no means classical; and the bows or roses on her shoes were of such magnitude, as nearly to hide her feet.

"Geminy cramminy!" cried the duenna; "none of you will be steady enough to lace my stays!"

"Oh yes, we will," cried a dozen, at once, "we will be as docile as you like!" And, with not a little suppressed laughter, they proceeded from duty to duty, breaking out, now and then, into outrageous merriment, at each other's apparent expense. No less than three dresses did the Duenna try on before being satisfied, although the maidens, in their delighted mirth, flattered her as freely as possible. Then, there were the girdle, the collar, the sleeve-bands, the posy, the kerchief, . . . but here we must leave the Duenna, and follow Beatrice into the oratory.

Closing the door behind her with a bolt, she enjoyed the luxury of being alone. Her book of Hours was in her hand, and she kissed it—knelt—kissed it a second time—

read her usual prayers—and paused. Tears, fast, fast, fast, fell from her eyes like rain.

“How can I forget him?” she said; “How banish from my breast this love that haunts me, despite my will? Oh Mary mother! wilt thou not pity me? Thou knowest how I have loved him, and how he has loved me! Thou keepest for me a letter of his—his last; in thy bosom no hand hath sought it. Of all I have, it is most dear to me; and now I must sacrifice it to thee. I can give thee nothing dearer. If I must part with it, it shall only be given to thee!”

Beatrice took the letter from the bosom of the statue, and unfolded it. “It is his heart laid bare, and it is mine also. Listen, divinest Mother, listen and forgive!”

TO THE MOST DEAR HANDS OF BEATRICE PORTINARI, these—

‘Oh, if, with thee, might float on all my days,
If, by thy gentle side, my heart might rest,
And sick of idle words, and double ways,
Breathe the same air that circles in thy breast!

Star of my Youth, and Beacon of my Life,
My hope on Earth, my guardian guide to Heaven,
Might I but call thee by the name of wife,
And bind thee to the heart that I have given!

Hath God, who wills that tears and blood should flow,
Ere, freed from clay, the Martyr scales the skies,
Decreed, alike, that we this Love should know,
Should drink the cup of soul-consuming woe,
To be united, but in Paradise?

Believe it not. His are unfathomed ways,
That human thought may never sound or tread;
But Boundless Love, His Majesty arrays,
And girds with Mercy the Eternal Head.

Fountain of Light! in doubt I turn to Thee!
In fear and sadness, I address Thy throne;
My blinded vision fails Thy face to see;
My wearied spirit fails Thy love to own!

I ask—but Thou dost grant not—my small share
Of Happiness and Hope. Thou turn’st from me.
What am I, worm of dust, that I should dare,
For love of mine, to look for help from Thee?

Transcendent Mightiness, beyond the veil,
I know the fairest flowers do soonest fade ;
Thou send'st them here, into the world's sad pale,
But to resume them. Are they only made

To call Thy pity to our lowly sphere ?
To form fresh treasures for a calmer sky ?
To teach, that that which doth the most endear,
Is also dearest to the Love on High ?

Will a time come, when she will live,
Beyond my ken ? beyond my care ?
And, 'mid Heaven's Rest, no longer give
One thought to me, or my despair ?

Thou wilt not answer me ; oh Destiny !
That coilest grief around me like a shroud ;
Her life and love I would defend from Thee,
Wert thou less strong. Alas ! my heart was proud
And stubborn once ; but the decree hath spoken,
She is given elsewhere, and my heart is broken !'

“Mother of Mercy ! I have read it again, for the last time ! Poor letter ! His heart is in the pages, and even his saddest thoughts are not withheld from me ! He was never a dissembler. He thinks my health uncertain ; ay, in the strength of the Maïa and Ariadne days, I had not been so submissive as now ! His mind is melancholy and miserable—like mine ! And yet, how well I preached Patience to him, and Duty, and Resignation—and how I entreated him to study, and become great and famous. I know he will fulfil my prophecy. He cannot sink into insignificance—it is impossible ! And now, I must school myself, and think of my Father, and my Mother, and sweet Felicitas. Holy Virgin, here is the letter—the last letter ; hopeless, cheerless, yet so full of Love ! I lay it at thy feet. As the rose-tree sheds its leaves before winter, I strew its words to thee before the fulfilling of my sorrow. As the name of the dead was spoken on his grave, so I have talked of this to thee. As the ashes of the dead were scattered on the soil, they living, loved—so scatter I the last letter of Dante to Beatrice, before thee ! Farewell ! poor, precious scroll !”

The shreds lay all around. Beatrice covered her face with her hands.

A noise of voices startled her. She rose, looked round on the familiar place, and returned to the bridal train.

"Come, Maidens!" cried her elder brother, Ricovero, from the Hall below, where he stood beside the three figures of Peace, Prudence, and Plenty; "The musicians have arrived, and the procession waits."

Beatrice sate down, and, according to the usual custom, her Mother placed above the veil, the bridal wreath of vervain and white roses.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" exclaimed Mistress Dorcas; "just put one skewer more through my hair, Beatrice! You know my ways best! Only tuck the train of my gown a little under my arm, for me to go down stairs; there! just give me my flowers, dear, and my fan; you see how little help I want! dear me! I am in such a flurry! and see, I had nearly forgotten my scent-ball! Hand it me, out of the box there, dear. Bless me! how am I to get through the fatigues of this day? and so responsible as I am! But, as dear, good Friar Peter says, we women are all slaves to our feelings! I am sure I always was a slave to mine, and never thought of myself! Just another skewer for my tucker! How is my hair?—Give it a twitch on this side of the pinners. There!—now we may go!"

All this time, the bride's maidens had been decking each other's heads with natural flowers, arranging their own attire, amid peals of happy laughter, and enjoying the vanity of the Duenna. At last, they begged her to precede them down stairs, and followed Beatrice, by threes and fives, to the Portinari Porch, where Master Folco, and all the family and friends, awaited them to go to Santa Maria Novella.

"Good-bye, Beatrice!" cried a sweet little voice, and two chubby lips were held up to kiss the bride. "I do love you!"

"Good-bye, darling! God bless thee, innocent one!" and Beatrice looked, through her tears, at her lovely sister.

Master Folco saw this, and a dim perception came over him of the depth of his daughter's love for her early home. He penetrated no further. They passed out into the street, and somewhere, in a house near St Margaret's, his daughter caught a glimpse of a face pale and wan as Death.

Her father, deceived by her obedience and docility, deceived by Friar Peter, deceived by the representations of his ambitious wife, placed his daughter's distress to the wrong account, and, fancying her grief merely filial, loved her all the more tenderly for its excess.

The procession moved on. The precise distance between the houses of Portinari and Bardi had been carefully measured by Master Simon, and in the exactest point of midway he met his bride and her train. Precise to an inch, he awaited the procession, surrounded by demure young men, mounted on steeds in costly trappings, himself arrayed in an elaborate vesture of white and gold.

"Well!" exclaimed the Duenna, as he dismounted and joined them, "I have seen some proper men in my day, but none like Master Simon! Bless my eyes, it would be worth Saint Peter's while to come down from the porter's lodge of Paradise to look at him! Preserve us all! those golden acorns hanging all up the sleeves, and round the skirt of his robes! and those diamonds fastening his collarette and ruffs! What a simpleton you were, my dear, not to put on your jewels! His are right good goldsmiths' weight, I'll warrant you! I wish I had with me one of my poking-sticks, or my long scratch-back, just to count, one by one, the pearls of that surcoat and girdle! I declare I have only one wish just now, and that is, my dear, that I was going to be married to him myself. He looks older than he is—most men do, especially rich ones. He looks about my own age—thirty-three—not a day more!"

The honest Duenna, who was turned of sixty, here gave her wimple an additional set, and offered her perfume-ball

to Beatrice, whose pallor had increased since Simon joined them.

The contrast of bridegroom and bride was remarkable. Simon outshone all in gold and jewels; Beatrice was simplicity itself.

When they reached Santa Maria Novella (then the fashionable new church,* still unfinished), another contrast appeared; crowds of people had assembled to bless Beatrice and her father. None gave such greeting to Master Simon. Children had strewn the marble pavement with flowers. "Mind what I told you, my dear," whispered the Duenna; "do not forget to look at me!"

By this time they had passed up the centre aisle, and entered the gates of the rood, or choir-screen (since removed), just as the robust figures of the bishop and his attendant priests came into view, within the consecrated enclosure of the high altar. Beatrice, beautiful as ever, but exceeding pale, seemed so chastened by humility and resignation, that she looked fittest to be lifted up through the glorious rose window of the church, to be hidden for evermore.

"I call this a truly superb wedding!" exclaimed the Duenna, after the ceremony, as a group of merry maskers presented ivy-wreaths to the bride and bridegroom. "I call this a most delightful wedding; and the only thing I could wish for more would be that I myself had been married first this morning (although that would not have suited some people's pride!), just to show Beatrice that a bride is prettier when she does not look quite so pale and maidenly! I shall always regret that I did not myself show her this by example. But, however, I must occupy myself now with little Felicitas; I shall see her married next; and when that is off my hands, I must make up my mind who to render happy by the gift of myself!"

The Church of Santa Maria Novella stood empty. Beatrice

* The first stone of this church, rebuilt and added to the smaller and ancient Novella, was laid by Cardinal Latino degli Orsini, October 18, 1279.

had passed the rubicon. She had relinquished the old love, and given herself to grief. With the torn-up letter, she fancied, or tried to fancy, that the past was buried; yet a voice rang in her ears, "Love is, love was, love will be"—and yet she must smile, and look as the bride of a rich man is expected to look; for is not the world right? and are not riches the equivalents of all things beside?

BOOK III.—CHAPTER VI.

DANTE'S GRIEF AND DREAMS.

“Truth is the strength, power, and majesty of all ages.”

(1st Book of Esdras, iv. 40.)

BEATRICE PORTINARI was now the wife of Master Simon dei Bardi. From the same casement of his room, whence, at the “Ave Maria del giorno,” the first Hail Mary of the day, he had been wont to look at the windows of the Portinari dwelling, and had sometimes caught a glimpse of Beatrice—from that same casement Dante had seen the wedding procession on its way to church. Speaking of this time, he himself says, in the *Vita Nuova*, paragraph 14, that his grief was such as he could never rally nor recover from. “*Io ho tenuto i piedi in quella parte della vita, di là della quale non si può ire con intendimento di ritornare.*” It was then that he wrote the sad canzone, “*E m’incresce di me si malamente,*” which, for the union of actuality and ideality in grief, remains, like several others of his, unique and unapproached in Italian literature. As the bird of its nature sings, so the poet, of his poetic nature, thinks in verse. The currents of the ages bear his words, and men of after days respond and answer the throbs of the poet’s heart.

It was night, and Dante had been sometimes writing, sometimes reading. His book was the Latin Bible. Mental toil and labour were now to be his law of life. Beatrice had said so. In the forest—at the Monk’s Ford—she had desired that he should become great and famous. Her words echoed in his ears, stirring his ambition, and strengthening his resolve. Henceforth her memory would preside over every effort of his intellect, his fancy, or his imagination.

When self and sorrow grew too prominent, he opened Holy Writ, and tried to master and subdue the torture.

He had been poring over the pages. Suddenly he rose, turned to the casement flooded with moonlight, stood gazing from it, and saw his past unrolled as from a scroll. All the short series of the bygone years rose up to greet him; the young years stood there with their gains and losses, their pleasures and their pains, their delights and their disappointments. Then away to the Apennines Memory winged her flight. He looked towards them in the silvery glare of the high moon, and fancy pictured the Gran Sasso d'Italia, in the chain of mountains that run down the heart of Italy; Lake Thrasimene; the Alban Hills; the Etruscan cities; Rome herself; and all the flood of past that led back to an unknown antiquity. It was to him a vision of country—Patria—the history of his nation and of his people.

"Italy!" said he, "Thou shouldest be the land of mind and knowledge, as thou art the land of sun and light; but thou art a bond-woman, and thou dost not know it! Behold thee, silvered by the chaste cold moon, and, for the time, made glorious by her light, as a pure virgin watching for the day. Thy children sleep, and see not thy beauty. Beasts of the field behold it; yes, they, and men like me! Like them also, we are accounted wildings. We are called dangerous dreamers—and so we are—for, as we dream, we learn to know ourselves and our accusers. Dreamers?—so were the writers of those awful pages; seers, poets, prophets, from the dull present rapt in future days! Dreamers?—so were the old Chaldæans, when they watched the courses of the stars, and measured their paths through space! The eagle flies the nearest to the sun. But, viewed from earth, he looks no larger than a linnet, till he cleaves the air, and returns to his crag again! Even so are students! To the heights they soar, men cannot follow, but deal them buffets of envy, sneers of ignorance, or shouts of scorn, till the grave gathers both, and makes all equal in rest and silence.

"What a scroll is this Isaiah! How splendid the diction!

How grand the imagery ! How fervid the feelings ! It breathes of the unchanging East, the grand free honesty of earlier men, their orient climate, their solitudes of rock and wilderness, and pathless lands where prophets listed to the space and silence, and heard voices that are hushed and unheeded now ! In the recesses of old Chaldæan temples, were kept the records of sidereal evolutions, the courses of meteors and comets, and the calculations of planets that vanish to appear again. All these were pages of the Book of God, and such study is true knowledge. The whole creation of our Father is invested with method, grandeur, and splendour, not to be hidden from us, but to be reverently studied and explored. For this purpose did he endow us with reflection and reason. Language used for these ends, gave out the earliest music. For, to sing of stars and spheres, was man's earliest song-voice raised. Such truth, however, is forgotten now. As in the desert, Memnon's statue still plays at sunrise, but none hear its tones ; so Nature makes each spot a holy ground, each plant and flower a proof of Heavenly goodness, a theme for reverential observation and understanding, but there are none who either listen or regard. Italy ! who are thy teachers and thy prophets ? Do they seek God aright ? or do they seek themselves, and worship fellowmen ? Is it His works they preach ? or do they vaunt their own ? Have they carried on the science of the old Chaldæans ? Do they spend sleepless nights in striving after insight into the Great Fabric, and upholding of His Universe ?—or do they patter prayers with senseless beads, and never deal with God in their hearts at all ? We, laymen who meet to study His laws and works by stealth, must use a conventional speech, and avoid publicity, or they will slay us. Mathematics are magic. Astronomy is atheism. Fire, faggot, torture, prison, death, are our awards ! To us, a comet is a thing of God, travelling in the path marked out by Him. To them, it is a firebrand of evil chance, for which they ring their bells, carry forth the idols, and summon the people to give them money to pay for prayers to avert the end of the

world.* In our next meeting we are to consider the old learning of Pythagoras, and his Italian Sect; what regularity, proportion, and correspondence, he traced in the Universal Plan! How deeply versed he was in the study of the Heavens! He handed down to us the Numeric Speech, by which we are bound in secret, and in secret, recognise each other from land to land. He found the square of the hypotenuse, and discovered the system of the sun. And he was born 580 years before our Lord. Two hundred years after him, Aristotle records Democritus to have seen stars through the tails of comets of his time; comets being like flames of fire, that a man may gaze through. Aristotle himself observed one of the stars in Gemini occulted by Jupiter. Cavalcante read to me the words of Seneca, the contemporary of our Lord, in which he speaks of the transparency of the brush of comets. These men were reverent students of the Great Book of God. But, what say our priests?—Know they, in any real sense of truth, either the learning of earth, or the wisdom of Heaven? Know they even the approximate meanings of the scroll I have been reading?—I trow not. And if I turn to newer things, and ask them of the Testament of Jesus Christ! Alas! they ostracise me! If I ask how they fulfil it? they elbow me to the dungeon. Is a begging Friar suggestive of the poverty of the blessed Nazarene?—Was it to found Papal Rome that He had no place to lay His head? Was it to furnish reasons for celibacy that He lived among human

* Under Louis le Débonnaire, successor of Charlemagne, Anno 857, appeared the fourth comet of Chinese observation. Du Séjour states that, for twenty-four hours, it must have been two millions of miles from the earth. The clergy held it to prognosticate great disasters, which could only be averted by founding fresh convents. At the same time, the Chinese were scientifically tracing its path. Its tail was sixty degrees long. (Alexander Von Humboldt.) The first comet computed from European observation was Halley's comet, which came in 1456. (*Arago Annuaire de 1836*).

"By command of Pope Callixtus the Third, all the church bells in Europe were ordered to be rung to scare away Halley's comet." (See *History of the Conflict between Religion and Science*, by John William Draper, London, 1875). The author knows not Draper's authority for this, and adds this last sentence while going to press, not having previously seen Draper's work.

families, and ordered little children to be brought unto Him ? Yet is He forgotten ; and mendicancy, celibacy, exhibition of relics, and endurance of penances and deprivations, are accounted virtues. If we ask for more truth, they give us less ; and award the rack if we but enquire. They claim to have the knowledge of God's will, as impiously as the heathen flamens who made trade of Oracles, and sold the voices of the gods to the highest bidder ! Our priests are blind to all His works ; and, in their practice, they deny His word. Higher ! most reverend signors ! Sirs, look higher ! Mount aloft in all your thoughts ! Mount higher, higher ! Higher than the sermons of your Bishops ; higher than the fables of your Saints ; higher than the mock-piety of your Monasteries ; higher than the hedge-learning of your scholiasts ; higher than the Encyclicals of your Popes ; and higher than the fulminations of your councils ;—stand truths you do *not* consider, and verities you do *not* comprehend ! In the stead of these, they give mere idolatry ; yes, even so. And idolatry is not the deadly worship of images only, but it is the deadlier worship of the priest himself ; the priest, the people's and his own, foul idol ! Oh God, oh God !—What is idolatry ?—Is it not the adoring of anything that is put in the stead and place of Thee ? Then comes the bland dog-Latin of the schools, and pertly asks some trivial paltriness, and the whole herd bows down while tonsured nothingness mouths out some nonsense words they call theology ! Not one word of the Book of God ! Not one word of Holy Writ, save to deform it for their private ends ! The Book of God demands no celibacy ; exacts no droning service of seclusion ; fixes no mind of man in vice of steel, lest he should understand, and see, and the Lord should save him ! Pardon me, my merciful God, and forgive me if this be sin ! But oh, I believe and know ; I feel, and am constrained to say,—these priests give us themselves instead of Thee ! They forget the great of old ; and, in self-pride, they shut their eyes on all ! And yet, Thy dumb world might teach them ? Friar Peter,—Rector Cornelius,—Pope Honorius,—There is greater wisdom in the wild sea-mew, or the lake

beaver ; more beauty in each tree and flower ; more glory in the humble fly, or moth ; more music in the reeds on Arno's shore ; more intelligence of God in the poor swallow that migrates in her season ; more prudence in the tiny emmet that stores for winter ; more knowledge of times and changes in the birds of the craggy wold ; more remembrance of Him by the lone sea-shore, or ocean cliff,—than in all the Formularies of your Concilia, and all the Briefs and Decretals of the Vatican !

“ Alas ! through the mists of time I see a future come which will find me dust ; a future, sure and certain, in which men who shall enormously surpass us in such knowledge as we are seeking, will cause the earth to rise against you because you ill served the Christian faith ! You understood not the glory of your deposit ; you proved yourselves unworthy of your trust ; you made a religion of man, and forgot the religion of God ! Oh, sirs ! you see planets, and stars, and satellites ; you behold the lightning in the cloud ; you see the burning mountain ; you feel the earthquake ; Scylla, Charybdis, and the great ocean are before you ; you traverse plains, lakes, rivers, hills, and sands ; you cross mountains, you climb Alps and Apennines, you see eternal ice, you have before you everlasting snow ; and you look on all as if, like the paltry pill of the apothecary, they had been made at a moment's notice ! The records of God's myriad thousands of years are to you, like some gorgeous missal of the illuminator, through which a mole should drag his bunchy form, and, with closed eyes, exclaim, ‘ *I read it all !* ’

“ We are forbidden to use our Reason in the study of Natural Science, and are told, with trumpet-tongue, that we are born to obey the Church. Has God forsaken His creatures, for whom He made the world ? and foregone His laws, to produce, in the smallest third part of earth one single servant, and place him in Rome, and heap gold and silver upon him ? Did He poise worlds in space, and this small world among them, to lay our human reason at one old priest's mercy ? Did He license the tumults, briberies, perjuries, cruelties, and exactions of the Popes, from Martin

to Theodorus ? Did He authorise the baby Popedom * of the Ninth Benedict, or his base life and debauched manners ? his shameless profligacy, his enormous crimes, his violence, his corruption, his monstrous tyrannies, his rapes, murders, and cruelties innumerable ? In the end of the tenth century, did God teach the new doctrine, that men like these could canonize each other ? Did He lay us, bound and bleeding, in that old man's fetters, to pay toll and tax to him because he arrogates the Vice-Regality of Heaven ? The five original sees were Jerusalem, Rome, Alexandria, Constantinople, and Antioch. For the first eight hundred years Rome was but '*prius enter pares*' — 'first among equals.' Since then has come in the flood ! But time will move men onward. Dim ignorance will lift from off their minds ; truer beliefs will come ; and men will throw off the interlopers who thrust themselves between God and man ! Then, in weariness and vexation of spirit at the snares of priestcraft, they will turn to Thy great and glorious Universe ; Thy gorgeous and perfect construction ; this manifold assembly of transcendent pictures ; this unique harmony so full of Love ; this gladsome work of our All-seeing Father ; this sacred sanctuary of His open air and sky ; and men will give their praise and veneration—not to the sackcloth of uncleanly skins, unkempt hair, unwashed feet, and voice of mendicancy—not to the mock righteousness of isolation, fastings, vigils, hoarding of rotten bones, and endless mumbling of repetitions—not to the confession of man to man, and the forgiveness of man by man—but to Thyself, Thyself alone, and to none else than Thee ! They will turn from the bitter falsehoods of the Pontiff to the sweet words of the Nazarene ; and listen, not to a wizard old in weird tiara, but to the Incommunicable Creator, to whom we must return !

“ Oh ! if Christianity when she first came in her meek robes of saintly Love, to cheer the wrack and tumult of crumbling Heathenry, had brought with her such priests

* Pope Benedict IX. became Pope at ten years old, his father having bought the Papal Chair for him.

as we have now, men, miserable as they were, would have preferred the brute gods of Egypt, or the dæmonology of Persia ! But, in her rise, she proclaimed the Truth. Where is it now ? Is this only for a time ? Is it only a transition ? Or is Truth fated to retrace her steps ? Hippocrates used a Temple as a Hospital, and put up in it metal tablets, stating medical cases, with their treatment and results, six hundred years before our Lord. Did his lore come from Egypt or from Assyria ? from Babylon or India ? We know not. At Alexandria, Ptolemy had laid up seven hundred thousand volumes. His Museum had chemical laboratories, astronomical observatories, gardens for zoology and botany, chambers for anatomy, halls for mathematics to be applied to physics,—where Euclid taught optics and harmonies, Archimedes taught mechanics, Eratosthenes taught geography, Ptolemy and Hipparchus taught astronomy. Undying men ! undying thoughts ! And yet, if they lived now, the Pope would seize their flesh, and burn them in the name of God !

“ My God ! my God ! the smallest shell upon Thine ocean shore—the tiniest bird that cleaves Thine azure sky—the winds, Thy messengers from pole to pole—the flower, by the wayside as on the mountain’s crest—the jags, and peaks, and fissures of the hills—the countless marvels of the rolling deep—these are Thy scapularies, Thy rosaries, Thy relics ! These all speak truly of Thee ! These can lead none astray ! These are Thy changeless text-books to the world ! Thou showest us the earth, the sea, the sky, the myriad stars, the sun, space, time, change, antiquity, futurity—millions of hourly wonders of cloud and wind, of vegetation and absorption, of Life, life, life ! Can a scapulary praise Thee ? or a rosary, copied from the Buddhist, or borrowed from the Brahmin ? Can we trace Thee in the rotting relic of a sinner like ourselves, brought from the grave to deck the peep-show of the priest’s fair ? No ! Thou madest all things happy ! Thou art no Pope to put us into cells—no Pontiff, to forbid us to marry—no tyrant, to abolish our

liberties—no Papal Legate, to crush us with taxes—no Inquisitor, to roast us in fire ! Thou dost not intimidate and torture us if we inquire ! Thou grantest no wreck-profits after Thy storms !—profits to be doubly exacted if the shipwrecked be either Mussulmans or unbelievers ! Not thus did meek and holy Jesus teach ! The Incommunicable Name became, on His lips, ‘ Our Father.’

“ Yet I am lowly. I speak of knowledge. But—if there be a knowledge that would entangle me in the divine work of serving Thee, and loving men, Thine image—I will trample such knowledge beneath my feet, and cast it from me ! Being, however, by necessity of fate, human, we must warm and vivify ourselves continually at the fountain-head of the simplicity and beauty of Nature. Art, too, is Thine ! Made of the best of things that deal with human sense and human soul, it is in its own pure verity, the quintessence of human truth, and the final essence of all human aspects. *Ars longa, vita brevis.* This is the condition Thou hast ordained for mortal man ; placing him in a world where the least object he can examine, speaks, trumpet-tongued, of Thee.

“ And on all ignorance and selfishness, on all self-seeking and self-worshipping, look down the piercing, living eyes of Christ ; who came of Thee—Thine own—with throbbing human heart, with human tongue, to show the mighty Truth of Heavenly Love. In His human nature He arrested, measured, systematised the duty of Love, and poised our fleeting thoughts on godlike duties. He lit with inner light the inner being. He incorporates in our own minds the things we see not now. He immortalizes for us the long, dear train of all the loved and lost He shelters for us. Infinite and wondrous Teacher ! Divine, yet limitable and comprehensible in Mercy !

“ The greatest mortal mind that ever learned, is further from knowing any thing as Thou knowest it, than the blind mole is far from seeing with the brilliant glance of Beatrice ; and yet Thou dost condescend to accept our homage. I cast my gaze through Space, and my mind seeks after Thee. I

turn it inward on myself, and all my puny efforts to adore Thee . . . and to learn. Help me, in Thy pity, to work hard, to struggle to increase my store, to test it that I keep it bright, and ready to my hand ; while I live here to contemplate Thee, to study, to rejoice, to serve, to worship, and to submit—until I live hereafter to drink in Thy Light and Truth. Here—joy and wonder come at rare intervals. There—will be the fruition and the sweetness of Immortality. Here—we are crusaders, pilgrims, broken soldiers, alternating energy with weariness. There—we shall have entered into God, who will refresh us for ever.

“ Yet is there a venomousness of knowledge. St Paul says ‘ it puffeth up.’ Philology, logic, rhetoric, school learning, the mere study of words, bring but that knowledge which is ridiculous and trifling ; but true and great science of God’s natural creation makes a man gentle and modest in proportion to the largeness of his apprehension of Thee, whose infinitude he can never compass. This is the lesson of the book of Job, a man who had all things, yet lacked humility. But the sight of God’s creation, alone and by itself, had power to humble him. The day-spring—the fountains of the deep—the covert of reeds—the heaving of ocean—‘ Behemoth made with Thee’—gave him a new heart and a right spirit. Scholarship alone makes men fools. They try to be dictionaries, grammars, and catalogues. Their minds become dormant store-garners, where things lie by for lack of use, and mould, and lose all flavour. An eloquent lie will delight them ; an ill-told simple truth will make them angry. Oh the Trivio and the Quadrivio ! oh the Tesoro and the Tesoretto ! Brunetto hath forsaken the old religious root. His school mistakes dexterity for power. It is by faith in Thee alone, and love for Thee, that we touch the aim and ultimate of life, unknown, unuttered, and undreamed before Christ’s coming ; but since, set plainly forth—wide—perfect—clear ! So may we follow it, as that it shall herald us hereafter into that loftier world of the Redeemed, where our poor life shall be the life of God ! It is only by mistake and folly that we tremble at

death, and talk of destruction. Life is the rule and law ! Mind cannot die ! Its chains fall off, and we stand free before Thee for ever ! never more to trust to a priest's words ; never more to be terrorised by surpliced men ; never more to rest on their poor theology, or to handle their pitiful relics ; never more to hear their paltry rules and puny dogmas ; but to awake with Thee, whose wisdom, whose works, whose wonders, we are placed here to learn, and whose commandments we are sent here to fulfil, waiting the call to awake in Thy blest presence where Thou art ! I have no sense to take hold on more than this—guide me with Thy pitying care, my Creator, my Redeemer, and my God ! Amen."

That such sentiments as we have here overheard from the young poet's lips should have filled his heart and mind, at a comparatively early age, need astonish none.* He was a patriot by reflection, and an earnest lover of liberty by instinct. He was by nature free, and to none accountable. His aim through life, even in youth, was to be made to think ; and his efforts were not so much to amuse himself, and to pass his time, as to turn his eyes inwards, to rouse the reflective faculty within him, and find for himself some nobler occupation than could grow out of the inconsequence and frivolity of the world. In an age of prevalent superstition, he possessed those rare gifts of acumen and moderation which turn to scorn the falsehood of extremes. He already knew that the greatest works of human genius never had been, and never could be, so numerous as to overwhelm the student. He aimed at restricting his reading and his study to those alone—not frittering his hours on small productions, but devoting his energy to those whose message, distinct and clear, could enlighten and refine his under-

* For the agreement of this chapter with the opinions and beliefs of Dante, the reader is referred to *Paradiso*, Canto xix., 20-114 ; *Purgatorio*, Canto iii., 34-45 ; *Inferno*, xxiv., 47-57 ; *Inferno*, xix. 91-117 ; *Inferno*, iv., 130-144, and many other passages. Observe also his *De Monarchia*, and among explanatory or elucidatory writings, the very important Dissertation prefixed to the *Monarchia*, by Carmignani, in Torri's edition, Livorno, 1844 ; which edition is the best of the *Monarchia* ever published.

standing. His was the spirit of the old colonists from Greece, the friends and civilisers of his race in Etruscan days, a spirit of restless energy and indomitable perseverance.

In dealing with his own mind, he took with him the experience gathered in such secret meetings as were common among the learned and the cultivated of those days—meetings that tended to mould and form his genius by contact with the greatest and best men of his time. Among them, he studied the intricate anatomy of that mixed nature of man which comes to be laid bare, and stripped of the varnish of conventionality, when removed from the servile pursuits of gain, or uncontrolled by the apprehension of peril. Endowed with a tenacity that stamped indelible impressions, nothing that he noted for preservation was ever lost. He already knew how the vast array and army of the dull could, at all times, pick flaws and criticise; but for such he cared not.

BOOK III.—CHAPTER VII.

MASTER SIMON DEI BARDI, 1287-8.

“Yes, gold is a good thing in its place.”

SERDONATI.

“Why have not many handsome legs, in silk stockings, villainous spiny feet, for all their great roses?” (*Old Play of the Roaring Girl*, vi., 86.)

THE best type or emblem of Master Simon dei Bardi would have been one of his own florins—not an imperial coin in weight or value—merely half a guinea’s worth of gold ; but strong, useful, and always in the market. The exchange of merchants was Master Simon’s natural habitat. Apart from subjects of trade or money, he could with difficulty be either sad or joyful. He was not given to any kind of recollection, weakness, partiality, fondness, or regret. It was not that he elected to be stern and rigorous. Nor had he made a compact with himself to save time and money by concealment or renunciation of human feeling. It was simply that his disposition was chilly, austere, positive, and cold. Its results were extreme formality and precision. The loftier feelings of his wife’s early love, his passion for liberty, his thirst for knowledge, were unknown to Master Simon. The destruction of Florence, and the swallowing up of Tuscany by an earthquake, would only have affected him inasmuch as his bank would have suffered. His aim in life was to amass gold, his chief efforts were to increase his store. If he read, it was in his ledgers. If he wrote, it was on the correspondence of the bank. One single quality preserved him from that lowest depth of smallness whence the idolater of wealth can scarcely be saved ; and that was a certain inherent power and strength of mind, redeemed from obstinacy by the keenness of his vision, and by tenacity of purpose. Accuracy, steadiness, and untiring application, enabled him in the

transitions of the time from oligarchical tyranny to municipal rule, amid the rapid growth of commerce ; these qualities, we say, enabled him to pursue his own objects with the precision of arithmetic. But so placid was he that at no moment of pressure or peril could the minutest observer hazard a guess whether gain or loss were to befall the Bardi treasury.

In his speech the sentences seemed to be mentally computed, cast up, and worked out to their results, before reaching the ear. His eye was single, it comprehended nothing but his own advantage. Even in trifles he left nothing to chance ; and was so fearful of error or loss, that it was his custom in the internal management of his household, to write all orders and have them entered in a book for future reference. Daily did he note down each day's commands, read the same to Beatrice, and leave the document in her hands before proceeding to the bank. Not one farthing more than he allowed was to be expended. He counted all, even to the cost of tinder. Once in the bank, he thought, calculated, wrote, or read in silence. When merchants came, he rather listened than replied ; and while they talked, he jotted down the heads of their subjects, and at the close, exhibited his summary, and delivered the conclusions he drew from it. With him, one method and one system ran through all. But never did he decide quickly. He always craved time, a later hour, or an after-day ; and on these, his final decision was arrived at in the same manner. His clerks said he was always summing, summing up, summing down, and summing into his money vaults.

The effect of such strange and new companionship on the mild and loving character of Beatrice was soon apparent. Never had she before come into contact with so coarse a nature. Mistress Dorcas had been presuming and vulgar. Friar Peter had been tyrannical and ill-bred. But Master Simon's crushing punctuality was worse than all these. Life itself seemed to ebb away in the dull machinery of Master Simon's method. Beatrice had not expected gladness in the Bardi household, she had not looked for indul-

gence of her tastes or feelings ; but to be thus schooled and chilled, to be left with a little daily task like a young scholar, and to be literally herded like the sorceress' one lamb in the fairy tale, that never left the witch's dismal cave ; this indeed was hard.

The Bardi servants, too, were frigid, old, and formal. When they moved, it was with fear of hearing their own tread. In the whole huge house, Beatrice was the only thing that was young. As to visitors, after the first period of complimentary visitations had gone by, only very few women had sufficient courage to return. Her own parents came seldom. One beautiful woman proved true to her ; it was Primavera, the wife of Guido Cavalcante ; but her visits were far between ; for Simon discouraged them. Felicitas only, who would on no account be kept away, came, or rather was brought, almost daily. For the little child would cry for her sweet sister, and refuse comfort, till they led her across the Old Bridge to the Bardi dwelling. The jewellers' shops and the nuns' house attracted both the child and Dorcas. The child never tired of the gold and pearls in the small windows—Dorcas was never weary of chattering and gossiping with the nun's portress. The nun was a recluse, who long lived there, about the middle of the bridge, and prayed for those who besought her. Off trotted little Felicitas, pleased and chattering to the old serving-man who followed them, and carried the small lady over wet or miry places, or scared away inquisitive dogs, goats, or other cattle they might encounter. At the end of this baby pilgrimage, new light and life entered the apartments of Beatrice. Friar Peter came and went ; and of all that was unwelcome and strange in that gloomy house, nothing surprised her so much as Friar Peter. In the Portinari houses he had been coarse, yes, and rude, but always merry of speech, and laughing at his own jokes and rhymes, full of proverbs, queer sayings, biting words, and so forth. But under her husband's roof he was grave, cynical, and sententious. Yet so it was. Friar Peter's quips and cranks would have displeased Master Simon ; and the Friar

was all things to all men. Truth to speak, Beatrice sometimes wondered how even the small Felicitas could laugh and play in that dreary, weary place. "What are they doing at home?" thought she every morning, as Simon first read out slowly, and then placed in her hands his written orders for that day's diet and house-keeping. She bowed gracefully always in receiving the paper, for she was courteous in the least thing she did; but "what are they doing at home?" was deep down in her heart.

In the next house (for the Bardi houses filled all the long street of the Oltr'Arno, still called by their name), dwelt Master Simon's mother, Crescentia, by name, a widow. She was a stately, but gaunt woman, of the severest devotion, who spent in churches and oratories, all the time she could spare from an anxiety as painfully minute about her worldly matters, as her son's was about his. There were her servants, her gardens, her fowls, her farms; the marketing, the spinning, the weaving, the netting, and many other industries which she herself directed, and which gave her mind no peace. In her view, life was a long toil, whose results were measured by the amount of linen spun, woven, and bleached; the quantity of wool carded and washed; the number of coverlets quilted; mats platted; osiers twisted; or fringes woven in the frames. Of all these things, Crescentia had already produced enough for ten households. But she still worked on. You walked from room to room, and passed from ambry to ambry, to see nothing but webs of linen of Crescentia's growth and make, bleached to a nicety, and piled up to the ceilings. As for wool, her amazing stores of cloth were sold in the market, like the rest of the Bardi produce of that kind, for they embarked largely in the trade of cloth. Silk, then a patrician luxury, she restricted to her own distaff and spinning wheel, from which she had already laid up countless mantles, scarfs, and surcoats, to be eventually bequeathed to the Madonnas, or Holy Virgins, whose shrines she most frequented. This good lady, therefore, had as little time as

she had inclination, to visit Beatrice, whose way of life was not to her mind.

"And what do they at Mamiano?" Beatrice would wonder. "And when will Aunt Magdalene, or when will Gerardo Visdomini write to me? And what about Saint Maud's, the dear church that was hallowed in that sweet May time, when we danced the dance of Maïa, and when we played the play of Theseus and Ariadne?" Then she thought of the Vallombrosan forests, and longed to see again those pure, clear forest streams; to feel the shade of the Raven's Tree; and to revisit our Lady of the Ford. Sometimes she thought to hear beside her the silly scoldings of the old Duenna, or the coo-coo of the doves that were now the toys of Felicitas; and oh, for one song of their cage night-ingales, now thrilling with such pleasure, now throbbing with such pain! And what might be doing in that other home near St Margarets? Was he studying still in that high upper room of the old tower? or riding out with some of the Donati? or flying falcons by the river with her brothers? Only the Arno's narrow, flowing stream between them;—and yet how far apart! Hush! as his last letter, torn to shreds, had been scattered at the Virgin's feet, so must the memory of that love be torn, and tears must blot it out. Poor, weak, uneasy heart! Thou hast left thy love; calm thy too flickering pulsés, and be still!

It was not so easy to be still. The wild woods of the Vallombrosan hills; the sound of Gundulf's horn; the straw thatched chapel of the Hermit's Ford; his falcons and his hounds; that terrible wild boar; the verses read in old Stigliola's hut; the interview at early dawn ere dews were off the sward; these memories would not vanish or disappear at bidding. Why was the room so quiet? Why came no light or sound to drive them from her?—Hush, foolish, trembling heart! Be wiser,—and be still!

In the next house, Crescentia, the widow, was weighing thread in an upper chamber. Her maidens had spun it,

clean and fine ; and the handloom weaver who was to weave it, stood waiting orders. "79 pounds of thread," said she, "will make 120 towels, 30 inches broad." "I cannot weave fine enough for that number," said the weaver, humbly.—"The Lady Crescentia does not allow for waste." As the weaver left, Crescentia pondered. "I wonder if Simon's fine new wife can spin with the wheel? She has been brought up on the other side of the bridge, where there is more vanity and extravagance. If she is idle, she will spoil our people. I must speak of it to Friar Peter—blessed man! He is never idle; always doing the work of the Lord; early and late, watching for souls, as one that must give account! What a sweet saint he is! I daresay she found it more cheerful at her own home. But cheerfulness costs money, and that is not my Simon's way. When folks are cheerful, they eat and drink more; and coming and going wears out shoes and floors; to say nothing of clothes and furniture! Why should she be cheerful? Am I cheerful? Is Simon cheerful?—No, we are too careful to be cheerful!"

On that day, Friar Peter had very special business with Simon dei Bardi. "There is a rumour," said he, "that two young fellows of the city are going to England. For what reason, I am unable to discover. They are Dante Allighieri and Lapo Gianni. The first, I know, has more than one correspondent in England, and some in the north part of Wales. As it is important that we keep our eye on him so far away, who, among your English agents, Simon, is the most devoted to Holy Church? Think it over, and I will write private and confidential instructions to the man, or men, whom you shall name. You yourself need not come forward in the matter. At the same time, I shall correspond with members of our own fraternity to keep watch on these youths, whom I do not trust, or like. And for to-day, I want you to give me further, a note of introduction for your house in London. They will think it an act of friendship and fellow-citizen feeling; yet I rather use it to enable

us to watch them, and know their whereabouts from more sources than one." Simon made no answer, but went to his desk, and did as he was desired. When he gave the paper, "Are you sure, Friar," said he, "that the fish will bite? Are they certain to use introductions they did not ask for, or seek? I understand why you wish to watch them narrowly, and I do not expect they will trouble your own brethren if they can help it. But, since they are so obnoxious to Holy Church, might it not be safer and easier to make away with them in England, than in our own land?" This was said with as much unconcern as if it had been question of brushing off two flies.

Friar Peter departed, and met his colleagues De Cerreto, Cerchi, and others, taking the air on the Old Bridge, past the goldsmiths' shops so loved by little Felicitas, and the house of the praying Nun, dear to Mistress Dorcas. Close by the old statue of Mars (long thought the Palladium of the city), at the side of the Bridge next the Baptistery, they were met by Guido Cavalcanti. Friar Peter left his colleagues, and assuming an air of cheerful kindness, offered to him Simon's note for the intending travellers. Guido accepted it courteously, and the Friar continued his way to his own place, scattering his strange conceits among the crowd as he passed along. He was in the vein, and his jokes went and came like the ripples upon Arno's waves.

BOOK III.—CHAPTER VIII.

CARDINAL LATINO PREPARES FOR RETURNING TO ROME IN MAY 1289.

“ Oh Rome, my country, city of the soul,
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone Mother of dead Empires ! ”

(*Childe Harold.*)

CARDINAL LATINO DI ROMA, who, as we have seen, visited Florence in 1284-5, returned there, on business of his own, in 1289, during the first heats of summer. Florence was the bank of Europe at that time ; not only the city, whence all the herbs and spices of the East were sent to France and England, with the golden stuffs, and silks, and satins, of Persia and Circassia ; but it was the money-dealing spot, *par excellence*, or, as Pope Boniface afterwards called it, the “*fonte dell' oro*,” the great spring, fountain, and well-head of wealth.

Now, the Cardinal, and his relatives both by father and mother, whether Brancaleoni or Orsini (but the latter principally, for they took, as he did, his mother's name of Orsini), were men of singular and extraordinary expenditure. Although his Uncle, the late Pope Nicholas the Third, had, during his pontificate, enriched them with enormous possessions, never grudging to them the spoils of any city or family ; and though, at his death, he bequeathed to them his own lordly stores in Rome itself, full of all manner of treasure, yet did they, one and all, live at so swift a pace, and in such splendour, and their projects became so vast, that, in 1289, they proposed to enter into negotiations for a loan with the money-lenders of Florence, and could select no more advantageous representative than the great Dominican, the Cardinal Latino, who, being one

of themselves, was safe and sure, as well as otherwise fitly gifted for the service they required. Whereupon, his Eminence set forth from Rome, and travelled to Florence, as it seemed, on the Church's business, and certainly at the Church's cost, but none the less for little gain to the Church.

"It is well the lads have me to help them!" said the Cardinal to himself; "for, among them, they are quite capable of draining Florence itself, if the traders had so little wit as to permit the same! If our Lake of Bracciano were to grow sands of gold, the boys would exhaust them in a single year! The humbler world, remoter than we are from the Sacred Chair, reckes little what great pomp of imperiousness swells the breasts of those who have had a living Pope of their own blood! *Magari!*" The learned traveller in Italy, recognising this old Greek word still hourly falling from Italian lips, looks back on the pre-Christian occupation of the south by Grecian tribes, of which this is a curious reminder.

So, to Florence he travelled, King-like, with the old grandeur of escort, and marvellous array of panoplies, and the old reception at the gates, as if all the ancient Magi, the storied Three Kings of the East, had lost their way, and entered among the Florentines, to be bowed down before, like Pagan Demi-gods. But this Magus came, not to offer treasure, but to ask for it, and obtain it on the cheapest terms. And who would wrestle for those terms the most successfully? the placid, wary Cardinal? or the still more placid and more wary Bardi, to whom he applied? Not in any hasty manner was such business concluded in those days, or by those men. It took a world of consideration, calculation, and time. The Bardi knew better than the Cardinal himself, the real state of the Orsini finances, and, though they professed to take his schedules for very gospel, yet would they come to no decision in Florence, but ruled, without appeal, that two of themselves must repair to Rome for verification of the securities held out to them. The Cardinal seemed rather baffled, but, as it happened, he was

not displeased. He had not expected an easy and rapid conclusion, nor, perhaps, had he desired it. Young men must not find the world too facile. Ripe fruit must not always drop right down into their mouths. There must not always be a spring flowing forth in the desert the moment they are thirsty, nor a shelter ever ready for them when they are weary. Besides, at this same time, in Florence, he saw the lady Beatrice again, and it must be admitted that she was one he had not forgotten, and was not likely to forget.

Now, at this period, it had fallen out that the physicians, checked by the failure of their spells and nostrums to restore her strength, had tried a potent cure, not unusual among those who cultivated what was called the Hermetick Philosophy. They prepared a beryl, of a square form, which they had set in a ring of silver. They consecrated it with strange ceremonies, and engraved on its four quarters the names of the four greatest angels, on whom they called, at midnight, with weird and uncouth formulas. But, though unable to charge themselves with remissness or neglect of any portion of the incantations, or with disrespect to the full-length portraits of the various spirits, or dæmons, with their worshipful names below inscribed, idol-wise, which portraits presided at the midnight ceremony, surrounded by their pentagrams, or cabalistic signs; yet, neither in answer to the spells of summons or of invocation, did Raphael, Gabriel, Uriel, or Michael, condescend to propitiate the use of the beryl, or suggest a remedy for Beatrice. The physicians, Jews for the most part, concluded that she was not on the great angel's books, and that their great highnesses had no prescription for her. The Lord Cardinal Latino, a man of great parts and learning, wherever he travelled, was in the habit of discoursing the physicians of the place; and not unfrequently he astonished them with his knowledge of their craft.

When he dealt with the Hebrews now in question, he soon found from them that Beatrice was not ill of any specific or organic ailment, but, on the contrary,

was one who, had she been happy, would have excelled all others in health, as she did in beauty. They told him that, for some reason to their art unknown, the mind was killing the body—the heart was undermining the life. He, astute and experienced even in this, inquired of them why their signs did not point out a mental remedy?—some change which, by occupying the whole sphere of the senses, might make a diversion for good, and cure the patient? “If a Hebrew,” said the Cardinal to them, “I should prescribe Jerusalem. But, seeing the lady is a Christian, behold, the remedy most apparently evident would be a visit to Rome. Let her seek change and blessing in a visit to the Eternal City. We all know the power of the outward world to mitigate the sort of ailment that drugs may not reach, nor cabalistic signs assuage or cure.”

Thus tutored, the physicians pocketed the long price of their square beryl, and prescribed a visit to Rome.

For Beatrice, it happened that this tallied marvellously with her husband's journey on the Orsini business, and was quickly agreed to. None the less speedily did the Lord Cardinal, with ready hospitality, proffer for her use apartments in the Orsini Palace, lately built by the Holiness of Pope Nicholas III. out of the ruins of the Theatre of Marcellus—a palace fortified to stand a siege if necessary, as every palace, church, and large house in Rome needed to be, and was, at that stormy period. Donna Theodosia, too, his favourite niece, was living there, and would do the honours. Simon dei Bardi accepted willingly. Beatrice was unwilling—cared not for travelling—would rather remain in Florence; but against the physicians, her husband, and the great Cardinal, she could do nothing. She obeyed reluctantly, but in silence; and, with an aching heart, prepared to set out for Rome. Still Rome was the wondrous city of her life. She had dreamed about it, longed for it, all her years, and believed she should never cross the dividing lands that hid it from her. Her journeys had only been to Fiesole, to Mamiano, or Vallombrosa. Then home to Florence, to her father's house near the old Baptistery, and back to the

familiar chairs of their daily church, with a sense of having been far, far a-field, like a lamb parted from the parental fold.

Now, was she to see Rome, the city of old empire, of universal conquest, of foremost law, of the old equestrian races, of sacred augury, and martyr-death? Ay, Pagan and Christian Rome, so hard to divide from one another, offered her a wondrous scene of remembrances heroic, and regrets religious; a land, whose dust was sacred, trodden by heroes, sanctified by martyrs; a land whose earth had received dying blessings, and exhaled holy pains; whose waters had baptised the earliest Christians of her nation; whose clouds had wafted their spirits to martyr-crowns, and to the company of the saints in heaven. Had not Saint Gregory once given to an ambassador a handful of Roman dust,* which, on the slightest pressure, grew warm, re-vivified, and sweated the dear life-blood of the saints? The tombs of "our Lord St Paul," and "our Lord St Peter," possessed most marvellous virtues, exhaled continual benefactions, and often exempted the pilgrim from future woes. There were many who performed vicarious pilgrimages to them, and obtained graces and favours for the weak, the bed-ridden, and the paralysed. Was not a pair of beads, prayed over and blessed at either tomb, held to be of sovereign efficacy? The name of Rome awed by its mere sound, and had been trumpet-tongued for many an age. How many dying ones, after the priest had shriven them, and anointed them for the last fording of Jordan, were saddened by the remembrance that, in their stronger days, they had placed among their sins of omission the non-performance of a journey to Rome? The ancient city had even bewitched St Paul, so that he could "not die till he had seen Rome." What wonder, then, if Rome had grown into the religion of all Europe? and who was to shake her hold?

But to Beatrice, the Eternal City was more than this.

* In the Church of Saint Felicitas, in Florence, this subject is handled by Ferdinando Villani, of Modena, in the third chapel east of the nave.

She was the Latin fortress which old Etruscan men had been the first to found. To Rome had been carried, from her own Fiesole, the Etrurian augury, the rite of sacrifice, and science of divination, by which the lawgivers and conquerors of the world had ruled—high-priests from Romulus to the Cæsars. Was it not from Rome that, in the ancient days, not yet forgotten, there had yearly come twelve noble youths to study augury at Fiesole, the old parent of Florence, and birth-ground of the Caponsacchi, her mother's people? Later on, had not Florence itself grown out of Fiesole, and been colonized from Rome? And, had not these things their place, alongside of the storied lore of holy men and women in both, who had crowned holy lives by palmering to Rome?

Nor let any think that such thoughts were unusually to be found uppermost in the time we treat of. The education of the masses was but the knowledge of their crafts and customs; the culture of the few was greater than we can point to now; and Beatrice, by nature intelligent and lofty, was well versed in the history of the Italian lands, and dearly loved to ponder on their Past, and dream their Future. To her, then, Rome was a mighty story-book, a continual Plutarch, overflowing with heroes, orators, statesmen, soldiers, conquerors; or teeming with the new Christian life, and bleeding in the gardens of Nero, or the arenæ of the Agones, for the One Faith and Hope that is in Christ Jesus. Not only the treasure-house of Arts and Arms, but the old keep-tower of patrician pride, senatorial majesty, and military fortitude; which, when they ceased, were replaced by the courage, the fidelity, and the fortitude of the meek and lowly. The history of Rome (how many an honoured age doth it not amuse and interest, even to this day, among ourselves?) was more to her than all the romances of Arthur's Table Round, or that grandest episode of the Quest of the Holy Grail. Just as in those times arras hangings ranked above green verveys, even so the subjects of history or legend, connected with Rome, were prized beyond those of other

cities. And it was good for Beatrice that all this was familiar to her, now that a journey to Rome was decided on for her health's profit. The Lord Cardinal honestly believed that the journey would benefit her; and forsook his habitually austere and somewhat haughty manner, to order due preparations for her comfort. But of herself and her health she thought but little, nor did she care. On the hills and homes of Cato and of Cæsar, she would trace the tread of the feet of those who, for Christ's sake, exchanged a life of luxury for a death of shame. In their low lanes, and small, plebeian haunts, she would track out Rome's chiefest glories. In her humility she would pace, barefoot and bareheaded, the scenes of their suffering. Friar Peter had discoursed to her of the monastic view, that dwells on anchorites and penitents, and makes a sorry world of morbid sentiment. She listened to strange tricks, and stanger miracles, almost grieving that his words fell dead and valueless; but how could they do otherwise, when, before her eyes, Christ himself was still alive, still preaching, teaching, comforting, with a real, actual presence, which she daily found in His own blessed words? Christ had spoken of no monks or nuns—black, white, gray, tawny, or brown. Were they not, to her inmost view, seen to be the boles of age that weakened and disfigured the Christian tree, counterfeiting the active truth of apostolic life by cloister observances and monastic prate? And, as in chastened humbleness of spirit, she shrank from these thoughts, she would recollect that, in Rome, lived lordly priests with hundred benefices, whose career of sly, sullen, and selfish sensuality she had heard commented on in whispers. Could she discern their station in the gospels? Ah! how these things shook her with pangs of pain, and drove her to fix her heart on heaven alone! None knew better than she did the misery of those aching thoughts, of counterfeits and shams of what is Real. Garbage can never be food. The narrow road, straight as the path of Light, leads through a world of uneasy balance. But giddy heights of pompous, palatial, cardinalistic splendour would not dazzle or confound

her. There was no tortuous conventionality in her nature. The star by which she sailed was firm and fixed in the true North. Yet she asked herself: Might not the religious vortex of Roman ritual and pageant unsettle her quiet simplicity? Might she not grow vain and frivolous in the super-sensual glow of the gold, the silver, the precious rubies, the amethysts, the emeralds, the giant crystals, the lapis lazuli, the grand music, the myriad lights, and the clouds of incense? Might there not steal over her the glamour of world-worship, as she watched the ritual and the roll of the Church's Princes? What if, some day, she should probe her heart, and find that she had forgotten, among ceremonies in which men were demi-gods, that holy and unfading kingdom which is not of the world!

"Nevertheless," thought Beatrice, "it is decreed that I am to go!" So she bowed her head, and prepared for the journey, in spite of all her self-examination, the most obedient votary that could travel thither. But her husband, Master Simon, was not perplexed with such thoughts as occupied the heart and filled the imagination of Beatrice. For him, the Church had very little relation to the Bible, and possessed little or no abstraction. The great Princes and Powers were men of solid consideration, sedulous application to business and profit, unswervingly observant of the main chance, incorporated owners of enormous influence, accumulators of endless treasure; and the journey to Rome assured him of great gain to the house of the Bardi, both in the present time and prospectively. The Cardinal's cooks and pantlers might require heavy vails, but then the living would be so good that it might not be unworthy of such requital.

On the road, he had divers matters to settle with Abbeys and Convents, and also certain lands to inspect, which would soon fall from the extravagant hands of their present owners. As for the religious aspect of a visit to Rome, Simon, though the most obedient of her sons, was not a man of any very fine or complicated *religious feelings*. He was extremely devout, and relished

a good bargain in spirituals as well as any man ; but Friar Peter, who was his confessor, did all the hard work for him ; and, if anything extraordinary should occur, there was the Pope, the Holy Father, with unlimited powers of healing any faults or backslidings, whether in relation to trade, banking, or any other of those avocations in which a zealous man might be over-tempted. In his mails, he carried divers parchments, safely stored, and offerings in gold from many Florentines, who sent their contributions by his hand to the Tomb of Peter ; tithes of the twenty per cent. they realized on home loans ; pickings from the forty per cent. out of Florence ; fifty per cent. if in France or Spain ; thirty per cent. from the Church throughout Italy. And he wondered how Rome could devour so much ! Ever receiving, ever obtaining ; drawing to herself out of the whole world ; her own stock in trade inexpensive and inexhaustible ! How he admired the Bulls, the Briefs, the Benedictions, the Licences, the Benefactions, and the Investitures ! How little they cost ! How much they gained ! What a huge army they fed ! and how he respected the sharpness of the dealers ! And then, when some stray gleam of his better self made him wonder if all this was right ? He would answer it by the assurance that Rome was a grand political key-stone and necessity, without which the insane and ignorant mobs of the moneyless, would attack and plunder the monied. Ay . . . after that, whether the Lady on the seven hills needed sifting, as some averred ; or purifying, as many suggested (and, in especial, certain shrewd and astute Greeks of his acquaintance)—why, he would not enquire into that at all. The Bardi bank had two hundred million florins afloat among the clergy ; and what mattered the showing of Faith by Works, in comparison to such a stake as that ? What indeed ? The Pope himself would have made war on Jerusalem for half the money !

And then, Cardinal Latino, as Hereditary Chancellor of Rome, and chief of all the Inquisitors of the holy faith throughout the world, was a Prince to be looked on with

awe and veneration. If Simon himself had been the author of Urban the Fourth's mandate of "*non cupientes*," he could not have selected one who was (by word of mouth, and in all his discourses) a more uncompromising destroyer of the "*periculosa et gravia impedimenta*" of ecclesiastical profits, than this same shrewd Cardinal.* Simon was therefore perfectly willing to accept the Cardinal's hospitality and line of travel, for preaching, after all, was not practice.

As to Cardinal Latino, he had the very measure of Simon's heart and mind, and knew to a nicety his very thoughts. When the holiness of his late Uncle, Nicholas the Third, had added the provinces of Bologna and Romagna to the See of Rome, and he, the Cardinal, had gone to their cities as Legate, he had made large acquaintance with the merchant and banking classes, who were at first rather an enigma to him, but he soon mastered their nature, and understood their ways. As to Rome, she was the pearl in the world's oyster, and, in her, he held an Imperial reality of power that Emperors might have envied.

What if in some portions of Italy the people murmured that the Fisherman's Ring confounded profit with piety? What, if incorrigible fools, like the old scribe, and others lately silenced in Florence, were teaching, that "Religion was rather a kissing of the old shoes and dirty kerchiefs of the saints, a locking up of their soiled shirts and garments within jewelled caskets, than a wholesome practice and example of the true Christian life!" The Tribunal to which he belonged had been instituted for the express purpose of exterminating these remarks, and the head and centre of that Tribunal was Rome.

So, in the matter of Rome, as the loadstone of many minds, the three chief persons of the cavalcade differed in their several pathways, but converged at the same goal. Beatrice, as loving life the least, was the least anxious.

* Probably owing to his experience of the first Rule of St Dominick, which enacted that no monk should count out money. To avoid this Rule, the Dominicans counted money *with a stick*.—(Walcott, *Sacred Archaeology*.)

Simon, a man of few words, husbanded his strength, and rode on complacently. The Cardinal, austere and lordly, as was his wont, showed scant feeling of enjoyment : but, within, it seemed to him that the chief joy of his marvellous life had been won by this journey. Under that severe exterior, he had the intensest appreciation of beauty ; and, in the form of lofty purity of nature and purpose, beauty impressed him with the highest reach of admiration. And now, whether beside the dew-sprinkled pastures, above Ponte a Sieve, the first day ; or, by the quick stream of the Cardetale, as it flowed along their southward road ; at early morn, or late at evening, or beneath setting sun ; wherever they halted for rest, though he had all things for delight and comfort, yet did one happiness outstep them all, when he saw the colour go and come, in mirth of chance or mirth of change, on the lovely face of Beatrice. And it was no wonder, for, of all the women of her time and country, she bore the palm of loveliness and beauty.

BOOK III.—CHAPTER IX.

1289.

HOW FRIENDS MET IN SECRET IN DANTE'S TOWER.

“ Foco ne ferro non la po partire,
Non si divide cosa tanto unita,
Pena ne morte jam non pò salire.
A quella altezza dove stà rapita.
Sotto se vede tutte cose gire
Et ella sopra tutte stà grandita.

(*Fra Jacopone da Todi*, 1230.)

IN the upper chamber of Dante's Tower, at the corner of the Square of St Margaret (otherwise called dei Giuochi),* a company of faithful friends had met together. In outward semblance their meeting was convivial; but, in truth, its objects and purposes were widely different. The friends were, to a man, students of Science, which many of them joined to the pursuit of Eloquence, Poetry, Law, Philosophy, Medicine. But the sciences, and their handmaid, the Mathematics, were abhorrent both to the priesthood and the mass of the people who were ruled by them. Students of Mathematical and Physical science were branded as atheists and heretics who forsook the ways of God. At any moment they might be accused, brought to trial, and arraigned for what was called “ Diabolical Necromancy,” supposed to be a direct intercourse with the devil. Therefore, were these men bound together by the bond of a common danger, and knit into one body by special modes of secret communication. They had the feelings and customs of a close fraternity or brotherhood, apart and secret from the world;

* Part of this building is now the high house belonging to the Campani family. In the year 1775, Dante's tower, as here described, was still standing. It then was the property of the Dominican Friars of Santa Maria Novella. (*Bandini*, *Lettere Fiesolane*, p. 24.)

and the plant which Glocker watched in the mine of Mansfeld climb up two hundred feet to reach the sun, was not more earnestly in search of Light than they were.

In Dante's Tower were Dante himself, Guido Cavalcanti, Lapo Gianni, Dino Compagni, the elder Villani, Brunetto Latini, Dino Frescobaldi, Leonardo Visdomini, and many others. The names of most of them are still familiar. For safety's sake they gave to their meetings an appearance of jollity and conviviality, which was only a prudent and necessary mask. They had begun with merry catches and rounds of song.

"Raise us another stave, Lapo!" cried one; and he who was thus invited, took up the lute and sang as follows:—

AN EPICUREAN MADRIGAL.

"I never knew a time was like the Present;
Neither can Past, or Future, be so good.
The Past is stale; the Future may prove pleasant,
But oh, commend me to the Present mood.
Then, friends, long live the Present!

Long live the Present, ay, the passing hour,
Pledge to the brim that joy, all joys above,
When fondest eyes, with Beauty's regal dower,
Flash forth the rapture of divinest Love!
Then, friends, long live the Present!

Sing ye the circling draught of rosy wine,
The spread of lordly dainties fitly meet
For demi-gods; and may our ladies twine
Fresh garlands for us till we kiss their feet!
So, friends, long live the Present!

Here's health to Mary, Lucy, Jane, and Maud,
Aspasia, Letty, Elma, and Christine;
Drink to them all! And long may they reward
Our longing hearts with sympathy divine!
Then, friends, long live the Present!"

"Bravo! well said and sung!" cried Cavalcanti, laughing, "but an those beauties were here, or we had any of the good things of that madrigal, devil a word of Science or Learning would ever be spoken! Wherefore, brethren, our board is as lean and hungry as a tombstone! For are we not the old Italian sect, the sons of Courage, Patience, Hope,

and sure Discretion? husbands of the chaste Minerva, soldiers of the true Hercules, contending with the force of Truth we cling to, against the strength of Evil we abjure? not in our meetings, pandering to lies; but rather emulating the light and clearness of the summer day? Wherefore, in our assemblies, we take for diet each others choicest thoughts, and the fresh air that through yon lattice comes from our Apennines! The strong man and the torrent hew their own channels and force their own way. Here the thoughts of waking nights and anxious days find open utterance. Stone by stone, we strive to build the edifice of science. Not as the second Zoroaster did, 2459 years before Christ, when he indited his Law upon twelve thousand parchments of a cow-hide each, the which Law he called the tree of life. Not so, indeed! We hold our trust, our faith, our confidence in God, to be our dearest privilege and right of access unto Him. It belongs to the world beyond time and sense; and is transacted (if I may so speak) by each of us, alone and singly with God; no earthly creature intervening by a hair's breadth. Into whatever form a man may shape his prayers—whatever his mode of supplication—whatever his religion—let him live in it as suits him best. None have the right to intrude and slip in between man, and God. But each one communing apart with God alone and single, as he shall be able to meet the All-seeing eye of Omniscience, must seek God for himself. Together we will share the intellectual toil of study of God's glorious works, together find the highest types of ideal perfection, together pursue the best means of directing each man's strength and energy for the benefit of mankind; never satisfied, never satiated, but tracing the laws of God in His works of creation! never interpreting what we do not understand; but handing on, we humbly trust, the Lamp of Knowledge to the end of Time."

"And long indeed is Time," said one, "and hard to compass! Will ye come and see for yourselves in the upper Val d'Arno, the remains of colossal brutes that once dwelt there in the infancy of Time? Elephants, mammoths, lions,

what know I? Monsters of far-off days, when men must have been giants, if they could cope with such colossal brutes!" Several entered as he spoke and took their seats; but one older than he, rose, and said, "This day, brethren, our abstract subjects must be laid aside. We must be practical, and pause on lower levels. Listen to me. There is fresh news in the city. The Aretines have ravaged our lands up to Ponte a Sieve and San Donato a Collina. They have taken many prisoners and driven off much cattle.* The city must declare war."

"And will be a match for Arezzo any day!" interrupted Cavalcanti.

"We took forty castles in the Val d' Ambra last year,"* observed Dino Compagni. "We and our allies will make short work of this false Bishop!"

"He too hath allies from other cities!" interposed Brunetto Latini. "But allies from Hell, from Gehenna, from the Devil, what matters it?" and he replaced on his tonsured head the cap he had doffed on entering, and did it much as though he had donned a steel helmet. "What matters it if the false knave and his scarlet saddle cloth and golden bridle came with all the mercenaries of Romagna at his beck and call? When we meet him, he will need no lanthorn to guide him home! Ten shells of Gales against an empty cockle, we will vanquish his fellows! This news will stop our envoys who were going on our secret mission to England,—at least, for a time. I doubt not that our brethren, Lapo Gianni and Dante Allighieri, will not set forward. . . ."

"We cannot leave the city," interposed Dante, "while war is imminent. So soon as the Aretines are disposed of, let us go; I shall be ready, and so will Lapo. But, methinks, the public business need not stop our conference to-night. My preceptor, Latini, was ever warlike, though a man of peace."

"True," answered Brunetto, smiling, "For all that I have spent my life among the things committed to goat's

* Scipione Ammirato, *passim*.

skins and sheep pelts, yet have I not learned patience ! But, the books we must have, and no other way is there of procuring them, but that Dante and Lapo must journey to England for them. Some say that glorious Roger* of Ilchester is dead. Others say he liveth still. They will ascertain this. He suffered ever from envy, jealousy, and ignorance ; and no wonder, for sharply did he reprove the times, saying, when he spoke of the sins and abuses of his Order, "These errors speak Antichrist present."

"He was right ! he was right !" interrupted many. Brunetto continued—

"But we must have the books, or faithful transcripts of them ; for out of those Hebrew and Arabic books hath he made his best discoveries, and many of them be noted by his hand ; whereof, divers of us know the cypher. Great, however, may be our difficulty ; though English Edward, who is as cruel as a Saracen, and as greedy of gold as he is lavish of life, by his expulsion of the Jews from England, has cast so large a portion of their lore upon the world, that the monks have not been able to destroy or burn more than two thirds. Of the best which remain, I trust we may secure a share. 'Tis said that some of them were rescued by the Hebrews from the burning of Alexandria, in which said burning I do not believe, for the Caliphs were the strongest supporters of learning, and would not have destroyed its marrow. But Monks, as we all know, are dead set against Learning, as they are against all Mathematical Truth : therefore our brethren must study caution and cunning, nay, even duplicity, in their errand, if they are to bring us back the treasures we hope for."

As he spoke, there was a sound of approaching footsteps—one rose and hearkened.

* Friar Roger Bacon was imprisoned nine years by Pope Nicholas IV., was accused of Diabolical Magic before Clement IV. Buried at Oxford in the Monastery of his Order, some say in 1287, others 1284—date uncertain. He was not originally a Friar. After more than twenty years of laborious study, he yielded to the advice of Grossetête, Bishop of Lincoln (so famous for withstanding the disorders of Pope and clergy), and became a mendicant of St Francis. See his "*Opera Inedita*" in the *Rolls Series*, and the excellent Introduction by Mr Brewer.

"I recognize the tread," said Guido Cavalcanti. "It is the Hebrew Levi. He hath lately entered the city, and will bring us the last news from England. He well nigh mistrusted even us! But I prevailed with him to come among us, and fear nothing. Here he is! Welcome, good Levi! all here are as brothers!"

There entered a man of middle age, on whose head and form were signs of suffering and trouble. He looked as though conflict and imprisonment must have worn him out before the time. The whole frame was weary, and the eyes, though bright, had the restless and uneasy look of alarm and anxiety. His hair, black as soot, fell in tangled shreds on his lean, shrunken shoulders, and the bold, broad forehead alone told of what once had been the power and mastery of his mind. The friends greeted him with welcome, and gave him a place next to Cavalcanti.

"What news from England, brother?" said the impatient Latini.

"Ah!" said the Jew, "England! England! for the Hebrews she is an ill country! You Florentines, who know everything, must know what we have suffered, though not as we ourselves know it. Gentlemen, the King is poor, and he thinks we are rich. Thanks to the Christian priests who instruct him, he makes our holy people the special objects of his evil treatment. The example of the King is readily followed by the people. The nation itself is, as you are aware, protected by the Great Charter, and by the Parliament, from royal spoliations or cruelties, wherefore the people themselves are free and well off. But, alas! the Hebrew nation are not protected. They are left a prey to the spoiler. Men think them outside the law. No tongue speaks on their side. No hand is raised to help them or to save. I will give you an instance. No people are so given to clipping coin as the English. You will not find a man that has not got clipped coin about his person. All their coin is clipped—'tis a common practice. But, listen, no sooner is clipped coin found on a Hebrew man or woman, than straightway they are seized, thrown into prison, all

their goods confiscated, and themselves hanged. It matters not for the number of years they may have quietly lived in that town or city. It matters not for wife, or husband, or young children, or youths and maidens. They are held by no more consideration for us than if we were oxen or sheep, bred for the slaughter.

Because the Saracens in Palestine lay on a poll-tax, and cause the Christians to wear a cruel badge, we are forced to endure the same. The King's zeal for his own religion fires his heart against ours. He styles us "unbelieving dogs," and himself the better Christian, for all he doth to maul and to destroy us. 'Tis said he was not so bad before he went to Holy Land, but since then he is a human tiger. Two hundred and ninety-seven of our nation saw I seized by his order, in London, on that day you call the twelfth of November, in your year 1278, and of that number he hanged two hundred and eighty, on the old pretence of clipping, and uttering false coin! All their monies and goods were confiscated to the King, and laid up in a house of his called the King's Jewry, where incalculable riches of our nation lie heaped and piled to pay for his warlike expeditions. At the same time we suffered terrible fines in all the trading cities of the land. Whenever he wants gold, he kills the Hebrews! I fled so soon as it was possible to escape, with my one daughter and my two sons; for, by dint of a huge payment, we had the King's pass, and had agreed to his prohibition that we should carry no more money than the cost of the voyage. We were delayed by a crowning sorrow. My wife sank under our tribulation, and died before we sailed. Even in the destitute state to which they had reduced us, the cup was not yet full, for, when we got out into the Channel, and the shores of their country faded out of view, the sailors thought it would be a fine thing to copy the King, especially as in slaying unbelievers there is no sin at all! So they drowned my precious children in the sea, after rifling their bodies, and reserving their clothing. . . . Sirs, my daughter was dear to me as *was the one ewe lamb to the poor man!* . . . My sons were

as princes among our people ! . . . come of our royal race, though born in captivity. . . the tribes mourn for them ! The salt sea covers them. . . . The houses, the lands, the merchandise, the monies due to us, all we had left behind, were confiscated to the King's use, and for my murdered * ones there was no enquiry.

"I lay ill at Antwerp, when a relative there found me, helped me, and set me on my way here. My wish is to go back to Syria, that I may die where I was born, and that my bones at least may rest in the land that God gave to Abraham !"

There was great sympathy with the sufferer. Many clasped his hand ; for not in that assembly were "Jews, heretics, and unbelievers" accounted "accursed."

"How came you Hebrews to trust yourselves among such a people ?" asked Lapo Gianni, quivering with indignation.

"We Hebrews," answered Levi, "came into England with the Norman Duke William, who, partly by the help of our monies, did conquer the whole land. By our gold we have sustained this bloody Edward ; for, notwithstanding that the priests have ever wished to be rid of us, yet the presents we made the king, and the gifts we offered at certain seasons to his ministers, did long time ward off the storm. Let me tell you, Sirs—for no man is deeper versed than I am in the sad history of our people—from the fiftieth year of their last king, Henry, to the second year of this Edward, being a space of seven years, we paid to the court four hundred and twenty thousand pounds sterling.† After they had accepted this large sum from us in gifts and offerings, we had a right to expect that we might live in peace. But not so ! In London, York, Bristol, Lincoln, and Oxford, we

* Seven years later, in 1290, this same usage was extended to no less than sixteen thousand five hundred and eleven Jews, in obedience to King Edward the First's proclamation that they should quit the kingdom in two months. Numbers of them were robbed by the sailors, and afterwards thrown into the Channel.—(Anderson, *History of Commerce*, vol. i.)

† Equivalent to one million two hundred and sixty thousand pounds of our money in the present day.—(Anderson, *History of Commerce*, vol. i., page 246.)

have been exterminated. Those of us who survive are flying into Germany, Italy, Greece—wherever they can find a shelter. The Ashkenazim principally to Germany. Many of the Sephardim have gone to Portugal. Yet . . . in course of years we shall recover it. Is it not written, 'For who shall count the seed of Jacob, or number the thousands of Israel?' But, in the meantime, our enemies will miss our early and sure intelligence, our combined action, our perfect cohesion,* and the cabinets of princes can never thrive without us!"

"But what of the books, friend Levi?" inquired Cavalcanti.

The Hebrew smiled sadly. "Ah, yes, you want the books, I know! They also were the causes of our woe. Truly they were to us as the roll of the Prophet Jeremiah, written, within and without, with mourning, lamentation, and woe! Alas, my people! though exiled in the West, we forgot not our cradle-lands of the far East, nor the dear tongues we spoke there! No Hebrews in England, France, or Spain, but were first Hebrews of Mesopotamia, Palestine, Egypt, or Arabia; or if not there, of some shore of the Levantine Seas, some portion of the Scales. Wherefore, the tongues of those countries are familiar to us, and even if not spoken in our families, are known to us by reason of habit, trade, commerce, and sojourn. Ye know that in these tongues are the best works on medicine, alchemy, and the sciences of measurement and numbers, which ye call Geometry and Mathematics. To them also must men seek for Astrology and Magic, which, in full truth, are none other than the study of Nature adroitly veiled and hidden. For of old, and even yet, there hath been, and there is this law, that men more learned than others desired to keep their knowledge secret, for many and divers reasons—the Pythagoreans, for instance, in your cities of Tarentum, Sybaris, and Cortona—for fear and terror of the priests of the idols. Hence, their secret clubs in those places, their hidden mes-

* The exclusion of the Jews from England lasted until the Commonwealth, between 1649 and 1660.

sages and signs, and the subsequent loss of their discoveries for want of plain writing, which they dared not to use. Neither do our astrologers nor our alchemists. . . .”

“No,” interrupted Cavalcanti, laughing; “they had their proverb, ‘Tis folly to proffer lettuces to an ass, seeing he is content with thistles!’”

“Just so,” continued Levi. “The people were to know nothing; for, if the learned wrote at all, they conceived that they ‘broke the heavenly seal.’ The divulging of the mysteries diminished their majesty; nor did that, indeed, continue to be a secret of which the whole fry of men could be conscious and aware. In this stream the whole fleet of wise men have sailed from the beginning of time, observing many ways of obscuring the abstruse parts of their knowledge from the capacity of the generality. And their most usual custom hath been by secret writing, by consonants without vowels; which custom we Hebrews, like the Chaldees and Arabs, do mainly observe; and nothing doth so much as this obscure our Hebrew writings. Some used peculiar cyphers, writing with geometrical characters which have the potency of letters, according to the position of their points and marks. Others again wrote in short-hand, which, as the *Ars Notaria*, was well known to your own ancestors, the Romans. There have been those who elected a mixed jargon of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, while using a very difficult cypher. These succeeded in being well-nigh wholly unintelligible.* Then there was, and there still is, the veiling of common things by names suggesting other things ‘*toto celo*’ distant and apart from them—such as calling a basin or bowl by the name of gripe’s egg, and calling a jug by the name of pelican; with hundreds more such like, by which he who has not the key can make out no meaning whatever. But we Hebrews have an Oriental fitness and quickness for these methods. They are necessary for us in the exclusive traffic and commerce of our people among the

* The most of this is taken from Friar Bacon’s letter to William of Paris on the Nullity of Magick.—(Dr Dee’s Translation, published at Hamburg, 1618.)

Gentile nations ; and it would have to be such a cypher as does not exist, for either such as I am, or any of our elders, to find any difficulty in discerning its contents. Now, must I tell you, Sirs, this knowledge of ours bore closely on the books, which were, for the most part, in our possession. For their sake men diligent of higher things than monkish lore or heathen poesy, sought us out ; and, finding us grave and courteous, nay, kindly and helpful to any who would be our friends, they did frequent us and desire our learning.* Your Englishman is singularly intelligent, open-hearted, and clear-headed ; apt to seize his opportunities, and, on the whole, worthy of trust. Long accustomed to the sight of idols on their altars, walls, and houses—idols painted, carved, graven, cut, clothed or unclothed, for worship—they could not but remark that idols are never seen among the Hebrews ; nay, that they are accursed to our nation. Wherefore, when they spoke of this, we showed them the law of Jehovah, and taught them how we loathed the forbidden and accursed abomination. Many did forego the multitude of their images, crucifixes, and pictures ; and the craftsmen and the monks who dealt in such wares, waxed hot, and were inflamed with wrath against us. Their priests cursed us, and the great war began. Shall I tell you, Sirs, the wealth of the priests and friars of England ? Fostered with tithes, dues, fines, and inventions innumerable, their riches are stupendous. Jesus of Nazareth was poor. He had not where to lay His head. These men do not imitate Him. Under colour of praying for the souls of the dead, they have had so many bequests of land—and that, too, of the best—that ere long the whole of England will be theirs, a thing which Magna Charta did expressly provide against. This stupendously rich and powerful church, that could not hoodwink the Hebrews with impostures of fabulous antiquity, and lies of saints and relics, took strong exception at our books, and vowed our destruction. It was by the priests that men were stirred up on all sides to hate us. They were made to believe us guilty of extortions and

* See Appendix, Note 9.

exactions the most intolerable. We were accused of clipping coin, and counterfeiting hands and seals.* They denounced us for witchcrafts, poisonings, crucifying of children, and defacing of their consecrated wafer. Then came the bitterness of death upon us! Truly we fed on sorrow! The burden of Issachar was ours! We were forsaken! We had cast our pearls before swine, and they had turned again and rent us! But woe to those who add to the grief of him whom God hath wounded! Israel has not been smitten in vain! He of Rome, their priest of priests, their living idol, and the father of their idolatry—mark my words,—Sirs, as truly as I stand here, a wrecked and broken man, so truly shall this be the last year of time in which England, as a nation, shall pay him tribute. He may gain money elsewhere (for what else is his vocation?), but English tribute-money will be sent to him no more for ever!† Oh, Sirs, the Hebrew has no country! But if the thing could be that I might wish a wish and see it gratified, I would wish the Hebrews a country to be such as England. A grand country, Sirs, fertile, rich, and good; not vexed with too much heat or too much cold—fair to behold—full of fair women, brave men, and lovely children—the laws to her own people moderate, and to foreign traders just, the Hebrews alone excepted—a land defended on all sides by the salt sea, with her fortune made for her—made to navigate, and sail, and barter with the world, and from her island shores send wealth to all the earth, and bring wealth home! She has wrought evil for us Hebrews; but there are seeds at work. Ignorance cannot last for ever. Her people are shrewd and strong. They will some day be free; and then, Sirs, she will hold aloft her torch, and be the nations' gem!"

As Levi spoke, his eyes filled with prophetic fire; and his voice, rising with the nobility of his thought, his hearers greatly wondered at his patience under such sufferings, and the breadth of view that survived in his mind the loss of all

* Rapin's *Acta Regia*, condensed from Rymer's *Fœdera*, vol. 2.

† History has confirmed the truth of this.

he had to live for. The two who were named for the journey to England listened with marked attention, and would have asked him more; but Brunetto, whose anxiety about the books would not bear delay, questioned him again of them.

"The parchments," replied Levi, "though, of their nature, silent—and, by their outland tongues, inaccessible—yet they also suffered. Many were burned in fires in the public streets. Many were scoured and defaced; the exquisite Oriental taste and patience of the writing scraped off, that foolish monks might scribble there. Some, after being surreptitiously saved by learned persons, were torn from them through the silly chattering of women, and destroyed with ignominy. A few were safely secured by one or two learned men who evaded detection, or had lenient protectors. Principal among these was Roger of Ilchester, a Monk, whom they also style Roger Bacon. This Roger acquired out of our books many things he knew not before, the which he straightway propounded as his own. Nay, sirs, do not blame him! The very mention of a Hebrew writing is perilous. He is bold—bold in his learning, and emboldened by the Franciscan habit; for that order is in the ascendant; but, for all that, they themselves have imprisoned him; and, for the last nine years, they have stopped his tongue, so eloquent before. Now, when you send to England about Hebrew writings, I can assist you, if you will be wise and prudent. But beware of eavesdroppers. They cost life and fortune. In the way of learning, it is now-a-days, that tree of the knowledge of good and evil, the which, if a man eat thereof, he will surely die. But, above all things, beware of women. In England they are beautiful and fair, and have an innocence that is charming. But the one you may love the dearest, may be duped by the priest into telling some trifle whence he may track you to ruin. Be wise and circumspect."

One of the company, named Taldo Frescobaldi, rose and said,—

"Thanks to you, good Levi, your report is valuable to us. For the present, the king of England is like a vulture

that is gorged with prey. From thy people, he is replete with gold. From his own justices, he has levied fines for bribery, amounting to sixty-five thousand marks, besides the whole fortune and estate of King's Justice, Sir Thomas Weyland. I myself propose to help in the matter. One-third of the trade of London, Yarmouth, Exeter, Sandwich, Southampton, Boston, Kingston-upon-Hull, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and several other ports, goes through my hands. The Canons * of Bolton Abbey owe me some thousands of marks; and I hold the issues of the King's customs of wools and woolfells, for which I have a commission from the Crown. Therefore, I have so many of my people there, that I can shield and shelter our messengers whether they go to Oxford or elsewhere. At Kingston-upon-Hull, I have my brother Bettino and his son Francis. Taldo Jamiani, and Cotto Cotenue, are there also, in charge of the exchanges. . . ."†

"The enemy, however, hath got scent of the matter," interrupted Guido Cavalcanti, and he laid a paper on the table. It was the note we have seen handed to Friar Peter by Master Simon dei Bardi.

"This was placed in my hands to-day, under pretence of good will to friends of mine. But you all know what it means, when the Holy Office takes especial interest in any of us! I met Friar Peter this morning. With him were Cerreto the terrible, and Neri Bardi, his choicest comrades. You recollect how they dug up poor Uberti in May, four years since; burned his bones and beggared his children! All that from some chance word of the poor widow! It makes one shudder to recollect it!‡ Shall these things last

* The Frescobaldi of Florence are mentioned as creditors of the Canons of Bolton Abbey, to the amount of £213, 6s. 9d., in the compotus of Bolton, two years later, 1294. (See *Whitaker's Craven*, p. 325.)

† Italian merchants and traders were, under Edward I., settled in all the English ports; and increased so much that, under Edward III., there were in Hull no less than nine companies of Florentine merchants—the Mori, Frescobaldi, Spini, Bardi, Circuli Negri, Circuli Albi, Pullici, Rembertini, and Jamiani. (See *Frost's History of Hull*.)

‡ In the matter of *de post vitā Heresy*. The sentence of the Holy Inquisition of Florence against Messer Bruno degl' Uberti, deceased, signed on the 18th May 1285, by D. Aldobrandino de Cerreto, Inquisitorial Judge, D. Neri Bardi, D. Gherardinus de Cerchis, and three other Inqui-

for ever? He had been one of us, and died in peace. But after death, they tracked his opinions, and wreaked their vengeance. Ah! if Jesus Christ himself would have followed the teaching and exposition of the Pharisees, he had never hanged upon the cross at all! . . . But, now, . . . see! If Peter meddles, death is in the pot. Nevertheless, much are we beholden to Master Levi for his kind offers; and to Taldo Frescobaldi, whose goodness never fails at hour of need. This new war with Arezzo will detain us all, and furnish ample reason for delay; but I had rather none of us ever met with glorious Roger, or brought back even the Hebrew books we so much covet, than that our friends should fall a prey, on English soil, to the traps laid by Simon Bardi at Friar Peter's bidding. This war with the crafty Aretines must be our chief thought; and, in view of it, let us walk warily among the men of cowl and cord, biding our time for England; not giving up our intention, but thinking nought done, so long as aught remains to do! As said Lucan, martyr to Nero, "*nihil factum reputans, si quid superesset agendum* . . ."

"Brothers," interrupted Dante, "in the ancient times of our country, ere Franks, Greeks, Huns, Saracens, Lombards, or Ostrogoths had invaded her, the father was wont to bury a dog with his dead child. Do ye know why? 'Twas that the soul, or spirit of the dog, a creature apt to find the way, might lead the nurseling to the land of rest. But, sirs, he did not find it . . . how could he? Is it so with us? In our search for truth, are we, too, seeking what we cannot find? And in longing for peace and liberty, are we, too, longing for that which shall for ever be sought in vain? And yet the truth, as truth, is dearer to us than fame or gold. They are, both of them, sensual and earthly. Truth is divine; it is of God; and those who recognise us in future years, ay, thousands of years hence, shall thank us when they tread our dust; nor yet as lights long spent, or shades

sitors. Sentence executed by Messer Giliolo dei Macuruffi, of Padova, then Podestà of the city. (*Osservazioni e Giunte Storiche di Domenico Manni*, tom. xxvi. pp. 50-51.)

departed, but as friends intimately known and intrinsically beloved !* Ignorance will vanish. They may burn our bones, and destroy our houses ; but, thank God, there is no more that they can do."

"Amen," said all those present. "So be it." But one of them, a gray headed man, one of the Rembertini family, took off a shelf the Book of Wisdom, and turning to its fourteenth chapter, read as follows :—

"Et hæc fuit vitæ humanæ deceptio quoniam aut affectui aut regibus deservientes homines Incommunicabile Nomen lapidibus et lignis imposuerunt. Et non suffecerat errasse eos circa Dei scientiam, sed et in magno viventes inscientia bello, tot et tam magna mala pacem appellant."

This magnificent passage, so inadequately rendered in the English version of the Book of Wisdom, constituted their Hymn or Ode, which we will translate as follows :—

"In the great war of Ignorance,
Oh God, thy servants live.
Assist us with all diligence
Thy works to know ; and give
Unto a world where wicked ones
Trade, traffic, and waylay,
With painted stocks, and carved stones,
And shameless show of rotted bones,
Thy Truth—the same alway.

Thine Incommunicable Name
Unworthily men take ;
And, for a sequel to the same,
Thy just commandments break.
Like to themselves they fashion Thee,

* "If there is one man more than another that stamped his mind on modern Italy, it was Dante. During the long centuries of Italian degradation, his burning words were as a watchfire and beacon to all true men. He was the herald of the nation's liberty ; braving persecution, exile, and death for the love of it. He was always the most loved of the Italian poets—the most loved, and the most read. From the time of his death, all educated Italians had his best passages by heart, and the sentiments they enshrined inspired their lives, and eventually influenced the history of the nation. 'The Italians,' wrote Byron in 1822, 'talk Dante, write Dante, and think and dream Dante at this moment, to an excess which would be ridiculous, but that he deserves their admiration.'"—(*Smiles*, chap. I., on *Character*.)

And call their falsehood Peace . . .
 Oh Thou, who, from idolatry,
 False teaching, and fell tyranny,
 Didst make our souls to cease ;

Vouchsafe us patience to work on
 In trusting, true endeavour ;
 Secure that Truth is builded on
 The Rock of Time for ever.
 Secure that Truth alone will last,
 Though Ages fade away :
 That Truth alone will bear the blast,
 Of the last wind that hurls men past,
 Into Eternity."

The conference, after some other matters, broke up, and the friends parted. But Guido lingered with his young companion. The mission to England was, for the present, relinquished. The war with Arezzo lay uppermost in their minds. They would equip themselves as became the choicest chivalry of their party ; all of whom would be appointed with emulous care. Still Dante was depressed in spirit. The sorrows of the Hebrew Levi had affected him deeply.

"Thou art moody," said Cavalcanti ; "hast thou, perchance, some thought that now that Beatrice is Bardi's wife, she may know of his plans, and of Friar Peter's plots ? Cast the thought far from thee ! My Primavera visits her and knows all her mind. Must I tell thee ? Beatrice is changed. Her life is sad and solitary. Her husband tells her nothing. He is a silent and coldly misanthropical being. He takes no concern in any thing but his gold and his confessor. Vera tells me, woman-like, of Beatrice's robes and kirtles, her chains of gold, her mantlets of vair, her capes of sendal, and her coifs of pearls ; but never that the old happy laugh comes from her lips, or that sweet sound of merry, jocund song that erst entranced us !"

"I know it," replied Dante. "I saw her the other evening. It was at vespers, yonder, in Santa Maria. I could hardly bear it."

His visage was so sad as he said this, that Guido rose

to cheer him. "Come to-morrow," said he kindly. "It is not good to sit alone with a regret ! Come and breakfast with me and Primavera. We will have fish and a roasted capon, and fresh grapes with our iced wine."

"Thank you !" replied Dante, bitterly. "A fellow who has married the right woman, says, 'Come, and breakfast with us. See how happy we are ! See how Time's wings drop fatness on us ! See how the sun lights up our happy room ! And then, put on your mantle, go home, and feed on your own despair !' Thanks to you, Cavalcante, I must meditate on our new work, and think of Arezzo, and her fighting Bishop, and the training of my horses and myself against the time we meet them !"

BOOK III.—CHAPTER X.

THE FIGHT OF CAMPALDINO, JUNE 2, 1289.

“For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall invite us to.”
(*Henry V.*, Act i., Scene 2.)

It was good for Dante that the projected visit to England * did not take place in that year, 1289, which had other things in store for him. Shortly after the secret meeting in Dante's Tower, which decided that the journey to England should, for the present, be abandoned, Charles the Second, King of Naples and Sicily, visited Florence, accompanied by his eldest son, Charles Martel, afterwards, in right of his mother, King of Hungary. They staid three days in the city, and were entertained with a *palio*, and many jousts and feats of arms, from the second of May, when they arrived, till the sixth, when they left for Rome. (Arrivabene, Lib. iv. 13.) The Prince, a youth of rare parts, sought out, and especially noticed Dante, who, says Count Balbo, was “not unlike himself, and certainly, at that time, one of the first in Florence.” The approaching conflict with Arezzo caused the Aretines to threaten to attack the King and his son on the lands of Sienna, half-way between Florence and the

* Dante visited England in later life. Boccaccio in the Latin Poem with which he sent to Petrarch a copy of the “*Divina Commedia*,” states that the Poet travelled: “*Julia Parisiis dudum extremosque Britannos*.” In 1416, Fra Giovanni da Serravalle, Prince Bishop of Fermo, and pupil of the Dantesque Commentator, Benvenuto da Imola, declared in his Commentary on the “*Divina*,” written by request of the Bishops of Salisbury and Bath, and partly composed during the sitting of the Council of Constance, that Dante perfected his studies in the University of Oxford. The same is stated by Barbieri and Viviani, who quote Fontanini. Tiraboschi gives Barbieri's statement in his History of Italian Literature. For a surmise that Dante was the guest of Aylmer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, see our Appendix, Note 12.

Papal States. The King, recently freed from the captivity of the King of Arragon, being on his way to Rome to be crowned by the Pope, Florence sent a force of eight hundred knights (of whom Dante was one), and three thousand foot, to ensure the safety of the King and Prince, who, thus protected, entered the domains of the Pope in safety. In return, the King knighted one of his own captains, Amerigo da Narbona, and, bestowing on him the royal standard, and four hundred foot soldiers, made him over to the Florentines.

On the thirteenth of May, this force re-entered Florence, without having encountered the enemy. The royal standard of Charles the Second of Naples was delivered to a noble Florentine, Ventraia dei Tornaquinci, and was by him borne to the Abbey of Ripoli, beyond the walls, to float there with the banner of the city, till the little army should set forth.

The matter of contention against the Bishop, was, his having ravaged Florentine lands, and having played false, as follows :—Guglielmino, Bishop and Lord of Arezzo, son of Ubertino dei Pazzi, had, in an underhand manner, without the knowledge of the Ghibelline party to which he belonged, agreed that Florence should garrison his Castles of Bibbiena, Civitella, and others, on condition of paying him a yearly annuity of five thousand gold florins. Guglielmo Pazzo, his nephew, fearing for his uncle's life, when this should become known to Guy de Montefeltro and the other Imperialist leaders, hindered the affair by disclosure. Thus, the crafty Bishop, whose intention had been to betray both sides, was brought out by force, and compelled to join issue with the Aretines. The money, for which he had covenanted, had been guaranteed to him by the banking house of the Cerchi ; but, instead of gold, he received steel, as the sequel will show.

On the second of June, of that year 1289, the great bells rang out in Florence, the *Vacchereccia* sounded, the huge *Caroccio*, or old war-chariot moved (representations of it, and of the smaller car of battle, are still preserved in the

Uffizi Library), the banners were brought forth of the Abbey, with the guard that kept them, and sixteen hundred horse, and ten thousand foot set forward. The commander was the aforesaid Amerigo da Narbona, a young and handsome soldier. Among the horsemen, who were all nobles, rode Dante, for whose sake this Battle of Campaldino is chiefly remembered. After crossing the Arno, and branching off in the direction of Ponte a Siève, they halted on Monte Pruno, between Cetica and Strada, at a place called Poggio al Pruno, where they encamped, and awaited the coming up of the allies. Bologna sent two hundred horse. Lucca furnished the same. From Pistoja came Corso Donati, its Podestà, at the head of two hundred more. Volterra, San Miniato, and San Gimignano, though small towns, furnished fifty apiece, good cavaliers, and each of them, like those of Florence and the other cities, attended by two or three followers on foot, well armed. Colle furnished thirty, and the private nobles of Tuscany contributed their share. Messer Mainardo da Susinana sent twenty horse and three hundred foot. Malpiglio Ciccioni sent twenty-five horse, and the Counts Guidi, Jacopo da Fano, Filippuccio da Jesi, the Counts Alberti da Mangona, Baron Mangiadori, the Squarcialupi, and the lords of the castles of the Val d' Elsa, swelled the array, till, when all were met, three thousand horse and twenty-four thousand foot moved forward against the Bishop. By this time, it was June 10th, and the eve of the feast of St Barnabas the Apostle.

Luckily for them, they met no foes in their passage through the Casentino, full of bad roads and rugged ways. But when they approached the Bishop's Castle of Bibbiena, and came close to the Franciscan Church of Certomondo, below the hill-Castle of Poppi, they found the plain of Campaldino, on which the Bishop, "a man far fitter for the sword than the crozier," had marshalled his troops, to the number of eight hundred horse and eight thousand foot. It was now the 11th day of June, the Feast of Saint Barnabas. *The Florentine* force divided into four bodies, of which the

foremost for the attack numbered a hundred and fifty gentlemen volunteers, of whom Dante was one. They were commanded by the wealthy banker, Viero dei Cerchi, brother of Corso Donati's wife, lame of the gout, but none the less hot to engage. Supported by bowmen and lancers on either side, they advanced and closed in dense line, after the ancient manner.

The Bishop, who was short-sighted, looked at them, and said : " What wall is that ? "

" You see the shields of the enemy, my Lord," was quickly answered him. And sure enough, the wall he saw was the serried line of shields bearing the red lily on a silver field. The Bishop, who was a rare speaker, harangued not only his own Aretines, but also his allies from Romagna and the Marshes.

" Gentlemen ! " cried Baron Mangiadore, who stood beside Dante in the centre of the vanguard ; " The wars of Tuscany used to be waged by assault, and did not last long, neither did many die, for it was not our wont to put men indiscriminately to the sword. But now the fashion is changed, and this time you must win by standing firm. Firm then, gentlemen ! and let the others come on to us ! " (*Dino Compagni*, *passim*.) Scarcely had he spoken, when the trumpets blew a blast, and three hundred knights of the Aretine vanguard advanced with such force, that many Florentines were unhorsed in the shock, and their line, though not broken, was forced back. Upon this, the Florentine infantry closed round ; the bowmen rained arrows on the field, and the fight grew fierce. The sky was overhung with clouds, and the air thick with dust. The Aretines crept under the Florentine horses, and ripped them up with their short knives. The issue of the contest hung in the balance, when Corso Donati, chafing desperately against the order not to move till he was commanded ; nettled too, perchance, at seeing his wife's brother, ill and lame as he was, in such peril, disobeyed the order " to keep the rear on pain of his head," and cried to his own men, " Shall we stand still and look at this ? Soldiers ! we can

but die ! and, if any blame us, let them come after the victory, and seek us out at Pistoja !” Whereon, he rushed forward, his troops following him with admirable spirit, and by a flank movement, he turned the fortunes of the day. “For,” says Ammirato, “there is no doubt that he was the principal cause of the victory of the Florentines.”

The bishop, soon as he knew of Corso Donati’s move, ordered Count Guido Novello to bring up the rear-guard at once ; but that too cautious nobleman, seeing how things were going, preferred retreat, and marched them back to his own castles. On this, the Bishop, like a brave soldier as he was, maddened at the sight of the carnage of his men, and scorning to survive defeat, rushed into the midst of the fight and perished sword in hand.* His nephew, Guglielmo Pazzo, who had been the discloser of his uncle’s double dealing, fell at his side. Buonconte da Montefeltro, a son of the great Ghibelline leader, was wounded in the throat, and died of his wound ; which Perticari avers was from Dante’s hand. Two thousand men were taken prisoners, of whom seven hundred were led bound to Florence. The rest were either ransomed or released. Of the Florentines, many were wounded, but few killed ; and of these, only three were men of note ; Bindo Tosinghi, Guglielmo Bertaldi, and Ticci Visdomini, all knights.

When the trumpets recalled the pursuers, and some rest had been taken, the Florentine force sacked the Bishop’s castle of Bibbiena. On the following days, they took the fortified castles and houses round Arezzo ; some by force, others on conditions of surrender. Lastly, they took the city itself, which was not difficult ; occupied the episcopal palace for twenty days, and, to amuse themselves, caught some asses and paraded them with mitres on their ears. But on the coming up of Galasso da Montefeltro, brother of

* The sword and helmet of the bishop were hung up with the spoils of this expedition in the Baptistery of Florence, till the year 1700, when the Duke of Tuscany, Cosmo III., had them removed. (Fratelli, *note*, p. 103.)

that Buonconte,* whom some say Dante wounded, the forces of the Tuscan cities withdrew to other work.

On the 22d July, part returned to Florence, and the rest joined their allies of Lucca, to the number of four hundred horse and two thousand foot, and with the Lucchese marched on Pisa, then invested by the Guelph League. The result of the battle of Campaldino was that the castles of Rondine, Laterina, Castiglione, and Civitella, taken from the Aretines, were kept, and other fortified dwellings and towers were either dismantled or razed to the ground.

With the contingent which we have said joined the Lucchese and marched on Pisa, went Dante. Thus it was that he saw nothing of clergy, mounted citizens and signori coming forth the walls to meet the returning troops. Nothing of the files of prisoners; nothing of the golden canopy under which the Podestà, Messer Ugolino dei Rossi, rode out to meet Amerigo da Narbona, beneath another canopy of gold. In those days, when cities emulated the state of kingdoms, great importance attached to such pageants. But neither Dante nor Beatrice saw aught of this show and pomp, for as we have said she had departed for Rome, and we will follow her thither; while Dante, having fought at Campaldino and Pisa, takes part in the capture of the tower of Caprona. We will add only that this short campaign cost Florence thirty-six thousand florins of gold, and was followed by such peace and prosperity that money was never more profitably spent. But who would chronicle Campaldino if Dante had not fought there? His name, that lights up that whole age, has also rescued from oblivion the fighting bishop of Arezzo, and his brave death beside the Franciscan Church of Certomondo, true picture of that wild and lawless time.

N.B.—The above details are abridged from Villani, Ammirato, Dino Compagni, Arrivabene, Balbo, and Fraticelli. Some give 1289 and others 1290, according as they follow the old or the new style. We follow the former, as the date most generally adopted.

* See the episode of this Buonconte da Montefeltro in the *Purgatorio*, canto v.

BOOK IV.—CHAPTER I.

THE TEMPLE OF NURSCIA.

“Thou hast made poore sand
Check the proud sea.”

(George Herbert's *Providence*.)

MAY, rich in her southern beauty, was again in the land, decking all nature with such delight and wonder, as the northern climes behold in latest June. The hot sun forbade long stages to people in no hurry to arrive anywhere, but bent on quaffing full enjoyment from each scene and hour. Every inviting shade became a resting-place. Every abbey, or castle, or knoll, or sloping hill, in wood, or valley, offered its hospitality, disclosed its treasures and gave full welcome to the travellers. Thus was each day delightful, as it was varied; and Beatrice, escaped from the thralldom of Master Simon's rules, free amid open air, and changing company, had another and a happier spirit. Her beauty became magical; her eyes flashed with kindling merriment; the youth and freshness of her life came back again; the colour of her cheek grew lovelier; the blitheness of her glance more lustrous, the melody of her voice more sweet, and her lithe gait more wonderfully and mythically full of grace and harmony. As they journeyed on through the loveliest portions of the Tuscan and Tiberine lands, whether resting under the cool shade of the broad plantain branches, gazing on richest verdure and brightest skies, or from some fair pavilion of the wood, listening to babbling fountains, and the flow of limpid brooks; whether watching a radiant sunset, or coming forth into the sweet repose and serene loveliness of a fresh morning, Beatrice in her single self eclipsed all else in nature.

The Cardinal, being a magnificent "porporato," moved not as other lords, of whom he took precedence, be they who they would. His train of a hundred domestics, ecclesiastics, chaplains, and secretaries, took the road royally. His servants were clad in every garb and colour of the loom; for there were among them natives of all countries of the East and West, with the fullest attainable variety of change and difference in the wild dash and splendour of costume and habit. He had Saracens, Nubians, Moors, Abyssinians, Negroes, Hottentots, giants, dwarfs, buffoons, jesters, musicians, swordsmen, creatures of many sorts and kinds, duly baptised, of course, but, for the rest, wild as the roe-deer or the mountain-wolf. The show was brilliant and imposing. What mattered it if the sons of the Desert tried the temper of the *Maestro di Casa*, the house-steward? Much ado had the monkish chamberlains in their sable robes, and the demure chaplains in their broad green hats, to console and comfort the upper servants, upon whom fell the charge of curbing the merriment of that crowd of servitors and followers. The Italians, always too prone to prate and laugh when out of hearing of his Eminence, would sometimes exceed the boundary line at camping time; though at other hours, never failing in that demure and stern respect they owed to so admirable and reverend a master. The Moors, tricked out in glittering corslets and rainbow caftans, with turbans of purple, green, and gold; the Egyptians, clad in short sendal breeches, slit lengthwise, and striped with silver bells; the Nubians, clad only in one elastic length of native cotton; the Abyssinians, mostly garbed in brazen anklets, waistbelts, and armlets; most of these mounted on piebald horses, and well trained at lance, pertuisane, and cross-bow, were all and severally uproarious. Like garish birds, escaped from cage or cote, they seemed to be flying loose, as if restored to their native wilds. Whether archers, swordsmen, light skirmishers, lancers, or pikemen, they clashed and tilted, careered and caracolled in endless rivalry; flashed out their sparkling weapons, and waved their gaudy pennons to the breeze, tilting with the greenery of hills and trees. Full

meetly furnished from their master's stores with wealth of gorgeous showiness and glitter, these children of the sun beguiled the days with uncouth jests, unearthly whoops and cries, strange mimicries, and still more wondrous shouts, in all the languages that Shinar's Babel taught. Then there were the packs of sumpter-mules, laden with rich furniture for the way, carrying the Cardinal's bedstead of solid silver, embossed with Oriental gems,* and duly provided with many silken mattresses filled with eider-down. Others bore his carpets and his cushions of precious needlework; some carried the silver pots and pans of the chief cook; while lowlier brutes groaned beneath the kitchen-gear of the assistants, or felt on their ribs the many valises and mails of such a gathering. Amid all this procession, Master Simon jogged along, edified by the chaplains of the closet, or by the lengthy jeremiads of the stewards. But the Cardinal took the journey as a break, or hiatus, between the necessary state and ceremony of Florence, and the still more indispensable pomp, grandeur, and sedateness he must resume at Rome. Ennui, the poll-tax of greatness, should not disturb this journey. Therefore, the altered circumstances of the road contributing not a little thereto, he resolved for some days to live on a more intimate and condescending footing with his fellow-men. The Nubians and Moors, quick to see this change, and inquisitive and curious as is the manner of savages, would cheer their own spirits by occasional dashes into the neighbourhood of his Eminence, from whom they generally were kept at a respectful distance. Sometimes a Nubian, falling from his horse close to the Cardinal, would feign himself for dead, and, still and breathless, suffer the steed of that high and mighty Prince to step over his ebony body; then, suddenly reviving, would vault over the great man's head, and alight on his palfrey's

* In the matter of beds and other furniture of silver, the mediæval Lords of Rome carried on the luxuries of the Patricians of Rome under the Emperors. John Evelyn found their customs still the same, when he visited Rome long after the period of our story, and noted in his Diary, how they used bedsteads of silver "as we English do use them of inlaid woods."

neck, shaking the gaudy trappings, and giving to the golden bells a louder and merrier ring.

"Non è mai gran gagliardia
Senza un grano di pazzia,"

would the Cardinal say; nor chide if other follies of like kind should supervene. But if any transgressed, there was in the rear the troop of cavalry, the well-armed guard, so necessary to protect and defend, if need be, the life and treasure of the Roman Prince. So that he, perfectly secure on every side, welcomed this intermission of the weight of State and rule, and threw off twenty years. In that cooler and freer air, he came out a younger man. No longer fifty-six, which was the true tale of his years, but a blithe junior, of quick and jocund wit, and quickest apprehension; with air of one having no money-bags to quake or tremble for, but a young life to brighten and enjoy. His voice gave no longer the guarded utterances of the chief Inquisitor of Rome, but was the voice his mother had given him, and which, of old, had waked her smile at its lightest sound. Was it the freshness of the mountain air under that opal, far-off, lucid sky? or the influence of wildness and change? or the cool play of breeze and fountain, calming the toil-worn brain? There were none to tell. The physicians of his Eminence smiled, and took holiday; for the weight of Government, the importance of learning, the conventionalities of the friar, the grandeur of the Cardinal, were cast aside; and my Lord's complexion and digestion were as perfect as possible. Cardinal Latino di Roma was an altered man.

When, on the journey, they reached the ruins of Etruscan cities, his erudition came into play; and was it a dream of sleepy phantasy, or did his familiars truly note and see that he, the wary son of courts and councils, all-powerful in the dreaddest stronghold of Roman terror, expanded and forgot his clerkly discipline before the tender light of beauty? No man breathed it aloud; but there were one or two who asked themselves the question, down in their inmost hearts, far out of sight. For there were none, be they who they

might, Simon only excepted, who were not softened and humanized by that one lovely presence; so rare in influence, so pure in all its seeming—the most perfect intellect in the most perfect form—as if, not Greek, nor Roman, nor Italian art, but some celestial Phidias had designed her. Was it a wonder, then, or not, this magic of the great beauty of the Lady Beatrice? In tact of manner, and in taste, she was most exquisite; no Brunisenda* of extreme and fatal loveliness, but a sweetly perfect woman almost divine in face and form. Of elegant speech, sweet gesture, buoyant temper, and childlike innocence; Goddess, Muse, Grace, and Sybil—all by turns; a Psyche, and yet an Egeria; exquisitely formed for love, yet scorning homage. A mild and exquisite creature, ever bright and kind; enjoying all things with an innate sweetness, and gladdening even the smallest incidents of life.

Trumpeters, with wide mouthed tubes of silver, proclaimed their coming to each town and tower, and like a sovereign, the Cardinal received deputations and answered speeches. Beatrice rode for the most part in the centre among her maidens; but sometimes, when the view was remarkable, the train would open for her to pass to the front, whence the prospect might be freely seen without let or hindrance.

The Sienna road had been selected, because that of Cortona was rendered inexpedient by the war between Florence and Arezzo; which brought there the dangerous presence of the great chiefs of the Imperialist party in league with the Aretines. The glens and gorges of the hills seemed to Beatrice faint echoes of her many youthful memories, calling as it were with weakened voices from the kindred landscapes round the Vallombrosa. The woods that clothed the hanging sides of the mountains with oak, or walnut, or chestnuts of prodigious growth; the groves of almond trees, the clumps of ancient cypress; the dells of

* Brunissende Talleyrand de Perigord, daughter of the Comte de Foix, a beauty who cost Pope Clement V. more than all his wars and enterprises. "*E lasciò i suoi nipoti e suo lignaggio con grandissimo e innumerabile tesoro*" (*Villani*, vol. vii.)—"and he left to her nephews and relatives great and countless treasure."

bosky laurel, or fragrant pine ; the clumps of cork or ilex ; and the plantations of the darker olive, spoke to her, not only for themselves, but for others of their kind, that grew near the Arno river. Often did her enjoyment become eloquent, when, emerging from forest shade or hollow, the land would appear before them stretched like a giant carpet at their feet, a whole wide land, lighted by the sun into clear rendering of every field and dingle ; and lying like a sentient creature, smiling to the heat-diffusing sky.

It was after the broken and fatiguing ground of La Scala, that the lady Beatrice felt one of these glad surprises, at the first sight of the blue Lake and distant islands of Bolsena. Its thirty miles of water lay sleeping in cloudless sun, a mighty mirror, of which the hills were the fitting frame. Small knots of clustered dwellings gathered on the steeps ; and amidst farming that recalled the old Etruscan cultivation, rose, in romantic outline, huge blocks of basaltic rock.

Cardinal Latino possessed on this Lake of Bolsena a castle of his own, perched on an ivy-covered cliff, commanding the hill-encircled Lake ; which, with the two islands, Bisentina and Martana, looked like a little kingdom, shut out from the world ; save where in the distance at its south-western extremity, the eye missed the outline of the shore, in the dim level of the seaward plains among which imagination lost itself in indefinite undulations, just as the river, that there flows to the sea, meanders out of sight to the Mediterranean.

Beatrice remembered the story of the Queen of Italy, Amalasunta (daughter of Theodoric the Goth, and mother and guardian of her son Athalaric), strangled by order of her cousin and husband, in that far island of Martana. She recollected Saint Christina too, who suffered in that other island, the Bisentina ; for Beatrice was not ill read in history. But the gladness of sunny nature erased these painful memories. On the hill sides the cedar contrasted with the orange tree ; and the cherry, loaded with fruit, compared its scarlet burden to the dark green of the pastures. The almond grew beside the vine ; and in rocky

bends and stony nooks flourished the Barbary fig, or prickly pear. Below, the lake lay like a sheet of silver. Beatrice had never seen so wide an expanse of water; and reining in her palfrey, she stood still, her merry laugh ringing with blithe delight at the scene before her. Her sweet face peeped out joyously from her embroidered travelling hood; and below the jewelled clasp that fastened it, you could see the quick breathings of that faultless form, rising and falling to the touch of her own gladness. From out her mantle, two lovely hands alternately held the bridle or rose in merriment as she looked around; and nothing could be more cheerful, more beautiful, or more delicious, than her air and mien as she thus paused and gazed upon the Lake.

The Cardinal, who had been ordering the heavy beasts of baggage to keep back, while a few more necessary sumpter-mules, with bells, went jingling before, came to the side of Beatrice, curbing with some difficulty the impatience of his hackney, which began to recognise the familiar places, and scent the remembered corn of the castle stables.

"I rejoice, sweet lady, at your admiration," said the Cardinal; "and, truly, I wonder not at your pleasure in viewing for the first time a scene so fair. Truly, I myself, to whom it is familiar, have never thought it so admirable as now. Beauty begets love, even from dumb and voiceless creatures. I do believe my roadster knows that you are divine."

Here the Cardinal's horse became more restive as the straight silver trumpets announced his coming to the villagers and farmers. "Our castle," continued he, patting his steed's neck, "occupies part of the site of the ancient Volscinium, a city of your ancestors, the old Etruscans, a people who chose well their sites, and built to last for ever. Ah, fairest lady! who lives there now, to tell if in those antique times, some ancestress of your's, with loveliness as perfect, may not have stood, as you are doing, on this same shoulder of the hill, ere descending to offer sacrifice at yonder temple? One age doth but repeat another. Fair she may have been, like you, sweet lady; but never had she at her side so ardent an

adorer of the beautiful! nor could she, though Nurscia and all the Goddesses of Etruria had befriended her offerings!"

As the Cardinal thus spoke, he raised his arm, and with courteous gesture pointed to a knoll of broken ground not far distant.

Beatrice followed the direction, and saw a turfy space, on which lay scattered in picturesque decay, the ruins of some ancient building, no doubt a Temple, skirted by a wood, of which the many coloured trees glowed green, or red, or brown, or golden, in the vivid play of the sun's beams.

"My lord," she replied, "I am so unused to courts and courtiers, that flattery, which is with them insignificant and of hourly use, offends my simpler notions; and I grieve much to hear it from you, who are one of the Church's fathers, set for an example to the people. When you give this incense to one so plainly nurtured as I have been, you waste it, my lord, indeed you do!"

"If a man shaded his eyes so as never to behold the sun," retorted the Cardinal, blandly, "I should say that he was foolishly depriving himself of a great gift. Sweet lady, be it known to you that I am no such man!"

Beatrice, with a pretty gesture of impatience, drew her riding veil across her face, and turned away from him. "Pardon me, sweet lady," said the Cardinal following her, "to be both blind and dumb in your presence, would argue me less than human!"

"Why is it ever thus, my lord?" answered Beatrice quickly, "that in all our pleasures, there comes some sudden bitterness or open danger? I did but innocently admire the Lake, and you poison my lovely view with words of folly! Is it then fated that no lady may venture forth, even with a Cardinal Bishop, but she must wish she were at home again?"

"You are too grave, sweet lady; and have stayed too much at home, at wheel and spindle; and your provincial prejudices grow quite too venerable for other climes than that dull house on the Oltr' Arno. I pray you quaff the

cup of love and life while you are young, and it shall make you as happy as you are gloriously beautiful!"

"Cardinal!" retorted Beatrice, "you do but mock me! Enough of this! You know your duty, and you know the Scriptures; you are a good clerk, you were a Friar and a Dominican. Talk no more foolish flattery. Tell me the history of these ivy-mantled stones."

"The goddess of this Temple, most wise and beauteous lady, was of Etruscan honour. Her name was Nurscia. She is one of those Etruscan divinities concerning whom there remains nothing but a tale or two. And yet her temple was their place of record; for they kept count of the passing years by nails annually fixed into her portals. Lady, you are too young to care for time; but I count mine by the hours when I first beheld you!"

Beatrice turned away from him, and guided her horse along the wood, to the open space that surrounded the temple.

"There is, my Lord, a deeper witchery in Nature than lies in fairest forms of earthly Art! Her winds plant flowers, and her rains send verdure to fill the crevices of age, and smooth the wrinkles of old surfaces into perpetual beauty. I marvel how she comes in with a blossom here, and a spray there, to mask deformity with lovingness! Look at these unroofed walls, these pedestals, and pillars, ivy-wreathed, and coronetted with ferns, and lichens! Look at those marbles, dyed in all hues of time, and showing still the Sacrifices, and the Feciales, and the Haruspex, the Augurs, the Lachmes, and the Arvates, walking and standing, just as they walked and stood! See how the wild rose droops upon their heads; and how the aloe and the fig overshadow them; and the tall palm seems to wave its head in the breeze, on purpose to vary the lines of light and shade upon that broken roof-line!"

Beatrice paused in her enthusiasm, as if ashamed to have said so much. "Do tell me all you know of this old Temple, my Lord," she added. "I am so ignorant!"

"Ignorant!" exclaimed the Cardinal; "why, you spoke

of their orders of priesthood, just now, as if you had yourself lived in Old Etruria ! Well then, sweet Lady, I will tell you that this temple of Nurscia is two hundred Roman feet square, as they all were ; and so, also, were their tombs ; of which the lands here show so many. In this wood, not far from the temple, used to stand a marble pile, called the Ustrinum, on which the bodies were burned. I have enclosed it with an iron railing, and I planted these poplars. There was an Etruscan city here ; they called it Nufkrinum, or Nurtia : and it had an additional name, the name of Sardon Erkle, the god of strength they brought with them from Assyria. Here their Annals were compiled, and their dates calculated by the priests, and kept by the priestesses. Here stood the ivory table on which events were jotted briefly, as they occurred. Here the three greater gods were invoked on solemn days. Here the three holy gates were worshipped, and the three classes of the people sprinkled and blessed. Here the three divisions of the nation were kept distinct and separate, in the registers of their genealogy. Here the sacred numbers were studied, and the great science of augury was preserved. Here, too, the greatest of men, St Benedict, was born and bred. But I am jumping from Antiquity to our Benedictus ; and, lady, the ears of Beauty are accustomed to far livelier themes ; and you are fonder of the altars of to-day, than of the dreams of Paganism, even amid such loveliness as this !”

And well might Cardinal Latino praise the loveliness of the place ; for, as the breeze fanned the pensile tamarisks, small birds, of varied note, carolled near ; a little crystal rill gurgled through the bosky dell, and fell into a rock-basin fringed with grass and flowers. Lower down, a marble shell caught the overflow, and gave drink to ring-doves from the wood, perched on its edge. Scared at the sight of man, they rose and whirled ahead into the trees.

“ Did I not truly tell you, sweet Lady,” said the Cardinal, “ that the place was fair ? An Uncle of my Mother’s coming here one day, as we do now, found a rich urn of

marvellous sculpture, and a bronze patera worked with amazing skill.* I had intended, Lady, to present them to the Vatican, but they shall be yours if I may be suffered to press my lips, but once, on your lovely hand !”

Beatrice turned in anguish from him. Her waiting women were only a few paces in the rear, and yet she was so nearly alone, that he dared talk thus ! She was framing a reply, when a low wild chant, of some voice hidden in the ruins, rose to her ear out of a nook at hand. Beatrice listened, and the voice, in the clearest tone, sang to itself—

“ We once were young ;
We now are old—
And we lie within
Our graves so cold ;
Gaffer Death !
Ho ! Hallo !”

The singer seemed to be moving slowly in the direction of Beatrice ; for the voice and the words came gradually nearer, till the verse finished ; and Beatrice said, “ I have surely heard that voice before ! it is a Florentine tune, too !” and, as she spoke, a damsel fair and pale, clad in most wretched garments, with a flood of dark brown hair dishevelled on her naked shoulders, stepped out of the ruined wall. “ Cardinal !” exclaimed Beatrice, “ tell me who is that maiden !”

“ She is the daughter of one of my falconers, Lady. She is always wandering. An evil dæmon possesses her. Come away. She will sometimes stray as far as the old Etruscan burial-field, in the Val d’Asso, by Voltumna. She hath an evil spirit, and dwells among graves.”

“ Is she, then, moon-stricken ?” inquired Beatrice. “ I will speak to her. I have a kind of ministry with the unfortunate.”

But, instead of allowing Beatrice to approach the maiden, Cardinal Latino guided his hackney towards her ; and the

* Long preserved in the sacristy of Santa Cristina, in the Bisentina Island, on the Lake ; but since removed to the Cathedral of Bolsena, also dedicated to the local saint.

crazy creature, bounding suddenly over a higher point, fled in the direction of the pitying lady.

"Now," thought the Cardinal, angrily, "if they recognise each other, here will be a sweet mess of pottage! But, pooh! pooh! 't is so long ago—and the poor fool is so greatly changed!"

At that moment, the maiden renewed her song in a strained and fitful manner; speaking with the most rapid utterance, and pouring out the words with extraordinary facility and distinctness—

"He grasped my arm;
He tore my hair;
'T was Hell's alarm,
And fiery glare;
Gaffer Death!
Ho! Hallo!"

And still the same familiar Florentine tune.

There came a jingling of mules' bells, with a noise of varlets' whistling, and an echo of an hunting horn in some near copse. The maiden started, and, stepping rapidly among and over loose columns and fallen shafts, gained a hollow shelter, at the corner of which she turned her ear to the wind. The horns grew fainter. "Come away, Lady," said the Cardinal; "they have turned from the Eagle's cleft to the Castle. 'Tis the Abbot of St Boniface returning from his hunting. I sent on a messenger, two days ago, to bid him meet me here."

But Beatrice was watching the poor maiden, who, listening, stood terrified and still, as if, by some wild notion of her fear, silence increased the danger.

"Heed her no more, sweet lady," cried the Cardinal, impatiently; "she is possessed by a dæmon, and was never otherwise. Come away."

The maiden sat down, as if the phase of a grieved patience had come over her, and resumed her chant more wildly than before. As the familiar tune proceeded, Beatrice looked and listened, and her eyes filled with tears, while the maiden sang slowly:

"In the vault so cold,
 Did he bleeding lie ;
 And the monk so old,
 To my Father told,
 We came there to die !
 Gaffer Death !
 Ho ! Hallo !

Friar Peter lied,
 In his sin and pride ;
 And the Angels wept,
 But my Father died ;
 I am Paul's dead bride,
 And my soul hath slept ;
 Gaffer Death !
 Ho ! Hallo !"

"My poor maiden !" said Beatrice softly ; and she dismounted, and tenderly approached the crazy singer. The Cardinal wished the freaks and fancies of women, and ancient Nurscia, and the Temple, and the Lake, and himself, and everybody, and everything, at the world's end.

The girl was seated on a broken column, playing with a lizard that ran across her bosom, and up her neck, and down her arms, liking the heat. She followed the small green lithesome thing with her eyes, and muttered :

"We once were young,
 We now are old,
 And we lie within
 Our graves so cold ;
 Gaffer Death !
 Ho ! Hallo !"

"Poor maiden mine !" whispered Beatrice kindly ;
 "God's blessing on thy soul !"

The girl looked up helplessly, and went on playing with the lacertola.

"What is thy name, poor maiden ?" asked Beatrice, but no answer came. Beatrice laid her hand on the girl, and the lizard ran away. The maiden gazed after it, and moaned, and wept ; then seemed to forget all else, and began to seek, with her lean hands, something hidden in her bosom. Stealthily, she pulled out an old silver ribbon,

faded and rusty, and began to scoop the soil, as if to bury this treasure.

"Merciful God!" cried Beatrice. "Fleurette, my poor lost Fleurette, that is the birthday ribbon I once gave thee!"

And past years flashed before her mind, with the terrible story of Fleurette's detention by the Inquisition, her father's death, and her disappearance.

"Fleurette!" she called again; "Fiorina! Fiorettina!" and all the pretty changes of the familiar word. But neither in French nor Tuscan, could the maiden recognise the name once idolized in the old Scribe's house. She buried the ribbon, and laid a sod on it, and sang:

"And the Angels wept,
But my Father died;
I am Paul's dead bride,
And my soul hath slept;
Gaffer Death!
Ho! Hallo!"

"There is no need to hide the ribbon, poor thing; I would not take it from thee! Fleurette! Fiorina! Dost thou recollect Beatrice? Bice? Beatrice? the Countess Magdalene? Dost thou remember none of the old words?"

No. The maiden seemed deaf. She smiled, but answered nothing.

Had the Avenging Angel kept a record of it? Did the Book of Doom register the sending forth of that once harmless darling, changed to the scathed and witless ruin she was now?

"Come away, Lady," said the Lord Cardinal, "I tell you she is vexed with a dæmon."

"Must I leave her thus, my Lord?" said Beatrice; "with clothing insufficient for seemliness, and apparently neglected and ill-fed? this daughter of your falconer—this Fleurette Capchicot—this orphan of a poor Scribe—this little French girl, who was once my playmate?"

"Lady," replied the Cardinal, "When that sinner, whom you call Fleurette, was tried, some years ago, for the foul

heresy of the Paterini, she confessed that you had often read the Scriptures with her. Do you hear that? You had read with a heretic—an accursed! If you are wise, you will not rekindle those memories, which the Church's indulgence allowed to pass unheeded at the time. I have long known these things, and would not have spoken them now, but for your foolish obstinacy about yonder simpleton. Suppose that that person were Fleurette Capchicot, as you aver, would she not, by the very fact of her life, be bearing witness to the mercy and kindness of Holy Church? Her father perished for Heresy."

Beatrice felt a strong pain at her heart, as if it would cease. Was this the courteous, unctuous Cardinal? She looked at Fleurette again—tears came unbidden—but she commanded herself and took courage. She bent an earnest look on the Lord Cardinal, and said, in her musical voice:

"About the death of the old Scribe, my Lord, you are doubtless right. Had he been still living, he would have resumed his writing in their lowly room. But, concerning myself and his daughter, you are misinformed. She and I learned together to recite all the words of Jesus Christ, who said, that to the babes and sucklings He would make Himself known; to the meek and lowly He would bring salvation. If to do that was Heresy, why did you not torture me, who am rich, and spare Fleurette who was so poor? If the words of Christ are Heresy, she was, and I am, a Heretic. But, by the same rule, so were the four Evangelists, so was Saint Peter, and so was Saint Paul."

"Lady," interrupted the Cardinal, "you forget yourself. You are too bold, and talk like a woman, but you are a beautiful woman, and anger makes you look superb. It pleases me to be indulgent to you, so long as no syllable of this shall pass your lips. That girl is my falconer's daughter, and you must forget her. The young person you allude to was a Paterina, and accursed. Such malignant and pestilent rebellion against Holy Church, as has long abounded in Tuscany, has occupied us for years, and costs us hourly work. Give me reason to doubt your obedience

again, and you will find, that, before all things, I am the son of the Church, and, if her service requires it, I am ready, at any time, to deliver up the father that begat me, and the very bones of the dear mother who gave me suck !”

Here the voice rose as before :

“ He grasped my arm,
He tore my hair ;
’T was Death’s alarm
And fiery glare ;
Gaffer Death !
Ho ! Hallo !”

“ Come away, Lady,” said the Cardinal, resuming the former blandness of his voice and manner, “ The falconer’s daughter will find her own way home. Our dinner will be cooling. Your tire-women are waiting for us on the hill, and must be hungry.

As he spoke, a sleek mule came into view, carrying the burly Abbot of St Boniface, who had ridden from the hunting, unattended, to meet the Cardinal. He alighted, and kissed the hand of the great man. “ Glad to see your Reverence in such fair case !” observed the Cardinal ; and the pair exchanged godly greetings, till joined by Master Simon and the chaplain, always somehow in the rear, and slow to come to the front. Beatrice retired among her waiting-women. The Moors and Nubians capered, caracolled, and vaulted, and great was the laughter of the merry Abbot.

“ Grand sport, my lord, this morning early,” observed he ; “ I was out training some young hounds in the closed park. I find it a healthful and life-prolonging exercise ; we followed the trail of a smoked herring in famous style ! Only three of the brethren were with me, younger than myself ; but none stood it so well as I did. Egad, I am strong and hearty. Come hunting time, those dogs will do us credit,* I hope !”

* We are unable to inform the curious how many hounds this Abbot of St Boniface might keep, but probably no fewer than the Abbot of

"By that time," observed the Cardinal, "if your Reverence renews his dispensation to hunt, *pro salutis causa*, for the sake of your health, I may send you a leash or two from our kennels* at Bracciano. But I have need of quiet speech with you concerning divers matters, one of which is pressing. I will order a halt. Step aside, and give me your ear."

The whole cavalcade stopped at once. An awning was quickly set for Beatrice and her maidens in a glade apart; and the Lord Cardinal and the Abbot of St Boniface, entering in among the ruins of the Temple of Nurscia, held their conference undisturbed.

There was sadness on the face of Beatrice, and her maidens saw it.

"Yes, truly," said one, "ruins are melancholy places. What did we come this way for? My Lord the Cardinal might know well enough that girls hate ruins because they are haunted. When Michele's house was burnt down, when

Gloucester, whose allowance for the chase was as follows:—"Four palfreys for himself and his chaplains, four grooms of the robes, a page, and a long chariot; eight dogs of the chase, four harriers, a groom, and a page; but the hounds were to be driven out of hall at meal-time by the ushers."—(*Sacred Archæology*, by M. E. C. Walcott, B.D., page 3, Article *Abbot*.) The clerical hunts here described in the thirteenth century continued to be usual long after the period of our story. Most students of history will recollect the notable example furnished in 1497, by Pope Alexander VI. After his eldest son, Cæsar, Duke of Gandia, had been murdered and cast into the Tiber by Cardinal Valentine, a younger son of the Pontiff by the same mother (his Mistress Rosa Vanozza), the said Cardinal went to Naples, and returned, having well nigh forgotten the episode of the murder. On this, the Pope, to efface the distress that event had caused him and to recruit his health, ordered a hunting party for himself and Cardinal Valentine. Ostia was the hunting ground; and to Ostia they went. They were followed by the Papal Court, accompanied by the Cardinals of Girgenti and Brugia, and escorted by 500 mounted guards, and 600 foot. The Pope and his son hunted at Ostia for four days, and emulated the worst of the Roman Emperors in the debaucheries and excesses that followed the chase.—(*Tommaso Tomasi, Specimen Hist. Arcana Alexandri*, vi., page 290.)

* "Christ in cities and towns hunted the fiends (out of men that they dwelled in) with the words of His mouth."

"The Pope and Bishops hunt the wild deer, the fox, and the hare, in their closed parks, with great cries and horns blowing, with hounds and ratches running."—(John Frith, burnt at Smithfield, *An Antithesis between Christ and the Pope*, London, 1529.)

I was a small child, bad spirits came and lived there directly, and staid there, too, in spite of gallons of holy water ! Yet I would like to see . . .”

“ Silence, Beppina !” cried Beatrice ; “ do not chatter nonsense. Bring me my lute, and all of you prepare for a *Ballata*.”

Their mistress did not wish them to wander among the ruins, and perhaps see *Fleurette*, and, by recognising her, increase the fearful danger hinted by the Lord Cardinal.

The lute was brought, and Beatrice, running her hand across the strings, improvised as follows :—

“ Tuscan maids, I love to see,
Circling round me gracefully,
As with balance, most discreet,
Poise your firm and agile feet ;
Dance me now a measure,
While I sit aside and sing
To the lute’s accompanying.”

“ Shall I sing of Troy divine ?
Or of Latium’s noble line ?
Shall I sing of Table Round ?
Or of Love’s enchanting sound,
What time he, so blithe and gay,
Brings the blossoms of the May ?”

“ Sing of Love, lady dear ! Love ! Love !” exclaimed the damsels in chorus. “ It is better than all the rest to dance to !”

“ I thought as much,” replied Beatrice. “ Here, Ninetta, tune this third string more perfectly, while I think over the pieces I know by heart.”

“ Ting ting,” “ tong tong,” said the unruly string under Ninetta’s hand, less musical than that of her lovely mistress. At last the lute was tuned aright, and Ninetta, having restored it to its owner, took her place among the maidens.

It was a lovely lute, both to eye and ear. The eye saw in its mother-of-pearl inlaying the flowers of earth set forth in opal tints from furthest Ind. The ear drank in soft sounds when a deft hand swept the strings. Beatrice, with an almost evident effort (for her heart was troubled and ill

at ease), struck several chords, as though seeking a fit key. "What Ballata is your choice, dear Lady?" asked one of the maidens, impatiently. "The pretty one the new minstrel from Marseilles sang last Christmas at Messer Corso Donati's," replied Beatrice, readily. "It is slightly altered from old Christian de Troyes, his Romance of the Knight of the Lion." *

"Yes! yes!" cried the maidens; "a right good tune, and we all know it!" So Beatrice sang as follows, and they danced to her words in perfect time according to the manner and custom of the measure:—

COUNSEL TO LOVING MAIDS.

"Maidens fair, do not believe
Men who sigh, but do not grieve;
Talk of love, but never feel,
Though your peace of mind they steal.
Such sly wooers pass ye by,
For, by Cupid's shafts, they lie!

"Think of those for Love who died,
And in lonely graves abide;
Shun a specious, base deceiver,
Who courts Beauty but to leave her.
Such false wooers pass ye by,
For, by Cupid's shafts, they lie!

"Choose the youth whose steadfast mind,
Is as firm as it is kind;
No eye-servant must he be,
Nor to gold bend low the knee.

* "Car cil qui solvient amer,
Se faisaient cortois clamer,
Et prou et large et honorables,
Or est Amors torné en fables,
Parce que cil qui rien n'en sentent.
Disent qu' ils aiment, et si mentent.
Et cil fable et mensonge en font,
Qui sen vantent et rien n'i ont.
Mais pour parler de cels qui furent,
Laissons cels qui en vie durent,
Qu' encor valt mieux se m'est avis,
Un cortois morts qu'un vilain vis."

(*Christian de Troyes*, 1168; *Roman du Chevalier du Lion*, page 102, of *Recueil de l'origine de la Langue et Poésie Française*, by Claude Fauchet. Paris, 1581.)

Such base wooers pass ye by,
For, by Cupid's shafts, they lie!

“ Find the man, who, like a rock,
Shields your life from storm and shock ;
Faithful, earnest, brave, and true,
Love him well, and he'll love you !
Such fond wooer pass not by,
He alone will never lie !”

The Lord Cardinal rejoined them as Beatrice finished the last verse.

“ Not for you, my Lord, this simple pastime, fit only for the leisure of us women. I beg your forgiveness.” She rose, passed the lute to Ninetta, replaced her riding-hood, and again mounted her jennet. There was but a short distance between the temple of Nurscia and the Castle. Cardinal Latino's brow was hardly serene. The Abbot might have ruffled him. But, under the soft influence of a softer voice, his smiles and courteous words full soon returned, and he talked of Troubadours and jongleurs like any minstrel of a court. On these subjects Beatrice was at home ; and, as the conversation proceeded, gave him choice verses from her favourite rhymesters, singling out, as was her wont, the sweetest and most refined. At last the train swept into the Castle ; Moors, Nubians, Egyptians, Negroes ; caftans and turbans of all shapes and hues ; servitors, cooks, seneschals, chaplains, secretaries, purse-bearer, Master Simon and his varlets, Beatrice and her maidens, and the Lord Cardinal waving his lordly hand to the officers of the guard, as they passed one post after another.

At last all was silent. The Temple of Nurscia gave not a sigh or sound. But away, near the Lake, in the long bent and reeds, Fleurette listened and watched, lest any followed her. At length, when sound of human company was none, she crept back to unearth the faded ribbon—poor relic of her love for Beatrice Portinari ! She hid it again in her bosom, peered, listened, then fled, singing snatches of her sad chant along the shores of the lonely Lake. On and on she sped, fitfully and sometimes

by starts, wandering without care, or thought, or knowledge, or recognition of the way ; dead to the sight of lovely flowers, and deaf to sound of brooks, as blind to the lovely sheen of sedgy pools. All places were alike to her, whether fertile or barren, bright or sombre, dangerous or safe. She would sit for hours on the bank where the Malta River flows into the Lake, close to the fearful Tower called after the stream, and used by the Popes as a prison for ecclesiastics * guilty of the worst crimes. It was a darksome keep, of great strength, stern and horrible to approach, and of an evil name and reputation ; for the criminals confined within it, for life, were a savage and hopeless crew of despairing men, and the days of prison reform had not yet dawned. But Fleurette understood neither its uses nor its horror. Her eldritch song would float up sometimes, and startle the warders, as it mingled with the groans and curses of their prisoners. They would bid their wives call to her from the walls and scare her ; and away Fleurette would fly along the Lake shore, raising the sad sound of her hopeless song, like the poor curlew that moans her nest, and, circling, cries for pity. All trace of Hope and of Memory were gone. Had she been able to frame her story, she, too, would have been incarcerated ; but from her mind all meaning had passed away, and she sang her chant without sense or knowledge of its significance. Vacantly would she gaze on the fearful Tower, as on its namesake river, or the green islands, or the sloping hills ; while her voice waked the echoes to the same Florentine tune, as she strayed along the oozy banks of Bolsena.

* Sometimes corruptly called Marta. In the above-mentioned Tower of Malta, on the Lake of Bolsena, the Lord Bishop of Feltro was imprisoned, and died in the torture some years after the date of this chapter. —(See Dante, *Paradiso*, Canto ix., 50-55.)

BOOK IV.—CHAPTER II.

MONK JEREMY VISITS BEATRICE AT THE ORSINI PALACE IN ROME.

“Blest pair of Syrens, pledges of Heav’n’s joy,
Sphere-born harmonious Sisters, Voice and Verse.”

MILTON.

FROM that hour of their resting in the ruined Temple of Nurscia, Cardinal Latino’s manner had troubled the mind of Beatrice. He seemed to wish to efface certain words of his from her recollection; and yet, she could not trust him. The words haunted her, and his protecting kindness distressed instead of pleasing her.

So soon as they reached Rome, and entered the Orsini Palace, the huge pile built on the ruins of the vast Theatre of Marcellus, she hastened to its highest room to gaze on Imperial Rome, and feast her eyes with all she could distinguish from the lofty eminence of the situation.

“Churches upon Churches! How much I have to visit and admire!” thought Beatrice, with a sense of wonder. But she found the Cardinal little intent on showing sights. The Romans themselves thought then, as they have thought since, less of their gorgeous buildings than of their tawdry ceremonies; and, while Cardinal Latino rarely visited any basilica but his own, he was surprised that his guests were curious to leave no shrine unexplored. Presently, too, the friars of the new begging orders found out that wealthy Florentines had descended at the Orsini Palace. Missionaries from the whole East, taking Rome either for their point of departure or return, called to evoke interest in all nations of heathens. Numbers of Convents, too, required repairs or enlargement. The most splendid pillars of price-

less marble were only waiting the money requisite to dig them out, and transfer their massive weight to the support of new Christian roofs. The involuntary poor came not. But the voluntary poor, the poor by choice, the beggars by religious profession, arrived in crowds ; and, stating that they lacked subsistence, shook their alms-boxes, and were gratified accordingly.

After two months of truly royal hospitality, Master Simon and Beatrice began to think of leaving the Orsini Palace and returning home. Simon became unusually busy out of doors ; Turks, Greeks, Tyrians, Jews, swarthy men of many tongues, sought conference with him ; and the Orsini family, who were his special clients, continually required him. Beatrice, therefore, was more than previously alone ; and the sight-seeing having exhausted her strength, she went less often abroad.

It was at this time that, one day, there entered her presence-chamber, among other friars of the usual type, one who differed from them all, and was worth a cohort of them. He was no other than Monk Jeremy, from the Vallombrosa ; the gifted half-brother of the Hermit of the Ford ; he to whom Dante had recommended Paul the writing-master. Monk Jeremy had come to Rome to examine, for the Order of the Vallombrosans, a new organ sent to the Pope by the city of Augsburg.

"Lady," said he, "I am not a beggar like the others, but a mendicant of another sort. I pine to hear your Tuscan speech, and know how your health fares here, in the Eternal City, which is not suitable for all complexions, any more in Christian than it was in Pagan times. Perhaps its soil is too volcanic, and has nursed too many generations. Let me see . . . you look indifferent well. Is your voice good ? I long to hear it, for I have framed in my mind, since I saw you, a new musical movement ; and I must know if it may be to your liking, sweetest lady. But, oh, if you could have heard it on the Holy Father's Augsburg organ, which discoursed under my hands this morning ; an organ which takes seventy men to work it, and is yet as soft

at times as a dove's cooing ! There was a German father there—a good master of the Plain Chant—who told me that, in his city, they are studying to find means for doing away with this great labour of hands, not always obtainable. But, dearest Lady, the days of the years are shortening for me, and old Jeremy will be hearing grander themes by that time. Is there music among the Orsini, lady ? Do they love it ? Is the Lord Cardinal a son of Music ? I know his father loved it, for Music is an inheritance with the Brancaleoni ; they have some Tuscan blood ; but taste for Art does not always tell in the descendants ; for that which is most precious, is, in this world of ours, the soonest lost ; but still they ought to love the Art divine, whereby the spheres themselves were doubtless made, as now they move, in Music. For, does not the cross-travel of the Sun make Music, as on heavenly chords or strings, each time it touches or imparts the planets' way ? And if in Music men have the faculty of recognition, I hold it that they have received a part or portion of that evolved, proportional, harmonious efflux which echoes down to us in earthly melody, out of the spheres themselves, perchance in regular and motived projection, like the light and the colour-rays of God, of which also our share is but infinitesimally small, compared to the source of Heaven."

Monk Jeremy paused. "Go on, good father," said Beatrice ; "none other speaks to me as you do ! Your words, that I love to listen to, leave trails of Light behind them, and guide me to great thoughts when you have left me. Speak on, good father."

"Nay, Lady," rejoined Monk Jeremy, "I am slow and sparse of speech, save on my noble Art, and it is to very few that I can utter my thoughts at all. Other faces freeze the words in my mouth ; but yours, and a friend's you know of, call out all that is hidden in me, and make me breathe a different air. Yes, Lady, this heavenliness of Music is the Master key of it. No jarring, vulgar sounds—no loud consonance—no din and glitter—these are not Music ! But a sweet influence of soft accord, of melting, flowing harmony

and peace, lulling the human spirit away from care, transcending pain, and carrying the mind itself on unseen wings, into a brighter sense and holier world, where gentle tenderness and beaming love surpass all other forms of blissfulness. Nay, I am dumb, sweet Lady, and I cannot speak; my words are foolishness on such a theme. Music can only be explained by Music, for she hath depths beyond the shallow reach of human speech—words may not follow her—ideas can hardly do it—she is a sound and a sense of Heaven.”

“You have found it at last, good father;” interrupted Beatrice. “And though your words may form no vastly learned paradox or definition; yet to my heart they speak what Music is, and show me the true reason why holy Hymns have such a calming power to lap the soul in visions of that sacred world to which we are travelling. Oh, my good father, do you, your very self, who play to us, feel all the glorious rapture you impart? or is it gift enough to frame the gift without partaking of its fill of joy?”

“I have indeed my brimming cup of pain, and also my full meed of glad delight, in all the loveliness of melody,” rejoined the Monk, well pleased. “But there are times when holy persons puzzle me to know whether my Art-love is not a snare to make my life too happy! . . . Yet the Giver gave it himself, ’tis God that teaches me, and I but work His work in my small way. Sweet lady, will you sing my last invention? May I hear it from you?”

Beatrice consented readily, and led the Monk to an inner room, where stood an *orphica*, an instrument with keys made expressly for children and women.

“This is the only musical accompaniment here, father,” said Beatrice, “I used it yesterday to gratify the Cardinal with one of the laudistæ, you know we sing in Florence at the festival times.”

The old organist smiled sadly. Plainly the simple *orphica* displeased him. He drew from out his sleeve a flute, and played the air he had composed.

“And the words?” said Beatrice.

“I am no poet,” answered Monk Jeremy, “I can but

furnish the music. The words are the Benediction we Vallombrosans use so often."

"*Uno Trinoque Domino
Sit sempiterna gloria,
Qui vitam sine termino
Nobis donet in Patria.*"—Amen.

It was a noble inspiration, majestic, and well sustained ; and even the poverty of the flute could not quite mar it. He had imagined the last line, "*Nobis donet in Patria*," purposely for the voice of Beatrice, which, for intensity of feeling and roundness of tone, could not be matched. In the longest life we meet but once or twice a voice like hers ; and it sinks into our soul, and we forget it not until we die.

"Now, lady," said the Monk, "you shall sing my notes to me ; and I will supply the accompaniment, here and there with my deeper voice, making *bordone** for your rhymes, as the listeners do at the end of a motetto."

And so they did ; and Jeremy, a man born to live in music, heard his Benediction magnificently sung.

But as he looked attentively at the singer, "Lady," said he, "hast thou too stolen a leaf or two from the Book of Grief since I last heard thee ? Surely grief only in this mortal life of ours, could give such witchery of regret and tenderness to my closing line ! *nobis donet in Patria !* ah, sweetest lady, thou hast taught me to improve it !" So saying he removed the bone-skewer from his leather girdle, and taking out a rude wooden tablet carried within, made a note of the change Beatrice had unconsciously introduced.

"Most persons," continued he, "are in love with an easy sing-song flow, such as costs small study, and could be taught to a blackbird or a jay. Among the rich you hear simple airs, often plaintive and melodious, canzoni, perhaps, or motetti, with a slow preparatory strain, introducing some quick and more lively flow ; while at the end of every

* "*Ma con piena letizia l'aure prime,
Cantando, ricevano intra le foglie
Che tenevan bordone alle sue rime.*"
(*Purgatorio*, xxviii. 16-18).

stanza the listeners ring on two bass notes only furnishing a buzz like the thickest reed of the shepherd's pipe, that gives for bass one sole invariable sound. Among the poor you hear their own inventions, what the winds and the sunlight teach them! In most of the churches they keep a few choice themes for Christmas and Easter, and for the festivals of our Lady; but mediocrity contents them at other times. So God, who lists the music of the spheres, hears but small melody from His human creatures, for whom, none the less, He made the science of Music! But, dearest lady, since we are always receiving blessings from His hand, could we not be less chary of our thanks and praise, to Him who giveth always? Oh, lady, hath not our Heavenly Father a right to praise in every hour?"

But sadness filled the Monk's eyes, as no responding smile was given by Beatrice; but on her face he saw a look of pain. The exertion of that divine song had made her weak, and she was suffering. The Monk's aged eye rested on her, and observed a tint of blood on the kerchief in her hand.

"Alas!" whispered he to himself, "is it even thus? Is my choicest lily smitten? my best lamb doomed? Oh, sweetest, fairest lady, has my melody done thee this harm? pardon an old man's enthusiasm for his only art! his only pleasure and pride! But cure thyself, sweetest lady; and use a particular regimen. They must draw thee in a goat-chariot over new ploughed lands. Thy throat must be washed with a warm wine, in which they shall have boiled the due proportions of sweet Sage, Betony, Pariter, Marubium, Tormentilla. Anoint thy neck with oil of Juniper, and an extract of lilies; and in going forth of thy chamber, use a fair mastick or sweet gum. We are in September; but the weakness took thee not, lady, on either of the black Egyptian days, the third or the tenth? No, I trust not! But, lady, thou art young, and gentle, and kindly, and the Pariter, and Marubium, and Tormentilla, be potent herbs for such as thee."

"I will surely try them, my good friend," answered

Beatrice, recovering herself; "but do you really believe there can be lucky and unlucky days? Would God make any days unlucky for me?"

"Sweet lady!" said the Monk, much moved; "it is our way of speaking, and no more! I wot for me there be no fair days nor foul, save those when our Choir doth sing me true or false. My spirit answereth to the Spirit of Music, on every day alike; but, when I see one like thee, whose angel nature correcteth my writings, by simple instinct; when I see such an one in pain or sickness, God help me, I become a fool! I grow like the simple mothers on our green hills, when the winter time is sickly for their babes—ready to believe all they are told, even to the vowing of a waxen doll to the Virgin's statue! Pardon me, sweetest lady; but if there be a thing Monk Jeremy hath loved, beside his organ, it hath been thy voice, and thee! But I weary thee! I tarry too long. I will call the women, and they will try the Pariter, and the Marubium, and the Tormentilla, and the fair Mastick, . . . and Heaven look down on every moment of thine, and kindly bless thee!"

Thus saying, the aged Monk withdrew, half ashamed of his own feelings, and afraid lest he had said too much.

"There goes a man," thought Beatrice, "too good and innocent for this evil world! Would that all priests were as pure and good as he! I would he had remained longer, and piped upon his flute again! I do not like to be alone, in Rome, and this palace of the Orsini is not genial! I long for Florence—for the dear hills of the Casentino, and the feel of the Tuscan sun upon my face. Then—*Patria! Patria! qui vitam sine termino Nobis donet in Patria!*"

Solitude was always irksome to her. She went to the window to watch him leave the palace. She had a sincere love for Monk Jeremy. He lived near the spots where she had been most happy. His Monastery of Vallombrosa stood only a few miles from the Chapel of the Monk's Ford; from the Raven's Tree; from the Castle of the Countess Magdalene; from the Village Church; from the Cottage of

Stigliola ; from the lawn and mound where the Ship of Theseus had creaked, and where she had sung and played as Maia and Ariadne. He knew, too, a certain friend of hers—a friend of long ago—that friend was in the war, and she knew that monks were carriers of all news, yet had not dared to ask for news from the army, . . . so, she stood irresolute and abstracted, watching Monk Jeremy's departure from the palace. There was an inner square he would have to cross. She saw him pause, search for something in his girdle, replace the bone-skewer and thong, and continue his way into the street. From another window, barred with iron, as every window was at that time in Rome, she saw him pause, ere he seemed aware, within a crowd of idlers, gesticulating fiercely. The old Monk was perhaps devising some new composition, for he looked lost and absent, while the Cardinal's cook bestowed no measured epithets on a Trasteverino, who had for sale a family of hedgehogs in a wicker basket. The cook wanted them at the usual price. The peasant swore they were scarce, and he would rather carry them to the Pope's kitchen, and bestow them gratis for the good of his soul, than part with them for so inadequate a sum.

"What will the unconscionable villain say next?" roared the incensed cook; "Does not the Prince, my master, pay better than any one?"

But the Trasteverino replaced them on his head, and vowed by the Madonna and all the Saints in the Litany, that they were the only hedgehogs that day in Rome. Meantime, Monk Jeremy had realized the affray, and was endeavouring to get away, unperceived, from the cook and the hedgehog merchant, who, tired of each other, were turning to him as umpire, when Cardinal Latino, on a dappled mule, followed by a retinue of servants and a guard of well-appointed lances, came into view, and filled the street from side to side. The cook and peasant would gladly have vanished, but the Cardinal was too quick for them. He ordered the cook back to his stoves and ovens, and confiscated the hedgehogs to his own use, as

indemnification for the disturbance made at his palace door.

"Blessed be the fear of the Lord!" said he, in conclusion; "*Magna est Voluntas Domini!*" and he straightway raised his hand to bless the crowd.

Men and women knelt to receive the benison, and a Roman nobleman, who was passing, craved the honour of holding the Cardinal's stirrup. The attendants lifted their Lord from the gorgeous saddle, and arranged his mantle as he entered the palace. The Trasteverino slunk away, little edified.

"If you've nothing to eat," observed he, "you do not want salt; and if you would avoid trouble, let your mother know beforehand, that she may strangle you as soon as you are born. It has always been my notion, that if ever I meet the Devil, he will be a grand spoken lord, in a scarlet cloak and hat, talking lots of Latin, and making off with my day's wages!"

Monk Jeremy, ere he slipped out of sight, looked back at the Orsini palace wistfully, as if he longed to return. The gates were closed, and the whole place looked as grim and impregnable as any other of the great palaces of Rome.

BOOK IV.—CHAPTER III.

1289.

THE TRIALS OF BEATRICE.

“Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south.”
(*Henry IV.*, Act i.)

THE Cardinal repaired at once to the apartments of Beatrice. Master Simon had been absent since early morning. The Cardinal's niece was attending vespers at a convent outside the gates. Beatrice stood at the window, still watching the slow steps of her ancient friend.

“Why are you thoughtful, lady?” asked the Cardinal; “Did the noise of those varlets disturb you? or are you waxing home-sick?”

“I was looking after Monk Jeremy, my Lord, the brother Organist of the Vallombrosa. He brought me a new Benediction of his own composing, for me to sing; not with the orphica, but after first listening to the notes of his reed flute. The words are ‘*Uni trinoque Domino.*’”

“Good. I know little of the Vallombrosans. They travel seldom to Rome, and have kept quiet since Alexander IV. excommunicated your city for cutting off the head of the Abbot of Vallombrosa,* some time back. But musicians and organists are harmless men. We will invite him to the palace. I wish you were gay and buoyant, like our dames who flaunt in Rome, pious in the Churches, and full of folly in the house or palace. You are too serious, Lady.”

“My Lord,” replied Beatrice, smiling, “we of the citizen

* Don Tesauro di Beccheria, of Pavia, Abbot of Vallombrosa, Papal Legate, decapitated by the people of Florence, 1260, was also General of the Vallombrosan Order.—(*Arrivabene*, Lib. iv., Parte 1.)

order are more sedate; it would ill become us to imitate Roman manners, and I question much why a grave and reverend prelate like yourself should council the exchange. I have never blushed for the condition I spring from, nor wished to change it for another. Indeed, I think Florence has, in many things, the advantage of Rome, which is fairer, afar off, than near, to my simple judgment."

"And, yet, lady, your house in the Oltr' Arno is very desolate? What would you say if I placed before you the chance of a return to your maiden liberty? if I offered you the Church's Power to break your marriage with a cold and callous mate? Eh, lady? And this, without public speech or knowledge, but for reasons only known to the Curia here? And then, if I asked you to remain in Rome as the powerful Abbess of some noble Order, and to assist us to rule the Church of God?"

The amazement of Beatrice rendered her incredulous. The Cardinal smiled, and thought of her worthy uncle, Friar Peter, who had suggested this scheme, with a view to his own elevation to the post of Guardian of the Franciscan Order.

"What are your reasons for talking thus, my Lord?" inquired Beatrice. "You have no power to separate man and wife, who do not seek your interference; and as to influence, what influence could be possessed by a simple girl like Beatrice Portinari? You amaze me! I wish your niece would return."

"Simpleton! you know not what Rome can do. Our Holy Father, for reasons of his own, wishes to increase the power of our rivals, the Colonna. He has made Piero della Colonna a Cardinal; and Piero's wife has been compelled to enter a nunnery, by dispensation.* For ourselves, we could with ease obtain a like dispensation for you. It might cost a few thousand crowns, but we would gladly, nay joyfully, spend them for such an end; and surely it is harder to transform a veteran Epicurean, like Piero, into a Cardinal, than to change your lovely self into an Abbess!"

* *Villani, libro vii. c. 119.*

"These are unpleasant words, my Lord ; and I pray you cease to speak to me after this fashion. The motive of the Holy Father, you say, is power in that matter of the Colonna ; but I am too insignificant to furnish any motive at all. Let me withdraw to the inner chambers, till my husband comes."

The Cardinal laid his hand to prevent her, and continued : "My motives are several. First, to turn your soul from the paths of danger, in which, of your own consent, it has some time walked ; and lead you into the safe and certain fold of the Infallible Church. Second, to see that heaven-speaking face, no longer distanced from me by the Apennines and the Arno, but ruling with a sister-hand, the destinies of the Flock of God."

"I see no pleasantness, my Lord, in the prospect. My chief tie to life is my young sister, my sweet Felicitas. I would not change my quiet room, with her dear presence, for the palace of an Empress, or the mines of Orient."

"And if . . . it were question of reviving in that case, the suspicions I mentioned to you in the ruined Temple of Nurscia ? . . . If your refusal involved an accusation of heresy, that would fall upon your sister also, she being of your near kindred ? You would surely do much to avert this ?"

"Who would accuse me, my Lord ? I live without blame ; I obey all the laws and customs of the Church ; I talk of holy things to none ; I keep my own heart, and watch my lips, and meddle with no one. Who would, or could, accuse me ?"

"I should, Lady. I should recall the testimony of the Scribe's daughter, who said you read the Gospels with her. I should forget my own beauteous Florentine, whose face first rivetted me at vespers, in Santa Maria Novella ; whose very breath makes this room Paradise ; and I should deliver her to the Tribunals of the Church, where sins like hers find no Mercy. As for Master Simon, he is a godly man ; and our chaplains think it a pity that he has no children."

"Cardinal," answered Beatrice, "I understand you now ; and this is my answer. Though you shake the earth under my feet, I will not fear you ; for the truth I hold is no heresy. You may part me from my parents, from my husband, and even from Felicitas—but there is One you cannot part me from—I commit my cause to Him. I will accept no dispensation for holy orders—no gilded crozier—no false parade of power—and I will listen to no fulsome adulation !"

"Will the cold torture-room not freeze your blood, in those dim vaults, where few can hear your cries ?" said the Cardinal.

Beatrice answered calmly, "I have little strength, my Lord ; and what I have would ebb quickly in the place you speak of ; and, whether we be weak or strong, death comes but once to any of us."

"Do you count lightly, Lady, the disgrace of Heresy ? the misery of your good father ? the grief and shame of your imperious mother ?"

"They have known me all my days, my Lord. I never disobeyed them. If they are deceived they will be in error only for a time. Our life is but a wintry day. They will be set right in the eternal summer."

"Then you dare me, Lady, to use the Church's arm ; and, in fulfilment of my duty, being her son, to denounce you as one relapsed into heretical pravity ?"

"My Lord ! my Lord ! what matters it to you, or to his Holiness, of the faults or errors of a girl like me ? What is it to the learned priests of the Tribunals, if Beatrice dies in her husband's house, or amid the tortures they inflict in the name of the Holy Jesus ? Doth the Church—so vast, so great, so mighty—track a simple girl like me ? Will the Church fatten on blood of mine ? And will you sleep sounder at night, my Lord, after these slender limbs are crushed in anguish ? Where is the seraph's choir in Heaven will hymn a triumph for you, over such as me ? Oh, my Lord Cardinal Latino ! not by your mistaken admiration of me—not by the honied words you have given to my fleet-

ing beauty—but by the sacred age of my dear father, who reveres you—and by the dauntless spirit of my proud mother who respects you—by the trustfulness of my husband, whose hard-earned gold is at this moment supporting the Papal Throne; and lastly, my Lord, by the dear innocence of my little sister, my sweet Felicitas, who never yet knew thought or word of evil—my Lord, by the love I bear that little one, my tender, sunny, dear, angelic Felicitas—by all these human feelings, and by all these human ties—by your dead Princess Mother, and by the childhood and the youth you lived with her—have mercy on me, Cardinal, give me six months to die! If, in that time, the weakness of my failing health hath not removed me, you may summon me to your secret Councils and despatch me there—I shall resist no further. The pledge I offer, I shall be ready to redeem. I feel myself to have six months of life—no more: but, if I am mistaken, send for me, and do your worst! Yet, after you have killed the body, there remaineth no more that your strength can do!”

“Trash!” replied the Cardinal; “I know the page you quote from. Women who read are worse than fools. And when they take to reading about Religion, there is neither beginning nor end to their vagaries! Why, as to books, and chapters, and epistles, and so forth, can a girl like you know or understand how vast an amount of thinking, and fancy, and faith, and metaphysics, and imposture, have been expended on the manufacture of every branch of religion, to shape and fashion it for the use of man? Can you separate the dross from the gold? or dare to guide your soul yourself? Poor, puny trickster, that reads some manuscript, called after Paul or Peter, who are dead and dry, and refuses obedience to the Church of God, that lives, enthroned in this same Rome, for the guiding and instruction of mankind! Lives, I tell you, in living man! breathes, I tell you, in living Princes, and in Lords, of whom I, who worship and adore the marvel of your beauty, am not one of the least honoured, or the least revered!”

"I obey the Church, my Lord," answered Beatrice; "and as to your comparison of the dead apostles of Christ with the living Princes of the Court of Rome, I shall know more of that when I have passed the bourne whence mortal travellers do not return. Do you grant me six months of grace? Do you permit me to live a little longer on your indulgence? To go home and see my darling, my Felicitas, before my feeble years come to an end?"

In all the days of her matchless loveliness, Beatrice had never looked more ethereally beautiful, at any hour or moment, than she did now, with these words of death on lips that Phidias would have immortalised, could he have seen them.

The Cardinal gazed, at conflict with himself. "You do not look like one who is near to die, Lady," he replied; "the future may be more propitious to me; and those who count on the fickleness and mobility of women, are seldom disappointed. I will grant you six months of grace, you tantalising goddess; you shall owe to me your very breath, your very existence; and at my will—mark you—you shall preserve or forfeit life. But, of this conference with me, will you reveal a single syllable?"

"Of your words here, and of those other words spoken among the ruins of Nurscia, my Lord Cardinal, I shall make one dense and compact account; but it must lie over till the Judge of all shall pronounce upon it."

"Exactly! You will get ready a little scroll, and hand it in for the barristers up there to con, ere they plead against me! Very logical indeed! very! and, of course, I shall live in dreadful terror of the indictment—'Beatrice Portinari Bardi against Latino, Prince and Cardinal of Holy Church.' Yes, a pretty compact account, no doubt, and very edifying to the Court in question. But, as you propose to let your tongue lie still until you reach the ear of the Judge, I presume that it is a wholesome fear of Mother Church and her living sons that makes you agree to defer so long!"

"My Lord, I have said my say. Your wit is ill-bestowed.

Perchance there may be hereafter some such indictment as you are pleased to ridicule, though your vast learning and erudition make you scorn one like me. I wait your answer. Do you, or do you not, grant me six months to die?"

"You are a greater idiot than I judged you," replied the Cardinal; "and, moreover, you belie the lively genius of your city. For once, here is a Florentine preferring the unseen to the seen, and scorning wealth, liberty, and power! Yes, I will remit your penalty for six months, for I believe that less than that space of time will alter your decision, and find you preferring the golden goblet of life to the damp mould and dirty mildew of the grave. Faugh! 'tis a foul den to think of! But if, in those six months, you dare betray me, either through fanaticism, or fickleness, or the excitement of a weak view of morality—either in society or in confession—you shall go to the stake at the Dominicans, and not yourself only shall suffer, but Felicitas, too, shall shrivel in the fire like a lily-flower cast into a great furnace. You shudder? The fisherman casts his nets into deep waters, and snares fish of every sort. So does the Churchman; and remember that the things you deem most secret are brought to us, men of the altar, and laid bare, for our own purposes, in the fullest day-glare of the Councils by which we rule."

By this time the sun had set; the short twilight of Rome was darkening into night; and the torches that surrounded the litter of the Cardinal's niece flashed up from the street upon the window where he and Beatrice were standing. Donna Theodosia had returned from the convent, and would presently join them.

"Lady," said the Cardinal, sternly, "the love I feel for you has led me to a great indulgence, and inspired me with a mighty hope. I have granted you a respite, which my soberer reason condemns. I have been a temporising fool, where I might have played the tyrant with sure success. But, remember, your own words will burn you to the quick if you repeat one syllable of this, even to your own small shadow!"

With this, he gathered his brodered robe in his hand ; and, waiving to her the other, swept past into the inner rooms. At the same moment, by another door, from the great staircase, entered his niece, radiant and smiling, with prattle of the dear nuns, the sweet confectionery, the gorgeous needlework, and oh, such a love of a chaplain, quite an angelic darling of a capellano ! Behind her followed Master Simon, who, to the infinite relief of Beatrice, observed, in his dry way, that they " should set out on the morrow for Florence."

BOOK IV.—CHAPTER IV.

1289.

THE VICTORS FEASTED.

“Whom I was wont to call, not mine, but me.”

(Coleridge, *Remorse, a Tragedy.*)

FROM Campaldino's battle, a portion of the Florentine forces, numbering 400 horse and 2000 foot, had marched with other troops of the Guelf League against Pisa. With these 400 horse went Dante. They ravaged the lands up to Pisa, ran a *pallio* of defiance in sight of her walls, and dared her citizens to come forth and fight, which being refused, siege was laid to the neighbouring castle of Caprona, garrisoned by the Pisans (Count Arrivabene, in error, states Lucchese.) Caprona was a strong fortress on the right bank of the Arno, and stood where the Zambra torrent falls into that river, five miles eastward of Pisa. The surrender of the castle was the only result of this demonstration. Hard pressed by thirst it capitulated after certain days; the garrison marching forth, man tied to man; and so driven to the confines of Lucca, amidst the clamour of soldiers and peasantry, demanding that the captives should be hanged.*

In September the short campaign of Campaldino and Caprona had ended, and the troops returned home. Florence decided on commemorating the recent victories, and for that purpose founded the Church of St Barnabas in memory of the festival of that saint kept on the 11th of June, on which day they had won Campaldino. War being over, the city was gay and festive as she was prosperous. Simon dei Bardi and his wife had returned from Rome; they too would see the entry of the returning soldiery. But Beatrice

* This circumstance is alluded to, *Inferno*, xxi, 94-97.

seldom left her husband's house in the Via dei Bardi, in the Oltr' Arno; she was not strong enough to walk often to the old home near St Martin's and St Margaret's, near the Donati and the Allighieri houses.

It was September, as we have said, and a troop of knights, fresh from the siege and surrender of the castle of Caprona, rode through the Via dei Bardi, towards evening. Beatrice was sitting at her embroidery, near a deep-set window, where a caged bird and a plant of trailing jessamine, partly shaded her from passers-by. The casement was open, and admitted at intervals the shriek of trumpets, the clash of cymbals, and the beat of drums. Then came the tramp of horses and the voice of crowds. Could they be the cavalry returning from Caprona? It must be they! Her embroidery fell from her hands; and she listened to the approaching sounds, so gay and warlike. Little Felicitas, who, out of a basket of fir cones, had been building a mimic house in one corner of the room, ran to the window, and pushing aside the cage, made herself a good space for standing. Presently she shouted for joy, clapping her small hands, and kissing her tiny fingers to the gray horses, the ringing cymbals, and the flaring trumpeters; while, as they passed below, and saw the child, some smiled at her keen delight. "Beautiful! beautiful!" cried the child. "See the horses! see the Signori! Look, sister, look!" And Beatrice did look, and saw Guido dei Cavalcanti, and Bernardo da Polenta * brother of the world-famous Francesca da Rimini (afterwards immortalized in the Divine Comedy, and by Gustave Dore's splendid picture in his London Gallery); Forese Donati, and Dante himself, all travel-stained, dusty, and with jaded steeds, tired by the long march that day. Below her window they paused a moment or two; for they were escorting home their Captain, Lamberto dei Frescobaldi, whose dwelling was near to hers.† Messer Lamberto doffed

* See *Teofilo Betti-Memorie inedite* Sugli Annali di Pistoja, for the statement that Bernardo fought at Campaldino and Caprona.

† Of these houses of the Bardi, no trace now remains; the war made by the city on this powerful family, a century after our story, effaced all vestige of them. The Bardi, however, returned from exile, to build again.

his helmet to them all, and rode into his own house-entrance, where his squire and servants awaited him. The knights outside had lifted their helmets to him with a similar respect and courtesy ; one head, however, bent in deeper reverence than the rest. It was Dante, who saw, and was seen, by that angel face at the Bardi window ; that face he was now beholding, though he knew it not, for the last time on earth.

" I am so happy !" cried Felicitas, " how I wish they would let me ride with them ! and hold myself like a soldier ! See, sister, how grand ! how beautiful !" and she clapped her little hands, and kissed her fingers to them all.

" It is small Felicitas Portinari, how pretty she is growing !" said Forese, waving his steel-gloved hand to the lovely child. " Quite the Caponsacchi mouth too, so like her mother !" and they continued their way into the city.

" None of us will have a smile of welcome like the smile that was sent to you, Dante !" observed Guido dei Cavalcanti, speaking in a low voice. " There is not another face in Florence that could give a fellow such a look of reward !"

And Dante knew that too ; but could say nothing. His heart was full ; but what he was thinking of, Forese spoke. " The Lady Beatrice looketh ill, methinks," said he, when they had passed out of sight of little Felicitas, " she looks more delicate and fragile, and more like a Saint than I ever saw her. I wonder if the priests have worked too much on her mind, away in Rome ? Now, I have returned, they will begin with me again, about keeping fast days, a custom that does not suit me ! What a supper I will have to-night when I get home !* and Nella, my little wife, to sit at table ; something better will she give me than our meagre fare of rustic foraging !"

" Supper ! supper indeed !" said Cavalcanti, laughing at him, " we've heard of that supper all the way from Pisa !" then turning to Dante, " That pale, sweet face at the window tells a sad story. She cannot be happy. Happiness has

* Forese Donati, brother of Corso, is recognised by Dante, as an old and dear friend, suffering for the sin of gluttony, in the *Purgatorio*, Canto xxiii., lines 50 to 129.

another look than that. She smiled, as she only can. A face like her's, brightens in a way of its own, that is unapproachable ; but she cannot be happy. She looks too fragile for happiness, too worn, too pensive . . . I did not mean it to grieve thee . . . I will change the subject . . . Perhaps I have little right to remark it, for none of us can do anything. But that child can ; the child Felicitas can. What a little sunbeam it is ! what a dower of fresh, sweet beauty, though in so young a child ! and how like what Beatrice was when we were young, and she and thou were children ! I am glad that Felicitas is with her. The child's voice and ways will brighten the gloom of Simon's austere dwelling !"

When they had passed out of sight, Felicitas and Beatrice were still at the window—Felicitas in her linen frock and waist sash of crimson silk, Beatrice in her simple robe of Persian sycladoun, made straight, and true to classic taste. But the jessamine flowers were all gone, for Felicitas had pulled them off, and, with her chubby hands, had flung them on the cavaliers, laughing merrily the while. And Beatrice had stood by, watched the knights, saluted Lamberto dei Frescobaldi, and smiled to her early friend, returned from his first battle. Yes, he and his comrades had seen those calmly lustrous eyes ; that face, without conceit or consciousness of beauty. They had seen Beatrice, proud of them, proud of her country, grateful for peace, grateful for their return ; and they had seen her calmly, serenely, splendidly, smile on her early Love, then turn away, and hide her head in the fair curls of Felicitas, flinging the jessamine !

There was much to stifle, much to push back into the far Past, much to hide from every eye—even from Felicitas. She kissed her little sister, and was calm again. She was acquiring the higher aim and scope, the loftier resignation of one who is to leave the world. An unselfish sanctity of future Hope was replacing the love that had of old wreathed her young heart to the illusions she had survived. Her brown hair, parted on the ivory forehead—her classic head,

and faultless profile, had grown almost ethereally pure. It was as if some subtle essence were already imparadising her person.

"She is magnificent!" said Guido da Polenta. "I have heard of your women of Florence, but here is one such as I never dreamt of! If I had a wife, I should like that lovely lady to be her friend. In such a face as that, the most froward might learn peace."

The horsemen repaired to their several homes. The Bardi window was deserted. Mistress Dorcas came to lead Felicitas home.

"And a sore time of it I have had, going through the city, to-day, with all the soldiery peeping under my hood as I go by!" said she; "I warrant ye soldiers have an eye for good looks! I had work enough to come on, I can tell ye! and every one has guests to-night, outside their doors, welcoming these men, as if they had been as far off as Jerusalem! A plague on men, say I, the world would get on better without them! Now, Felicitas, come away, or we shall be late!"

As Mistress Dorcas threaded her way home, the easy-fortuned burghers were gathering to supper. There existed then a social institution (like that which, until the wars of Napoleon, was familiar to Germany, under the title of *Strassen-Peter*), whereby each street assembled daily, in a particular dwelling, for mutual gossip and amusement, the householders performing the duties of hospitality by rotation. Spiced wine, dried meats, and wassail-buns, went freely round. That night, the whole talk was monopolized by the horsemen and foot soldiers, who that day had returned into the city.

In one small street, however, too poor for burghers, and inhabited only by the least prosperous artizans, appeared a solitary man, half soldier and half beggar, whose lank visage was welcomed at no fireside. He was our old friend, Paul the writing master, long since sheltered and saved by the fathers of the Vallombrosa. They had provided for him till they judged it safe for him to return and seek his former home.

His first care had been to enquire for Fleurette. Not finding her, he had wandered through the surrounding country, watching and listening, wherever girlish voices were in the air. Hope deferred had broken his heart; his mind had become unsettled, till, joining the soldiery, change of scene had sobered him in more distant fields. Now, wounded in the arm, he sought his former haunts, and returned to the old hope of finding Fleurette. The neighbours wondered and pitied him, as he asked for her. Some offered a night's lodging—some, a bandage for his arm—some, a dish of cooked maize. As he went, he enquired if the scribe's daughter had been heard of, or had come home? They answered "No;" and he said, "I will wait till she returns!"

Yes; "till she returns!" all of us have some such dream! There is a needs-be that we believe in wished-for things, else the flatness of the present were too evident, and Hope too indistinct. Girls listened with moistened eyes; they thought he had better have perished in raid or foray, but what else could come of it? He had chosen his innamorata on a Friday!!

For days following there were games of strength, joustings, tournaments, caracollings, stilt-matches, and, on the last day, a buffalo race, from the houses of the Alberti, near the Ponte Vecchio, to the Chapel of the Franciscans, which we saw them building near their Hospital and Oratory, on the spot where Santa Croce is standing now. The ground was at that time so marshy, that, at times, the Franciscans lived on an island, formed among ponds and ditches, for the Arno banks were undrained, and the third circuit of the walls of Florence was not completed.

In the Piazza Vecchia, fifty-four men, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, all of them either noblemen or knighted soldiers, played at *Calcio*, a descendant of the old Roman game of Episcirus, in which the players were termed combatants, and ranked in opposite camps. (For the laws or constitutions of this game, see Count Giovanni dei Bardi's careful work on the subject, wherein he describes the different

coloured uniforms of the two parties, the law against carrying arms on the ground, &c., &c.)

Beyond the Al Prato gate was run a *pallio* of cars, much as (allowing for the distance of centuries), may still be seen on every 26th of June, in the Prato della Valle of Padua.

Damsels danced with castagnettes and tambourines. Tricksters showed the most popular of their mysteries. At Convent gates, ventriloquists assembled laughing crowds on the way to chapel, to pause at merry jests and ruder songs. "*Uccellin vòld, vòld, sù di me non si posò!*" cried the children; "*si posò su tale, e disse*" . . . and the handkerchief was thrown at the passer by, till some quaint proverb raised the laughter round, and the kerchief fell elsewhere. Fortune-tellers, too, wandered listlessly in the throng, eyeing the while the feigned or real lovers, who, in jest or earnest, might seek to question Fate.

"Blessed be those eyes of thine,
For, on this day, I chose thee mine;"
Says some discreet one—"It is meet,
That I repent not, my heart sweet,"

bawled one of the tawny tribe, at a venture, to a group of laughing girls. Many would have liked to cross her palm, but, while they hesitated, Mistress Dorcas, applying the verses to herself, craved the Zingara's art.

"And a plague on thee!" answered the Eastern woman; "A fair heart-sweet, indeed, for a lover's arms! Go thy way, for a deluded vixen, and sell that temper of thine, to Master Satan, the only gentleman likely to buy it. After which, come back to me, and I will help thee to invoke some good angel, to grant thee a better one, if thou wilt pay me well for my pains!"

BOOK IV.—CHAPTER V.

THE DEATH OF MASTER FOLCO DEI PORTINARI, DECEMBER 31, 1289.

“Why weep ye then, for him who having won
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labours done,
Serenely to his final end has past.”

(Bryant.)

ON the thirty-first of December, 1289, the great bell of Saint Margaret's tolled, and all day there was a coming and going of priests and acolytes, out of the house of the Portinari. From within, were heard lamentations and cries, whereby wayfarers knew that the women and the neighbours were assembled round some one who had died, and were mingling their noisy grief with that of the nearest of kin. Citizens and priests stood in talk before the dwelling, and funeral tapers were lighted in an upper room, for Master Folco had departed hence. In those days it was not accounted honourable to die without a surrounding crowd of women and neighbours, according to the rank and quality of the household; indeed, to depart this life, in quietness and solitude, was held to be a crowning misery, if not a great disgrace. So, the great bell tolled in Saint Margaret's, and every sight and sound of mourning filled eye and ear, round the house where death had come to a right good and Christian man.

Dante had spent that day hawking with friends at some leagues' distance. On his return he heard the bell, and marked the signs of woe. The daughter of that house had been so dear to him, that his interest and sympathy were ever ready to be awakened by bereavement or misfortune of hers. After dark, he sallied forth to observe the dwelling, with a

feeling as if he would give much to see how it fared with Beatrice.

"How much better a man had I been," thought he, "had they granted me the right to weep with her in her sorrow! But, if that bell were tolling for me, as it is for her father, should I have been found ready? And now that he is gone, and he and I can meet no more, do I forgive him as freely and as frankly as I ought to do?—I fear not. Yet who am I that I should think my fate of such great moment? And, if he judged a richer man the fitter for his child, he judged with the best light he had, and loved her well. How could he know the desolation it has brought to me? or, knowing it, what saw he in me, but one too moderately fortunèd for such as her?"

While he thus meditated, groups of women went and came from the Portinari house, and he could hear them talking together of the great grief of the lady Beatrice. One said, "she wept enough to make you die of pity, only to see her." Another asked, "who could ever feel glad again after hearing her speak such grief." And so he gathered tidings of her state from the grievous words the ladies spoke to one another, till, himself becoming saddened also, they observed to each other how wan and afflicted he appeared. (All this, with his own silence, and their passing to and fro, he tells, with touches of surprising truthfulness, in the 22d paragraph of the *Vita Nuova*.) He dared not enquire or speak, but gathered all he could concerning the bereaved daughter of Master Folco Portinari. Truly she was not his. The world had given him no right to ask about her, and so the night wore wearily through.

Returning home, he turned into a narrow street, where the projecting gables of the houses darkened the star-light. Here, an old woman, leaning from latticed casement, called down to him: "Grand music that of the bell, good neighbour, is it not? Grand music! I should like it to jog so for me if I was a-dying; but, you see, I could not leave money for cooks, and tailors, and doctors for the poor, as they say this Christian has! and the great bells only ring

for rich folks ! Ding dong ! Ding dong ! as if we poor did not need the witches and the devils to be kept off our souls, as well as those that can pay ! I reckon the rich are as cold as the poor in the daisy-mould, if the truth was known ! ”

“ Poor humanity ! ” thought Dante. “ A young woman would have gabbled a prayer under the coverlet, and gone to sleep again ! ”

In his own house, he could not forget the sadness of that weary night, and, like the old woman at her lattice, looked out from a window of his tower. Towards morning dawn footsteps sounded in the silence, and two monks passed, talking Latin as they went along.

“ How much have we for ourselves ? ” said one.

“ Not so much as I looked for,” replied the other. “ He had a mind of his own about his money, and maintained that a Hospital was truer charity than a Monastery. Faith, I could never set him right on that point. It is shocking to see how men are beginning to think and act for themselves ! ”

“ Pooh ! ” said the other ; “ The next tempest or the next pestilence will throw them on our hands as submissive as spaniels ! We have only to set about a few tales of miracles and apparitions to awe the whole community. Meantime, Simon lets you think for him, and does all your bidding, which is some comfort ! ”

“ Yes,” replied the first. “ Simon is a tower of strength. From him I know the widow’s jointure, and the dowry of Felicitas, and the legacy to the daughter,* and offerings to the Church and parish ; also, a large and most valid confirmation and extension of all he had done in his lifetime, for his hobby, the Hospital for the poor, with the Church and Altar to St Mary, in the Hospital, the whole thing which, you recollect, he built and dedicated two years ago. He confirms, in charge of it, the same priest he himself nominated,

* Item dominæ Bici filiæ meæ et uxori domini Simonis de Bardis reliqui libr., 50 ad floren. (Testament of Master Folco Portinari, January 15, 1287, published by Richa, vol. viii., page 229.)

and whose nomination the Bishop was fool enough to sanction."

"What? Benedetto, that son of old Ridolfo da Monte Bonello?"

"Yes, the same; Folco has left him a legacy, and another to the Prior of San Martino a Strada, who solemnised Benedetto's investiture. I cannot say Folco was a bad Christian; but this new trick of taking the sick poor into lay hands; why it must be put a stop to by and by."

"Not yet, Peter. For the people are wild in their praises of Master Folco; and the poor clamour loudly that they have lost their dearest friend; and Tessa, the old woman, was always his right hand in the business, and I verily believe, by her charitable and kind nursing of the poor sick in those cottages he first gave her, induced her generous master to build and endow the Hospital,* as he has done. Both master and servant are so beloved by the people, that we must not venture a word at present against lay-benefactors using lay-management. The last news I heard in the Piazza was, that the Signoria are to pass an order that funeral honours for Master Folco shall be borne at the city's cost, as a tribute to his virtues and his charity."†

"Wheugh!" answered the other. "In that case, we had indeed best keep quiet and sail with the stream. But this order of the Signoria will encourage men to larger bequests than he has left, for ever, to his Hospital at the corner of the Pappe. Prosperity in trade is not always good for us, Brother. If a pestilence visited the city, our purses would swell every hour. Nothing like terror for building Convents and endowing them!"

"That is as undoubted as any word you could speak,

* This fact is expressly stated in the Inscription to the memory of Monna Tessa in the cloister of Sant'Egidio. See No. VII. of Appendix to this work.

† The original document here alluded to is preserved in Florence in the Priorista Petribuoni. It is headed thus:—"Decree of the Signoria of Florence on the death of Folco Portinari, which occurred December 31, 1289."

Brother. But tell me—do you credit the report that Master Folco is not to be buried in the Baptistery (his monument, I mean, is not to be there), nor in any other Church. But that, through lowness and humility of heart, he has directed that he shall rest in the small Oratory at the end of the sick ward of St Matthew. Fancy—wishing to be evermore in sight of the sick poor! How little spirit he must have had! No wonder that Monna Celia is so indignant at him! No doubt, he kept his plebeian wish well hidden from her! and most others of his family, too, I should say! Unless, perchance, his gentle daughter, Beatrice, may have known it.”

“He never had in him the strong spirit of a resolute man!” replied Friar Peter. “If he had, he would have known which way the wind blew for his family’s interest, and would never have left such a large fortune to the sick poor! It takes away my grief for him; such want of sense and pride is sickening!”

The two Monks turned off, through the Porta Santa Maria into the Market Place, Mercato Nuovo, not as yet roofed over, and full of stalls for sale of silk and barter of gold; not, as now, redolent of Tuscan strawplait and pedlar’s wares.

“An affectionate relative!” thought Dante. “Happy those who know not all the baseness that may surround them, even in their own flesh and blood! Doubtless, this reverend Brother had none but words of milk and honey for Messer Folco in his life-time! Good, honest man! wiser for Eternity than any of us! Does he hear, now, as I have heard, the true sentiments of the man who guided his house? or had he, under that peaceful exterior, depth of mind to divine it all along? who shall tell me? But we know he took small account of his neighbours, and walked his own course in his own way, as he thought best, living a life of busy, active, cheerful charity, never reminding any of the generous good that he had done to them! And, may not his be the truest religion of all, and better in its active influences, than any amount of gloomy and morbid asceticism?”

"Good honest citizen!" continued Dante, musing; "so faithful and so just in thy stewardship! This day hath dispelled thine errors, if thou hadst any, and bathed thee with a flood of light! Thou couldest solve me many a question now! Thou wert a favoured man here, in Florence, and father of its richest Pearl. Rest in thy peace, for her sake, and, if thou canst, watch over her!"

The city watch came round. "Sixth hour of the New Year!" they cried: their staves came on the flag-stones with heavy thuds as the men passed on: "year of grace twelve hundred and ninety! May God keep all faithful citizens!"

BOOK IV.—CHAPTER VI.

THE VISDOMINI RIDE INTO FLORENCE, 1290.

"In the fabric of habit, which they had so laboriously built for themselves, mankind were to remain no longer."—(FROUDE, *History of England*, Chap. i.)

TRUE it was that the Signoria, soon as they heard that Messer Folco Portinari had passed away, decreed him a public funeral in the name of the Florentine people, whom he had so largely befriended. The tribute was one he had well deserved, and it was offered in such fashion as would have met with his full approval. An exact account was drawn up of what should be the cost and charges of the public obsequies of a citizen of his rank. On this estimate, orders were issued in the carefully precise manner of those frugal days, and Messer Folco was borne to his last home with more respect and far less extravagance than fell to the lot of any of his posterity. His monument was built in the ward of his Hospital, called St Matthew's Ward. It was removed by the Grand Duke Leopold II. into the Hospital Church, but has not been otherwise altered than that the Grand Duke had the fact of its removal by himself carved on it in Latin. It is an altar tomb of gray stone. On the front is a floriated Greek Cross, supported on either side by the arms of Portinari, above which the simple inscription is still distinctly legible: "Hic jacet Folchus Portinarius, qui fuit fundator et ædificator huius Ecclesiæ et Ospitalis S. Marie Nove," &c. And so the New Year began in Florence with laying her kindest citizen to rest.*

Our story now carries us outside the gates on the tenth day of February, of the year 1290.

* See Appendix, Notes 9A and 10.

"Ride, henchmen, ride, there's war to-day! Spur on in haste, make short the way!" called the young Visdomini to a body of his followers whom he was leading towards Florence from his castle beyond Paterno.

"God's blood! must the unwashed fellows of loom and shuttle expect to wear us, like worn-out coats that may help to line their new ones? Must they be suffered to prate, and keep us, forsooth, as a foil between Pope and Emperor, as the pagan Turks wear an ivory thumb-ring to shield the hand from the bow-string? I trow not, pardye!"

And Gerardo, young and headstrong, rode hot and angry down the Arno valley, as though he would sweep Florence from the earth. But, before he approached the old city, the elders had somewhat calmed him into considering what he was doing; so that, with their consent, and by their council, he sent scouts before, and agreed to lie in ambush at a certain distance from the walls, deputing only one man to inform the allies within of his whereabouts. The cause of his anger was as follows:—Carlo dei Bostichi, a gentleman of old family, a good soldier, and intimately connected with the feudal party by blood as well as friendship, had, in a hot quarrel with one of the burghers, killed his antagonist. Now, in those days, the Priori, or chief men, whom we saw first elected in the opening chapter of this book, were always in the same place, sitting steadily for dispatch of business in the Tower of La Castagna, on the Abbey walls; the Palazzo del Podestà not being as yet completed. So they did not require to be summoned, or brought together; but, at any moment of day or night, were ready to deliberate and adjudicate on public matters. The murder of the citizen was instantly laid before them, and the whole city was convulsed by the event.

The nobles, compelled like others to refer judgment to the Priori, chafed exceedingly, longed to "right themselves," as they termed it, "with the strong arm," and were vastly irritated, noisy, and haughty. Nevertheless, Messer Carlo dei Bostichi was arrested by the City Guards, carried before the Priori, and tried for the murder of

the citizen. The crime was plainly proved. He was condemned, and the Priori issued a mandate that, on the 10th February, Carlo dei Bostichi should be executed outside the walls, on the road to Rome, across the Arno. The verdict was just, but the nobles did not think so. They could not be reconciled to the new notion that the life of a citizen was as precious as the life of one of themselves. Nor could they endure that they, so long the masters, should now bend to equal law. They therefore took up the trial of Carlo dei Bostichi as an insult to their order; and, in an evil moment, determined to attempt his rescue. When in their hands, he was to be carried off to the castle of the Visdomini beyond Paterno. For this reason Gerardo had ridden down the Val d'Arno, and was waiting in ambush. Corso Donati, two years previously, had, single-handed, attempted to free Messer Mazinghi dei Campi (*Villani*, Book vii., p. 114) from the city troops, and had failed. But this time the party would have a stronger force, and the immunities which the nobles had enjoyed since the Lombard invasion of Italy, should be again asserted in the teeth of the city.

Gerardo Visdomini, accordingly, was waiting outside the gates, when forth came the unhappy prisoner, in charge of the People's Captain, and surrounded by the city guards. Unaware of the contest that was impending, the warders did not close the gates or draw up the bridge over the fosse. No danger being apprehended, the gates stood open. The prisoner was on the point of being duly executed, when, on a preconcerted signal from the walls, the Visdomini rushed on the civic troops, and attacked the People's Captain. From within the city, troops of nobles came rapidly forth to join them. But, at the same time, the people, soon as they saw that the nobles were out, rushed to defend their guard. Plebeian sided with plebeian, and noble with noble. Fierce and obstinate was the fight, but the superior numbers of the popular party, and their mad rage at this sudden onslaught on the functionaries of justice, eventually won the day. Gerardo Visdomini and his men in mail fought bravely, but

what he termed the "rascaldom" (*la plebaglia*) were too many for him. The nobles from the city joined him a little too late, and, spite of all their best efforts, the patricians were discomfited with loss. They were obliged to retreat, but succeeded in carrying their dead and wounded off the field. Gerardo drew off his men reluctantly, and returned crest-fallen to his hill-Castle. Long after that was it before he re-entered the city by his own gate, called after his family, *Porta Visdomini*. Long was it ere he could hear mass in their own Church of *San Michele Visdomini*. Florence was too hot for him for a long while.

On the other side, the Podestà and the People's Captain were grievously incensed and roused at this gross infraction of legal order. Evil came of it to *Carlo dei Bostichi*, whom they had sought to rescue, for he, already condemned to have his head cut off outside the Roman Gate, was taken back into the city, and condemned to greater punishment than before. In a malignant spirit, it was decreed by the Priori, in their Tower of *La Castagna*, that he should be first dragged at the cart-tail — a fearful indignity and hideous disgrace for one of his blood — and next, that he should be hanged with a hempen rope until he died. Wherefore, for him, the end was worse than the beginning. In the fight, many of the townsfolk had perished, and were gone, without unction or viaticum, to that bourne whence none return. Many more lay wounded, faint, and bleeding, when the company of the *Misericordia*, in their red gowns and hoods, and with their red litters (the whole has since been changed to black) came upon the field. With them came also a party of Franciscan Friars, bearing a canopy, underneath which was carried the host, for comfort of any who might be in extremis. The Friars chaunted a Litany, and passed after the *Misericordia*. The scene was as sad and impressive as it could be. Among the monks walked Friar Peter, dealing out saws and sentences, as he stepped among the corpses. The sight of death and suffering had no power to soften his nature, and dissensions of the nobles among themselves, or disputes of nobles and people were too com-

mon to surprise him. As for the liberty or non-liberty of private citizens, it did not affect him. He was a churchman and a celibate, and as to what good or evil might grow out of these unseemly struggles, he cared nothing. A little lad, apparently sinking, was drinking a cup of water given to him by one of the red-cloaked Misericordia, who whispered that the lad was dying. Friar Peter dashed the water from the child's lips. "Is not the host taken fasting?" The lad looked wan and pale into Friar Peter's face. The Misericordia comforted him, but, with a weak gasp, the child sank back in their arms and died.

Another craved for help. He had been run through with a spear, and was bleeding profusely. "I shall see her again!" sighed he. He was Paul the writing-master, once the happy lover of the old scribe's daughter. He had rushed out of the city on hearing that a nobleman was to be executed. He had not fought, but had been run through merely because he was one of the common people. He had not even raised his hand. Friar Peter had years ago told him how it was one of the nobles who had carried away poor Fleurette, and from that time Paul had detested the very name of a noble, but, as to wounding one of them, he was too heart-broken. He too looked into Friar Peter's face, muttered that he should "see her again," and gave up his spirit.

"I am not sorry!" said the Friar to himself. "For all I told him that a nobleman had carried her away, he might some day have found out the hoax! Thank the saints he is out of my way!" As he thus mused, Argenti,* who shod his horse with silver shoes, one of the Tosighi, and a peloton of the Donati, rode scowling past. They were anxious to see how things might be going, but of the intended rescue not a chance remained, and they and others dispersed sulkily.

* Filippo Argenti belonged to a branch of the great Adimari. He was extremely rich, of great strength and stature, but wrathful and haughty. He would sometimes shoe his horse with silver, and ride recklessly among the poorer sort of folk in narrow streets.

From being Dante's friend he became his enemy, because Dante would not intercede for him with the city in a matter in which Argenti had been haughty and overbearing. He is mentioned *Inferno*, viii. 61-4. —(See Count Cæsar Balbo, *Vita di Dante*, p. 105.)

"Ay! sulk as ye will!" muttered Friar Peter, "we will mulct the whole of ye for this day's work. Nothing happens but brings grist to the Church's mill, if only rightly improved!" The Misericordia pursued their pious work. Women came out seeking for husbands, brothers, sons, and lovers, and the moon rose ere all the wounded and dead were carried into the city.

Far away at Paterno, Gerardo Visdomini was nursing a few cuts, for which old Gundulf the huntsman was the physician. "This comes, Sir," said he, "of meddling with those greasy aprons! 'Twould be long before I'd have suffered any wild brute of your own forests to behave so unmannerly to you! Me, they may hack and hurt, but the son of my dead master—never!"

BOOK IV.—CHAPTER VII.

BEATRICE AND FELICITAS.

“But say that years matured the silent strife,
And 'tis a record from the dream of life.”

COLERIDGE.

THE death of Master Folco Portinari proved the depth of his eldest daughter's love. Day after day she attached herself more strongly to his memory; thought on his kindnesses, and remembered all the loving words. Master Simon had respected, if he had not loved, the departed; he understood her grief, but failed to see that something more than this natural regret was causing her strength to ebb away. Lachesis was plucking the last fibres of lint from the distaff, and the last length of the thread of life was turning round the reel that weaves for eternity.

Beatrice reclined in her room, one sunny day of the spring of 1290. By her side lay a parchment gospel, and some medicine water, in a wooden bicker, hooped with silver. The shrill voice of Mistress Dorcas sounded below, “Go in Felicitas, go in; and say that I will return for you in the afternoon.”

A moment more, and two little hands tapped at the chamber door, and lifted the latch with a happy cry of joy. The child flew to her ailing sister, and covered her with kisses. “Softly, my darling!” said Beatrice, “I feel very weak.”

“Ah!” said the child, holding in her chubby hands an osier basket she had brought, “Here are things to make thee well! here are roses, and valley lilies, and violets! Here are *violæ pazze* (cyclamen), and a branch of *fior di Madonna* (honeysuckle), and a garland of wild marigolds that I plucked beside the river!”

The child laid the flowers beside her sister, and shewed her in the basket a cool heap of dewy leaves. "They will cool your forehead, dearest, and make you well, while I drip them on your brow." And the small happy hands did the kindly service.

"I am ill, darling," said Beatrice, "and yet God remembers me in my uselessness, and sends my Felicitas to bring the dew of His own wild flowers."

"What is the name of the leaves?" asked the child. "Dorcas does not know, but I find none that hold the dew so well."

"They are of the wild mullein, sweet one. I recognize their soft thick wool and curious veins. They are mountain dwellers, and grow very tall in the dear Apennines. Once, up near Vallombrosa, when I was like thee, my nurse, Stigliola, measured me with one of them; and the plant grew faster than I did, darling; but what more dost thou bring me?"

"Look, Beatrice, look!" cried the child, "Mamma sends these pearly flowers to be tied round thy neck to keep off harm. They have no leaves, nor stalks, but the flower rises at once out of the root, like a work in ivory.* Mamma, and old Dorcas, and I, set off yesterday to pray for thee at San Cresci a Valcava; and we pulled them there; but I cannot pray for hours like Mamma and Dorcas, I was naughty, and I fell asleep, while I was shutting my eyes in church to keep me from looking about. Wilt thou forgive me?"

"Dearest Felicitas!" said Beatrice, "the fields and woods, sweet as they are, have not a flower more pure and more fair than thee!"

"Yes, they have," replied the child. "They would not have done what I did. When I awoke, I was more naughty than before. Mamma and Dorcas had vowed a hundred prayers. You know the picture of Saint Anthony

* The meadow colchicum was long considered a preservative against sickness, and was worn as an amulet by the most learned persons. Haller combated this superstition. It yet lingers among the poor in Switzerland and Italy.

and his pig, near the altar, at the side? Well; you know St Anthony looked every way; so I began to play bo-peep with him—wherever I ran, St Anthony and the pig looked after me—so, when Dorcas found I was running about, she came and punished me. And then I saw a friar's robe jut out at the back of the picture, so I called him to help me; but he did not come; and Dorcas said I was wicked and naughty for speaking about a holy friar behind the picture, But I saw his gown, and of course it was his eyes that moved about so, and perhaps another friar's that looked out from the pig's head! Oh, it was such fun, till Dorcas came! When we got home, I had to stand in the stocks for two hours; but, oh, what fun it was!"

"Hush, darling," said Beatrice, "you must not talk so! you must not laugh about anything you see in Church; and you must not play bo-peep with the picture."

"Are you, too, angry with me?" asked the child, "I meant no harm."

"Angry, my darling? No, not angry; but you must be good, and do as you are told, and then every one will love you."

"Shall I read to you, Beatrice?" said the child, looking very grave.

"If you like, darling," replied Beatrice, "can you read quite alone?"

"Can I not?" said the little one, "you shall see how fast I am learning. Who wrote this book, sister? who painted those big letters? who made these lovely pictures?"

"An old scribe, darling, whom I used to love very much, and he had a young daughter, older than thou art, but somewhat like thee; for she was as blithe as a bird, my Felicitas."

"Where is she now?" asked the child. "I should like her to play with me."

"She cannot, pretty one; she is a long way off." And Beatrice sighed sadly; and Felicitas sighed too, and looked puzzled; but presently began to kiss the letters she thought the prettiest; and, pointing with her finger, she read very slowly the Latin text: "And Jesus said unto them, I am the

bread of life ; he that cometh to me shall never hunger ; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst. All that the Father giveth me shall come to me, and him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out" (Saint John vi. 35-37. "That is easy to read ; they are not hard words," said Felicitas, "but you know I cannot read any where, I can only read the verses I have learned, and it is very difficult."

"Good Felicitas ! how sweet it is to hear thy little voice ! I will give thee this lovely book some day to be thine own ; and by that time thou wilt be able to read it all."

"It will be a long time then," replied the child, mournfully, and Beatrice smiled. It seemed to her it would not be long before Felicitas would remain the only daughter of their father's house.

"What lovely angels ! oh what a charming picture !" exclaimed Felicitas, opening the parchment at another place. "Here are angels fluttering over a garden of flowers, attending the Saviour who is walking there !" And the child placed her little ruby mouth upon the page and reverently kissed it.

"Who painted it, sister ?"

"One who used to be a friend of mine, and of the old scribe who copied the book."

Dante, some years before, had sketched and coloured this vignette while watching Stephen Capchicot at his labour. He had a particular liking for drawing angels, and he knew the manuscript was for Beatrice. In the *Vita* he speaks of himself as thus employed in his own house ; and doubtless the ideality of Angels was long and early familiar to him ; for no poet of any age ever used the imagery of Angels so inimitably as he has done. It was no wonder that Beatrice loved the picture, and that Felicitas kissed it.

"May I find another ?" asked Felicitas.

"You will find none, darling," replied Beatrice ; "that is the only one that I have left."

She was tired, and soon fell asleep, with the wild flowers scattered round her, and sweet Felicitas sitting, hushed and still, to watch beside her.

The little sister and the elder one were surpassingly beautiful; the one ethereal and of perfect form; the other, sweet, rosy, and delightful—having no thought or knowledge that the unseen Reaper was awaiting the fairest sheaf of the green herb of Earth, to bind it, and bear it Home. Sleep on, most dear and excellent Beatrice. Watch, in thy childish vigilance, sweet, dimpled, darling Felicitas!

It was at this time that Dante wrote the exquisite poem, which we know among his *Minor Works*, as the Fifth Canzone. Referring the Italian student to the matchless original, "*Morte poich 'io non truovo a cui mi doglia*," we will add, that this most loving of all his pieces, contains five stanzas of intense feeling. We subjoin an attempt at rendering the first of them into English:—

" Oh Death, since I find none with whom to mourn,
None who will feel for me, or grant me sighs,
Look where I may,—or wheresoe'er I turn;
Because, too, thou art he who strippest me
Of boldness, and dost give me miseries,
Clothing me with misfortune as a robe;
(For that thou mak'st me either rich or poor,
As pleaseth thee;) Behold me at thy door,
Like to a person ready laid to die.
I come to thee, Death, as to some one kind
And merciful, beseeching thee to heed
My tears for that sweet peace thou wilt unbind,
If thou my Lady takest; if thy greed
Removes the dear one who my being holds,
And who, within herself, all glory folds."

BOOK IV.—CHAPTER VIII.

DANTE AND GUIDO CAVALCANTI IN THE MARSHES.

“In the air my noble, generous Falcon ascends to such a height as the dull eyes of beasts and fish are not able to reach to.”

(Walton's *Complete Angler*.)

No hours are ever so painful to the student as those when, having been visited by sorrow, and thirsting for relief, he tries to extinguish grief in study, and finds himself incapable of the effort. If his mind could but grasp the usual subjects, all would be well; but the mind refuses, and the tyrant grief asserts its mastery.

Thus was it with Dante at the time when Monna Celia, with Felicitas and Dorcas (more happy in their credulity than he in stronger wisdom), solaced their fears by journeying to repeat a hundred prayers in the Church of San Cresci a Valcava. The illness of Beatrice was now acknowledged to be serious; and his imagination (as the loveliest of his lyrical pieces remain to prove), dwelt continually on the danger of the lady he had so dearly loved. Soon after his return from Caprona, and her return from Rome, as he rode along the bank of a running stream, in the country beyond Fiesole, while he thought of her, there came into his mind the two first lines of the Canzone, “*Donne ch' avete intelletto d'amore,*” in which poetical fancy clothes his fear of her death in sentiments the most ecstatic; and while he speaks of himself as “expecting to lose her,” in the same sentence he reveals the purpose he even then held, of celebrating her hereafter in the realms beyond. And yet, the imagination already busied with the intention of the Divina Commedia, broke down repeatedly beneath the sorrow of this common human woe. His thoughts, usually

active and fresh, had grown laggard and melancholy; and, even in the chamber, wont to be so tastefully adorned, all things betokened neglect.

Some one knocked, opened the door and entered. It was his friend Guido dei Cavalcanti.

At a glance, the visitor saw that the peculiar malady, popularly called "a broken heart," was wearing the noble spirit, and dimming the fearless eyes of the student. "I must rouse him with some scheme of change," thought Cavalcanti; and, presently, a simple expedient occurred to him. His wife was the most intimate companion of the Lady Beatrice; and he knew, from her, that the physicians, in accordance with the curious and fanciful practice of that age, had that day ordered for their patient the heart and liver of a fresh killed heron. He mentioned the circumstance, but Dante only smiled and said, "Their nostrums will not save her. This work has been long in hand. She was one whom happiness might have saved; whom disappointment was sure to injure. She is heavenward-bound. It is three years since she told me that her heart was dead; and that the life of her happier youth survived in memory only. I remember the hour—the place—the time. It was beside the Monk's Ford, near to the stream; even now I see the hues of light that played in the listening trees; the very ripple that wreathed the waves beside her; ay, Guido, I recall the scents of flowers that gemmed the dewy sward; I hear the song of warbling birdlets overhead; I hear her speak the words of that parting time; and, in all her sadness, I see her, as she stood there, a joy to look on! Alas! I thought of nothing but my suffering and her surpassing beauty. I saw not then, that the decay of grief was at the root. Three years of what they call Obedience—have completed it. Make me the flowers green again that are withered! Your Vera knows, and sees that I may not hope. You, and she only, know my bitter grief—and to you only, Guido, may I disclose it!"

"Look you, Dante," replied the other, "while there is life there is hope; and, seeing her husband is no fowler,

and her brothers are gone to Pisa on their affairs, let us sally forth and seek her a bird or two, to fulfil the order of the physicians. Alp Arslan must be sickening of the stall; and as I passed in I saw your falcons, Julia, and Nelle, and the rest, dropping their wings and cowering for lack of change. Long is it since they went forth, with hood and bewit-bell. Bring them out, with mine; and let us try our luck, first, on your own ground, at Pagnolla, and then, if you like, on my water farm."

"Be it so," replied Dante. "Neither steed nor bird ought to suffer for my misery; nor should I miss the chance of doing her good. She will know, too, that I remember—ay, I do indeed remember. Thanks, Guido, this is friendly of you."

So soon as preparations could be made, and they were not suffered to be lengthy, the friends started for the country north of Fiesole. Here Dante possessed farms on the streams called Le Falle and Le Sieci.* On his ground they were to seek game first.

Spring was less advanced upon the hills than in the sheltered vallies; but everywhere, far or near, the prospect was full of beauty. Each plant and tree seemed steeped in joyous life. The wild gourd on the green banks trailed its long stems, with thousand glossy leaves and pallid blossoms. Catkins and goslings tasselled the willow bushes by the brooks; alders hung out green tufts of shaggy scales; the oaks their budding spikes and slender threads; the chestnuts glistened with sheathes as of varnished leather, shielding their infant leaves. The silver birch showed flower-buds tiled like the cones of larch and pine. The cypress and the yew made no rejoicing, but rustic medlars spread their snowy flowers; the mulberry her emerald starlets; and lilies, violets, cyclamen, and mullein, such as Felicitas had gathered, gladdened the brakes and knolls. For, all around, God's pencil streaked the leaves, proportioned heat or cold to every station, and clothed the reviving earth; while vernal breezes spoke of promise, and all things welcomed back the time of

* *Fraticelli, Vita di Dante, page 43.*

joy. The very servants felt the good change from the close-walled town. The falcons, too, hooded as they were, welcomed the open air, and, borne upon their perches, crabbed less than usual.

"The air is wild and sweet," said Dante, "but I question if we find a bird till near the dark."

"No matter," replied the other; "I care not though we stay out all night. Thou and I have often done so before. The land is lonely—none but ourselves frequent it. I will begin by flying my best haggard against your Nelle. I have christened her Dolka, from the fellow I bought her of. Dost mind the contest she had yonder with a wild duck on the green rag there, where the bank-martins are flying to and fro?"

Alighting in the valley, north of Fiesole, they left the horses and attendants, and went on with only two varlets, one carrying a relay of birds, and the other to act as scout or finder. Either sportsman, as they reached the marshy ground, attended to the falcon on his wrist, and began to unstrike her hood.

"Beppo, creep down the near side there," said Cavalcanti; "and if you see a heron, send him our way."

The falconers stood in a sheltered creek, where a slight elevation of the water-bank offered covert from any wild fowl that might be near. The lad, well-trained, advanced stealthily, and descried but one solitary feeder, on which he gained slowly till he made him rise, and fly in the direction of his masters. The unconscious bird, stretching his thin neck, and long receding legs, flew to the very spot where the sportsmen waited.

In an instant Cavalcanti unhooded the haggard, whistled softly to provoke her to fly, and, as she roused, threw her off with a hearty whoop. The heron, checked at the sight of an enemy, began to ascend. Boldly rose the haggard after him.

"Now," said Dante, "it is time to fly, Nelle, for the young one has had a fair start." Off went Nelle's hood and plume, and with a cheery shout he cast her off. The birds

were intently watched by their owners; despondency was forgotten for the time; and the friend rejoiced. "Now," cried Dante, "the haggard closes with long beak! Oh, bold and rash young bird, thou wilt be lost!" And so it befel; for, in coming down to strike, the falcon missed aim, and was torn on the up-turned beak of the heron. It fell to the ground, a heap of mangled feathers, ruffled and forlorn. "Fortune of war!" said Cavalcanti, turning the dead bird with his foot, "and perhaps my fault for trying her against such an adversary; but look at Nelle! she watches every turn of the quarry, and rises above him at each succeeding round! But, hark! the cry of distress! down they come, and will fall, yonder, beside the bank-martins!"

Hastening to the spot, the sportsmen reached it just as Nelle and the heron, exhausted and weary, fell to the ground. Dante clutched the neck of the heron, and thrust his bill into the sward; while Cavalcanti secured his legs, to protect Nelle while she still hovered over her foe. But she was not suffered to plume or break the enemy, which was destined for a lady's acceptance; and Dante, slipping under her a pigeon, which his serving-varlet had killed for her at the moment, rewarded her for the work she had done. While she fed, the heron was taken up, hung on a pole to cool, and presently despatched by trusty messenger to Florence.

"That heron may suffice for necessity, but not for pride," said Cavalcanti; "It would be well to send more, and complete a proper gift, when we return to-morrow. Let us ride on to my hunting-booth, and rest till midnight, when the moon will rise like a car-borne queen above these wilds, and give us glorious glimpses in our fowling till the morning. See, the far rocks grow dim—the mountains blacken—let us away."

The way to the hunting-booth, or lodge, led them from the marshes to a declivity on the verge of the dense woods of that part of Tuscany. The steep on which it stood was dotted with ancient trees, and the surrounding ground, thick

with underwood, was full of the brown curled leaves of common fern, coiling each plant into a fanciful resemblance to the claws of a beast of prey. The peasants, from this strange resemblance, call them "lions' feet." Already was it dark beneath the trees, when a man might still have recognised a friend in the open. Fern-owls glanced, meteor-like, across the wood, and hailed each other with a clattering as of castanets. "Those wild calls remind one of the dance and song in Florence," remarked Cavalcanti: "I wish I had brought some lute or rebeck to pass the time, and try our skill in such fancies as the hour and place might send us."

"I feel too sad," said Dante, "the inevitable past haunts me and the present oppresses me. I care not for anything, as I used to do; and,—yet,—I strive to keep up a good fair courage as I best may—but this wild nature lifts half the load away. Hark to those strange night-birds!"

"There is something about all birds," remarked Cavalcanti, "that invariably reminds me of women. Birds of day, or birds of night—of land, or of water, solitary or gregarious—they all remind me of the fair dames who rule our fate, and make or unmake our destiny. And when even a lover like thyself, Dante, of the unforgetting sort, talkest of women, though one we know of is ever uppermost, yet many a rounded arm, and snowy neck, and dimpled cheek, and mischievous dark eye, has flitted past thee, leaving a gentle wound of a day's lasting! The most love-sick amongst us must acknowledge a far from incontestable fidelity; and no wonder—'tis the women that tempt us with their likeness to these roguish birds of the wood, that set me moralising. The birds have soft, clear voices, so have women; most of them are loquacious, so are women; many are gregarious, so are women; they are all apt at pairing, so are women. There is a roundness, and a deftness, and a neatness in their forms, as there is in the forms of women. They are light, and airy, and volatile, and so are women. They are given to scolding, and

making a din about small matter, and so are women. They are coquettish, coy, and disdainful, and so are women ; shy, while young, and so are women in the years of prettiness ; and, truth to speak, those are the years of their age that I have the most studied !”

“Truly,” replied Dante, “the comparison which I thought rashly instituted at first is not a bad one. It bears out, Guido, thy reputation as a logician, and proves that, with all thy philosophy and disdain, thou hast not been too delicate and fastidious to note the doings of the unlearned half of the human kind, and to observe the courtesies of society. Better are wisdom and truth gained in this way, than by the ostentatious parade of isolation we see too much of.”

By this time, they had reached the hunting booth. “It is not pannelled with cedar,” remarked its owner, “but the place is dry and familiar.”

It was a wooden building, made of larch poles, crossed with unbarked beams, and having the interstices filled with grig, ling, fern, heath, furze, and such like. In the outer room was a rough table of a huge tree, hewn three feet from the ground. Here refreshments were promptly laid.

“God’s faith, man !” continued Cavalcanti, “there is another good that women do to men like us. They keep us from too much moping, and make our minds healthier. They are such ready wretches with their tongues ! I have sometimes caught a quick light from some damsel’s chatter, that I had never hit on in my study, I can tell thee ! nay more ; I will own it now that we are out of their hearing, for the very fairest of them would hold her head higher if she thought it—we, who are studying to form our spoken tongue into a written speech, that shall oust the Latin, we learn more from listening and observing the clever and apposite talk of women, and how they mould the vulgar idiom into strength and power, than we should gather, in a century’s time among ourselves. Moreover, in our vernacular poems, who do we write for ? The women,

to be sure, who all hate Latin, and would read Provençal or French, if their own tongue were any longer neglected. Let us leave Latin to the Churchmen and the lawyers, who have debased the speech of Cicero, and brought it to a canine pass; 'tis a worn-out old cloak, and we must cast it from us, and rise with this reviving age, to the women's tongue, which is the speech of our country's future; for what says Cassiodorus?—'*Disciplina imperandi est amare quod omnibus expedit.*'"

"What a godsend it is," said Dante, "to have a friend who spurs me in the best that I attempt! How often thy counsels have sharpened and encouraged me; and to hear them here in this solitude of nature, looking out on the azure sky, with the lady moon just rising in the gorge of yonder mountains, is a positive luxury! Afar, afar, some bright stars shine from out the myriad train, as thou shinest among thy peers; they gem the mighty vault, and look on our hopes and sorrows with the crystalline imperviousness of things celestial. Thank God, that mortal men are less removed from us, even though their mental force and strength transcend our own! Thank God that I have a friend like thee, for it is a great support and vast consolation, to hear one's own thoughts struck from other minds, and to feel the link of sympathy continued. This matter of language may seem a small matter to our descendants centuries hence; but it is a giant question now; the progress of our nation depends upon it; for none can revive the people's interest in a tongue which their fathers spoke, but which conquest, and change, and the flow of years, have caused to die. Ignorance is a malady of the soul, Guido. It is the malady of the slothful; and, like low-spiritedness, is an impediment to virtue. Thou hast often told us so, in our meetings, and I recognise and realize thy meaning. If I receive friendship from thee, Guido, truly I return it; and I thank thee with the heart and voice of one whom thou encouragest to do greater things. With men like thee, a casual incident, an every-day remark, brings out a whole train of natural sequences, and, without

strain or effort, shows some useful truth. Yes, I see a new meaning in those words of Cassiodorus, '*Disciplina imperandi est amare quod omnibus expedit.*' *Imperandi!*—Guido, if ever I compass that, thou wilt have urged me on!"

BOOK IV.—CHAPTER IX.

THE HERONRY AT NIGHT.

“Alas! the warp’d and broken board,
How can it bear the painter’s dye?
The harp of strain’d and tuneless chord,
How to the minstrel’s skill reply?”

WALTER SCOTT.

THE night proved one of those in which neither cold nor heat were apparent, neither chill, nor closeness, nor mist, nor wind, but an accord and harmony of quiet influences. The friends, leaving the booth, and descending to the plain, sought the marshy lands of the water-farm, where pools, dotted irregularly over the expanse, stretched away into alternate lakes and ponds of varied aspect, but all was solitary and presented no sign of habitation. Little frequented save occasionally for the sport of fowling, these pools were, especially in winter, the haunts of every description of wild swan, bittern, ibis, spoonbill, grebe, scaup-duck, teal, snipe, and plover. Seabirds, in stormy weather, would come there from the adjacent coasts, and the cold season showed on these meres a world of vigorous amphibious life.

But most had migrated to breed in colder climates. The heron was the bird the friends chiefly sought, though others yet remained, and the scene presented a picture of wild nature, almost bewildering, so varied were the sounds borne across the pools, and so great the distances from which they travelled.

The soft short whistle of the cock-widgeon, and the purring noise of his hens, as they collected, rose sharp and distinct in the silence. Birds settled on the meres, clapped their bills, as if at the listener’s side, and the feeding of far-off flocks came on the ear, not like the thing it

was, but like the dropping of a waterfall. As the friends cautiously drew near, some of the crowds of birds seemed islands in the moonlight, that loomed blacker and more black, as you approached, till a slight breeze would ruffle the water, and darken the whole scene alike.

"This is the best of nights for seeing the winged nations," whispered Dante. "In dark weather they are suspicious and watchful, and in rain they are eternally on the wing."

Fleets of wild ducks, soon to migrate northward, covered the smaller ponds and paddled fussily among the reeds. In preening, or toying, they flapped their wings with a shrill and melancholy sound that sighed among the rushes. Threading their way through fen and pool, by reeds and sedgy shallows, Dante and Cavalcanti crossed the first stretch of the plain, with slow and silent steps, exciting little notice from the dwellers on the meres. Further on, over some pasture lands, they sought a mountain stream, that from the hills flowed into a low and muddy reach, where, bordered by lofty trees, was a place called the Heron's Creek, into which Cavalcanti had introduced a new and rarer kind. The water's edge was dotted with scrubby willows and stunted oaks, that hedged in the deep sludge and heavy mire. Our fowlers squatted for a time in a deep pit or hole, prepared on purpose beside the mere, hoping that some old heron, like a grey, awkward Samson, might stalk along that way. But only little flocks of teal pattered into the lake of moonshine that glimmered before the ambush.

In the solitude the sounds of winged life were rife and curious. Bitterns and storks fed among the flags, snapping their bills as though an army had lived amid the rushes. At times an otter would be heard to croon and sob his melancholy way through the rank grass, till a sound, as of a heavy stone cast into a dyke, would tell that he had flopped into the stream.

"'Tis not a cheerful place," said Cavalcanti.

"No," replied his friend; "not cheerful, certainly. Yet

it is only lonely to us, because it is not made for such as we are. Why judge all matters by our own small measure? Does not this solitude know all the loves and joys of watery creatures, formed by the self-same Hand that planned our breath? and fitted, in His wisdom, to tribute back to Him their free enjoyment? If it pleased God to turn the world into the old silence, as Esdras hath it, these voices would still witness for their Father."

"There comes thy verse and vein of poesy!" retorted Guido. "See, there's a field for thee! The marsh, dotted with corpse-candles, and Will o' the Wisp, hovering and glimmering, like Satan fleeing before the Archangel!"

"Tush Guido! Look rather," said Dante, "through the light of chastest Dian, and see those acres of birds, whuttering, chattering, cackling, hissing, whistling to the lovely night; some spinning out of sight, and others fluttering in and between the little restless nations on the pools!"

"Thou wilt grow short-eyed with moon-glare!" answered Cavalcanti. "I would rather see one of my gaudy strangers,* with their heads and necks of gold, and their wings fair and white like a maid's shoulders! There is a colony of them yonder, in the trees. They never mingle with the common sort. An I see one, I will wing him with the cross-bow. They are not sitting yet."

Just then the friends spied, some distance off, a group of melancholy birds stalking on the muddy shore. "There they are!" said Cavalcanti, "below the oaks, east of the willow garth! Creep round, and let us get to windward of them!"

As they picked their way, sounds, as of a human voice, came to them from the direction of the oaks.

"Some fowler here before us!" exclaimed Dante.

"No! no!" replied the other. "The laws against taking herons are strictly enforced, and the penalty is enormous."

"Is it Inturna, Goddess of the meres, revisiting her old Etruscan pools?"

* *Heron aigrette dorée* of Temminck, "a variety found at Bologna, in Italy," says Colonel Montague.

"There goes your Pegasus, astride on nothing!" laughed Cavalcanti.

"Laugh as you will!" answered Dante, "if it be not Inturna, it is some one not unlike her; for she was pictured a woman, and young; and, if ever I heard the voice of a damsel, I hear one now! If that is not the voice of one, and not far from us, my senses have left me! Listen! hark! listen!"

They stood fast; and the voice came again on the night air. Presently a snatch of broken song was mingled with it.

"By the Mass!" exclaimed Guido; "did I not tell thee that birds are allied to women? That voice is half bird, half maiden; and yet, it can be but a bird's; unless it has fallen out that some fabulous being is mocking us, and calling to the moon, here, in the wilderness!"

"Let us go and see!" replied Dante; and, as they moved towards it, the voice rose again from the same spot.

Now, walking silently, and pressing cautiously in that direction, they neared a long belt of trees, where the herons built; and there, in a clump of bushes in the silvery light, sat a living creature. It had the wild and haggard figure of a woman, crooning to herself with a thrilling and fitful voice, that, now-and-then, deposed its human accent to mock the wild birds of morass and river. A bittern, feeding below the willow-garth, cried, as its kind are wont, like a dog barking; and the figure answered the bittern with a sound as guttural and dog-like. Then followed silence; and the figure turned to look up at the trees. In the moonlight, the sportsmen saw the features of a young girl, in thin and tattered garments, all forlorn; but still they said nothing. Her mind was with the coots and water-hens, making strange noises, as though she talked to them. Then, fanciful and irresolute, she imitated the whistle of the curlew to the life, and then the cry of the little red-shank—and then silence again.

"Is she some creature of our imagination?" asked Dante, scarcely crediting the thing he saw. But she warbled to

herself some snatch of an air they knew, and they discerned words of their own Tuscan speech.

"She is a woman, sure enough!" said Cavalcanti.

She had a squirrel with her, that seemed tame, and took beech-mast and nuts from out her bosom, and cracked them on her shoulder or on her arm as she chose to let him. But, as she walked, she seemed to hide some burden, until, with a childish gesture, sitting down, she laid a dead heron across her knee, and began to pluck it. Her hair was long, and matted on her neck, and into its miserable plaits or folds she stuck the heron plumes, to make a crown.

"'Tis a strange Hamadryad!" said Cavalcanti, "let us creep up and speak to her."

Not so carefully, however, could the friends do this, but that the figure heard their tread, and started and listened, like a hind catching the scent of hunters.

She was leaving the dead heron, and would have broken away, but Cavalcanti, who was nearest, caught her by the arm and detained her.

He questioned, but she gave no answer; only a scream, a gesture of despair, a glance at the golden heron, and the pretty plumes scattered where she had been sitting.

"Who art thou? and what dost thou here?" repeated Cavalcanti; and, when she answered not, but shrank into herself, and tried to escape, he shook her arm, as if to waken her to language. The attempt succeeded, for she sang hoarsely:

"He grasped my arm,
He tore my hair;
'Twas death's alarm
And fiery glare;
Gaffer Death!
Ho! Hallo!

"In the vault so cold,
Did he bleeding lie,
And the monk so old,
To my Father told,
We came there to die!
Gaffer Death!
Ho! Hallo!"

She cowered with a terror, as of frantic fear, and continued :

“Friar Peter lied,
In his sin and pride ;
And the Angels wept,
But my Father died ;
I am Paul’s dead bride,
And my soul hath slept ;
Gaffer death !
Ho ! Hallo !”

“She is mad,” said Cavalcanti, “ought I to loose my hold !”

“Not for worlds !” replied Dante, who had been intently considering her.

“Would she understand the creed ? or the Pater Noster ? dost thou think ? or any form of words that the children use for prayers ?”

“No ;” replied Dante again. “Hold her fast, for passing strange it is, but I think I know her. Fleurette ! Fleurette Capchicot ! Dost thou remember the old tortoise ?”

But she returned no answer, struggled to escape, and uttered incoherent syllables.

“She is not deaf, for she heard the birds ;” said Dante. “It seems she has forgotten her name. I will try your suggestion, and say a Pater to her.”

He did so, and the words might have provoked a recollection, for she had often copied the Pater and the Credo, into school-boys’ primers, but there came no recognition of any sort. She glanced round cunningly, and made another effort to escape ; sometimes, pretending pain, or alarm, or sudden fear ; at others, remaining motionless, till with a sudden jerk, she would endeavour to break away.

Dante lifted the heron, examined its feet, and found that she had snared it with a tight line. When he touched the plumes she had taken from it, she moaned very plaintively.

“Seest thou,” said Cavalcanti, “even in this poor soul, the love of ornament ?”

But Dante was not in a moralizing vein—“Tush, Guido,” replied he, “this is the daughter of the poor scribe, who

died, in torture, for heresy. Dost not remember? Her sweetheart was Paul the writing-master, whom I took to the Vallombrosa."

The girl sang hoarsely again :

" And the Angels wept,
But my Father died ;
I am Paul's dead bride,
And my soul hath slept ;
Gaffer Death !
Ho ! Hallo ! "

All this was chaunted piteously, but with such puzzled incoherent looks, that the friends thought the clouded instinct of her mind might, perchance, grasp some consciousness, if only they could help it the right way.

" A chance there is," said Dante, " if I could call to her as her lover used to do ; poor fellow ! killed the other day, you remember, outside the gates. She might recognise the sound. Of a summer's evening, he used to whistle under her father's window, for herself or the old man to rise and open to him. I have heard it often, when I was writing there with the old scribe. God ! to think how her father died, and to see her here ! " And he gave a low whistle, as Paul the writing master used to do, with a merry call at the end of it, such as the mountain lads contrive, somehow, in the throat, like a reed pipe playing at trills.

The maiden turned upon him, and stared, with eyes strangely fixed, gazed intently on his face, seemed disappointed ; and two tears, big, large, and lustrous, fell down her sunken cheeks, without a word. She made no other sign, but presently relapsed into her former dreaminess, in a slow and obstinate manner, like a child turned sulky.

" That, too, has failed ! " said Dante ; " the mind is nearly gone."

" Did she perceive anything, thinkest thou ? " asked Cavalcanti ; " was it, in truth, some glimmer of a former life that made her stare at thee so intently ? And when she seemed disappointed, did she expect her lover's face in thine ? or was it but a vague impression ?—yet something

she felt, surely—or why those tears? And now, see how ill-tempered the poor thing looks! Canst thou read it, Dante?”

“It is difficult,” replied the other, “and hard to understand. There was a quickening of the intelligence for a moment; just as I used to see, when Felicitas was an infant, a smile pass over her face while she was sleeping; and you thought she saw her mother in her dreams; yet, when awake, she knew not me from Beatrice, or Beatrice from me. And so with this darkened mind before us. The light flashed, perhaps, on some tender chord, but found it threadbare or broken! The Psalmist tells us that the Almighty treasures the tears of suffering in His bottle; and St Paul affirmeth that God is not far from any one of us. Will He not make a record, Guido, of this persecution?”

Yes, noble friends! who could feel, from what you knew, though the whole iniquity was, in mercy, hidden from your sight; you might well lift your minds to the immense love of the Eternal Patience, from the wonder and the weakness of the darkness of this world!

“What are we to do?” said Cavalcanti; “I know no peasant here with whom she can live. Whence can she have wandered to this place, and where shall we lead her?”

He had scarcely spoken, when they were approached by a crone leaning on a staff, and carrying in one hand a leathern thong, which, soon as she saw the maiden, she lashed, and, with an imprecation, bade her “beware its teeth.” If the sportsmen had been surprised at finding the maiden, they felt now as though a gorgon had risen from the ground; for the crone was as hideous as Tisiphone. But far other were they than the dull rustics the hag was wont to meet, who fled from her approach if she crossed their path in the night hours; and this difference she was not slow to perceive. “Ha! ha!” cried she, “fine gentry! noble hunters! stopping a lone maid at night, and a curse to them! Idiot! give me the bird, and mind his feathers are not broken! the bird is mine, I say!” and again she raised the thong. The maiden shrieked, and with both *hands* removed the feathers from her hair, and held them out

"Whatever be your name, dæmon or fiend," said Guido to the crone, "take yourself off these lands, for they are mine, and you are none of my people—I know them all. That heron, like all else here, belongs to me."

"The Little Brethren of St Francis, the Poverelli di Dio, are the only masters I know," answered the crone; "the maiden belongs to me, and sometimes she finds wild fowl, if any lie about dead in the marshes."

"So I perceive," said Cavalcanti, restraining, with difficulty, his anger. "Where do you live?"

"Our hut is by the rock-side, a good step from here, on the abbey lands, my lord; but the girl wanders night and day; she may have picked up the bird, a league or two from here, on some land of another lord's—she cannot tell; but what she finds is mine, and of no use to noble gentlemen. Come away, girl!" and again she lashed her thong, and threatened the maiden.

"The heron is mine, Hecate," replied Cavalcanti. "It is of a rare and valuable kind I brought here from Orient, and none but me possess them in the country. Moreover, this bird has been snared with a line, as its feet show; therefore I shall take it and you to Florence."

"Ho! ho!" shrieked the crone; "take me to Messer lo Podestà, and the great magistrates, they will think me worth the trouble! I that am seventy-one, the saints preserve me! Yes! lead me there, and I will send for good Friar Peter, and you gentry may try your chance against him if you like! My curse on ye for frightening the maiden, and taking the bird from a poor-house! We give the heron to the Abbot when we get a young one; and the plumes I dress and sell to the merry gallants in the city. I did the same in the Val d'Ema, when the Little Brethren kept the prisoners there* before they gave me the hut yonder. Come hence, fool maiden, come away! Let her

* The Florentine Inquisition first used for their prisoners some rooms in the Certosa Monastery, in Val d'Ema; but the monks were so disturbed by cries and groans, that they paid a yearly sum to be rid of the prisoners, who were moved to the city.—(*Lami. Lezioni d'Antichità Toscano*, vol. xxvi., page 52.)

go, my lord, let her go! You may try for ever; the idiot knows no sign but this lash of mine; you might talk to her—ay, you might talk till this day next year—she could not answer; but I manage her right cleverly with the lash—ay do I. Let her come with me, my lord, like a noble gentleman, as you no doubt are! What can an old woman, and a crazy one, matter to great lords like you?” And the hag alternately cringed and threatened, in her efforts to get away.

“Here,” said Dante, “is an unlooked-for end of our night-fowling. Let us lead crone and maiden up to Fiesole, to the Franciscans, and complain of the trespass and of the snaring. Guido, I cannot forsake this helpless victim; time was I knew her beautiful and happy! Come what may, I must endeavour to free her from this destitution, and that lash. Perchance we may prevail with the Abbot to release the girl from that vicious hag. Wilt thou go with me?”

“Go with thee?—of course I will! I am not the man to shrink from my own matters; and, the bird being mine, the case hinges, first of all, on my right of land. But dost thou count the cost? This girl has a dark history; thou mayest not recall it with impunity. That cunning crone referred to certain prisons a moment ago; she knows the power of her masters, and does not fear us. Remember, too, Dante, how her good Friar Peter is that same friar who has ever been a bitter enemy to thee!”

“I remember only,” replied Dante, “that this miserable maiden was the early playmate of Beatrice Portinari.”

“This maiden must answer for what she has done,” said Cavalcanti; “as for you, her keeper, or whatever you may be, you may follow us or not as suits your pleasure.”

“Ho! ho!” shrieked the crone, while she saw the maiden led away; “I must e’en tell Friar Peter! Oh, the dainty thumb-screws, and the sweet rack, and the fine-shaped bootkins! and oh the squire-like places where they be! By Saint Joseph, I shall see what I shall see! and I will out with my best hood for to see the show! wild fowl and

golden herons! Ay, they'll get a view of another sort that meddle with my fool maiden, I be a-thinking! She be good-looking yet when the fits leave her; maybe the noble gentlemen think to take her with them for a dancing zingara! Ha! ha! they will learn another sort of dancing up at Fiesole! I know they will! Lord bless us all! when I was a girl I was fifty times handsomer than ever she was, and yet none of the gentry ever looked much at me; and my man was a goatherd under the Franciscans, heyho! Forty-seven year, come Candlemas, I've a-lived under friars, and I be their servant; and that maiden, she be *my* servant; and noble gentlemen need not think to make her a dancing zingara! Ho! ho! ha! ha! we be a-going up to the Abbey, be we; up the hill among the cypresses; up the hill by the stations of the Calvary. Ay, I used to go that way too when I was a young girl, forty and more years ago! But my old face will scarcely be as welcome now! Bless you, what noble, gallant gentlemen you be! Could ye not let me and my maid go free? For the love of our Lady, will ye? No? Well, then, a murrain cleave to ye! If ye will dare your doom, ten thousand curses on ye!"

And the crone talked, and talked; and the maiden sped her way; and Guido and Dante accompanied them to Fiesole.

BOOK IV.—CHAPTER X.

THE FRANCISCANS OF FIESOLE.

“ The Abbey’s walls, devoted once to good,
Are dens become ; the cowls that did contain
Good nutriment, now swell with evil food.

Jordan, driven backward, and the sea that fled
At God’s command, were miracles indeed,
Likelier than those here needful.”

(*Paradiso*, xvii. 76-94.) Wright’s Translation.

It was late when Cavalcanti and Dante reached Fiesole, for the crone and Fleurette, carrying the dead heron, could walk but slowly. They had to wake the guard at the gate, and entreat an entrance, and bestow a guerdon, ere the great gates yawned to receive their passage through the Cyclopean arch of old Etruscan * work, that had guarded this entrance to the city two thousand years. “ Ah ! ” said Dante, looking up at it in the moonlight, “ a grand old work ! Who knows but Atlas built it ? He, the heaven-supporter, wondrous star-student—travelling from his Mauritanian kingdom, lost his daughter here, and buried her, and in memory of her did found and build Fiesole. Ay, we Florentines quarter her arms with ours, since the old union of the cities ; but we were only her port, or harbour, when Fiesole first flourished ! ”

“ Ay,” said Cavalcanti, “ they invented Jove’s triple thunderbolt here ; emblems of the three metals worked at ancient Fiesole, in the twilight of the world. But where is this Monastery ? and are we not forgetting the right road ? ”

Truly they were like to do so, and the hag knew it, and

* This famous gateway, unique of its kind, was unfortunately taken down in 1849, and its huge blocks were carried away. It was the sole and only surviving monument of its kind.

rejoiced ; but though the Franciscans were hard to find in the maze of those tortuous streets into which they strayed, the travellers remembered to descend the hill, and seek the Monastery by its special road, rudely paved and steep, bordered with cypresses on either side, and planted with crosses to assist devotion. The crone, though both irritated and fatigued, commenced certain prayers, and, at each cross, groaned audibly. The maiden took no note of the way, but sped on, silent and careless of all but the gaudy colours of the bird she seemed to prize. Her mistress kept her in view, and, with harsh words and ways, hindered her from stopping or lingering. Once, a gay serving-man attending his master, flashed into sight from some rendezvous among the cypresses ; the gaudy hues wakened her, till they passed, into some small observance. Did they unlock some slumbering recollection of that former life of hers, in the merry town, where she had a father and lover, and was one of the troops of girls cheerful as herself ? But a moment later, Fleurette gave a childish cry of vexation, and had forgotten them.

While our wayfarers toil up the cypress road, let us observe the dwellers within the walls of the Franciscan Abbey, and take a glance at those godly and heaven-wise persons, who, as old Fuller said, "turned solitariness itself into society."

In the open country, all the scents of evening were abroad, from chestnut copses bordered with sweet broom, and wildernesses of all kinds of heaths. Cliffs, clothed with clustering firs, sheltered the springs and lilies of the hills. The birch-trees waved beside the silvery calms of stream and lake. Figs, pomegranates, bay-trees, the fragrant roses, the climbing ivy, beautified the parks and gardens. Wild glens of beech-trees, sweeps of wood and lawn, crevices of emerald moss, thickets of jessamine, groves of the tufted ilex, and shrubberies of myrtle, glistened with the dew that moonlight loves. Groves of orange and citron hung on the declivities, and wafted perfume to the breezes of the night. Such was the sight of Nature, far and near.

Within the Abbey, the Monks were all at supper in the Refectory ; for it had been a gala day, when the Abbot entertained strangers. His Reverence, in a high chair, placed under a canopy of embroidered samite, presided with such dignity as he could. Adorning the back of his chair might be seen a rude painting of Saint Francis raising the dead youth from out a crate or coffin, the picture itself framed in beaten gold, studded with pearls and rubies. At intervals, the Abbot's tonsure would touch the picture, as he leaned back, and he would remark that the dead youth should have held two apples in his hands, according to the letter of the legend ; or that, that other miracle of St Francis, causing a woman to be borne off bodily by the Father of Lies, would have made a more pleasant and edifying painting. Talk like this, not large and instructive, but small and puerile, beguiled the feast ; for, never at open tables are the hidden wheels of the machinery that snares the world exposed to observation. The sleek and burly friars related legendary tales, wherein the King of Darkness and the King of Death were tutelary gods. No thoughtlessness of natural gaiety broke from the Novices, or the Elect at the Novice Master's table ; no good and holy talk of righteous men was heard at the long table of the Convent ; but endless sending of dishes from one to other, and lengthy complaints, and superfluous use of signs, that strangely intricate finger-talk-ing, that grew out of the rule of enforced silence. Not this the world of healthful air and flowers, where goats and kids skipped, and maidens gathered myrtle and plied the distaff !

Friar Peter had walked up from Florence between the cypress trees, some time before our wayfarers came that way. Being now an elder of the Order, and midway between the General and the Chief Abbots, in virtue of special trusts confided to him, he was, in reality, a balancing power. He discussed, with the best born of the strangers, such topics as might bring out the vast authority and sanctity of the fraternity. But the hour had come, when strangers left the table and departed to their own lodgings ; the

motley crew of the young and hedge-born among the brotherhood retired at the same time. Such as these vanished early, leaving the men of many years around the Abbot's board. In the assembly thus diminished there appeared a strange diversity of character. Some fluent and persuasive, others silent and stern, a few hard-visaged and hard-brained—the Nestors of such intellectual life as the Order possessed in Tuscany ; but, for the most part, they were human tools, fashioned, Janus-like, for divers purposes, and strange indeed to study. Some ambitious and crafty, others humble and tortuous. Here, a grand brow and lofty fancy, barred from the world by love of superstition ; there, a great power of thought, a love of reflection, quenching its own knowledge before authority. Many wildly enthusiastic—many cunning—some weighed down with study—others mystical and visionary ; these differences gave diversity of form and face, notwithstanding the uniformity of gray frieze and gray peaked capulets. They settled to the second supper.

Upon bare unwashed tables lay a feast of delicacies elaborately piled, flanked by wines of rarest vintage, and of highest flavour, such as the Muse of Horace would have “ guarded with a hundred keys,” as, in his own days, when he sang—

“ Adsumet hæres cæcuba dignior
Servata centum clavibus, et mero
Tinget pavimentum superbum
Pontificum potiore coenis.”
(*Horatius, Ad Posthumum, Liber ii., xx.*)

Beside wines of the most luscious flavour and delicate vintage, were ranged all manner of small dishes to attract and stimulate the appetite. Brains of birds, roes of fish, small accessories of varied uses and excellencies, a few ortolans stewed in the wine called “ Vernaccia,” and garnished with green leaves of origon, lay banked in a dainty shell ; small slices of sweetbreads soaked in cyprus, perfumed with ambergris, and mixed with artemisia : tiny chevets of lamb ; toasted and larded larks ; cytril-finches browned in

thin biscotine ; wrens' eggs rolled in sugar ; oysters iced in canary ; green nutmegs afloat in ginger-syrup ; flower-blossoms candied by the refiner ; all sorts and kinds of appetizing trifles were there to tempt the palate, and encourage the enjoyment of the various wines.

The shade of Epicurus would have approved ; Apicius would have nodded his satisfaction.

Now did the many shades of temper and disposition justify the well-known saw, "*in vino veritas.*" Each nature showed its side in all save the happy few who were capable of drinking deeply without showing their wine. The merry and twinkle-eyed waxed merrier ; the dull grew slow and pompous ; from the greater number issued laughter that echoed to the buttery, and would have startled the poor devout who scrimped their own small tables to help the "Begging Friars."

Like horses provided for a fresh stage, relays of dainties were brought in now and then, to continue the feast. The Abbot chose first. He perceived a stew of delicate lampreys, sauced with ewe's butter, and spiced with a strong liquor, made of the kernels of plums and peaches. Beyond these he saw a lamb's fry, basking in *Lacrymæ Christi*, whereon floated sippets of marchpane, strewn with almond blooms. Appreciating these various viands, he looked on them and sighed. The young monk who "ministered with the cover" of his drinking goblet, filled it again.

"Alas ! my sons," observed he, "many be the trials of the righteous ! We would appropriate to our body these tender reptilia ; and yon morsel of the firstling of the flock ; but verily, our belly is troubled, as the prophet hath it, *Habakkuk*, chapter 3, verse 15, and we can partake of only one ! Nevertheless, it is our duty to rejoice in Him who giveth food to all flesh."

"He filleth thee with the finest of the wheat," observed the Prior, "*ex adipe frumenti,*" to the young beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry :—" *et pullis corvorum invocantibus eum.*"

"Brother cellarer !" said the Abbot, "fetch unto us a

tankard-flask of Bishop Sigmund's offering, of the wine well named, the delicious wine of the Holy Ghost. Fill it up to the brim of my drinking cup, ye snivelling gowk ! No shirking of our duty to that most excellent Bishop !”

He took a plenteous draught, and the fragrance of the wondrous vintage was diffused from the empty jack, as the obedient cellarer took it, and laid it down.

“Toby carver,” resumed the Abbot, “we see the reverend Prior regaling on that creamy cheek of the Gadarene possessed. His reverence forgetteth the crabs which be served therewith, because especial for appetites that have any brokenness. We do admonish thee to press a crab, or two, upon his notice.”

“I am no cracked jug, or creaking door, not I,” rejoined the Prior. “Sick men judge from their own appetites. I dislike crabs. Carve me a slice more, Brother Toby, and hand the crabs to the Abbot. Physician, heal thyself.”

Here a short man with a long nose, whispered prudence to the Prior; but he, being testy in his cups, and, moreover, busy with the young cheek of the gadarene, gave no reply, and continued eating, with a vigour and industry that the Abbot envied.

“Cellarer !” cried the Abbot again, “pass the grace-cup of the Conception to our good friend, Friar Peter. Tell him that, after two cups of our own best vintage, he shall receive a tankard of Bishop Sigmund's priceless liquor, on condition of favouring the company with a choice canticle, such as he knoweth we love.”

He was obeyed. Friar Peter poised the cup, emptied it with filial obedience, and chucked a few fresh olives down his throat.

“We, being more delicate,” observed the Abbot, “sink our olives in a jelly of marine plants ; the Lord favour our weakness !”

In white cap and apron, bearing a mimic Tower of Babel, in sugar, and spiceries, the confectioner entered, and placed his burden before the Abbot. On the top of the Shinar tower, in defiance of congruity, lay the Princess

Danae, all rich and glowing, sprinkled with the shower of gold.

"Brave Brother Spicebox ! admirable sugar provider ! peerless refiner of honey and rare Sicilian cane !" quoth the Abbot, clapping his confectioner on the shoulders, " we were so weary of the fishing Venus thou madest last, that we ate her yesterday. This Danae is a brave wench ! Brother Cyprian, pass the pistachios."

"Now, by the powers !" exclaimed the short man with the long nose, " Friar Peter is attuning his oceanic voice ; that voice that rolls in hall, like Neptune in a lordly storm, to our ears on land. 'Tis a right profitable gift, and wins the women ; but in the matter of amusing canticles, or songs, I say we hear it too seldom. Silence, brothers ! silence !"

Whereon Friar Peter cleared his voice, and gave them, not the hymn of our brother the Sun (*de lo frate Sole*) of the "glorious poor man of Christ," Saint Francis, nor one of the still more spiritual poems of the "blessed Jacopone da Todi," nor a stanza of his beautiful *Stabat Mater*,* since immortalized so often by music as lofty as itself, but a song of his own invention, which ran as follows :—

FRIAR PETER'S SONG.

Oh, the church ! the church ! bless her early and late !
Pledge a health, boys, pledge, to the shaven pate !
The world's but a pocket we freely search,
The shield of Achilles is Holy Church !

Do you want, boys, the sweets of this life to sip ?
To rifle the bloom of the ruby lip ?
Do you long, boys, to relish the pleasures free,
Of commandments forgotten in secrecy ?

* It was given to the age and country of our story, to produce the most important of all the Latin Hymns ; the *Dies Irae*, attributed to Pope Innocent III., but truly written by Cardinal Latino Orsini ; and the *Stabat Mater* of the Franciscan Jacopone da Todi. But this inspired Jacopone wrote two *Stabats*. The *Stabat Mater dolorosa*, known to us all, and *Stabat Mater speciosa*, a glad and merry hymn on the same sequences and rhymes ; yet it remains inedited, and almost unknown (Imp. Lib. of Paris, MS. 7785, f. 109.)

Will you live, as King David of old did strive,
Monarch and Lord of a well-filled hive?
Will you revel in wealth like his stalwart son,
And pair as they paired in Babylon?

Then listen to me!—by the Holy Rood,
While you lift to your noddles the brimming can;
Show me soldier, or king, boys, that ever withstood
The threats and the cant of the preaching man!

Great consternation,—eternal damnation,—
Roasting and basting, in sulphur and fire;
Starvation, vexation, and damn'd maceration,
Deal out these,—and what more can a Churchman desire?

Use 'em well, and they'll fill up the can of your wishes;
Better baits for the timid you never can try;
Gull the men, boys, and net them in shoals like to fishes,
The women you'll hook with a gaudier fly!

Leanness and beggary, chanting stolidity,
These will pass current for gospel, with fools;
As for Him whom we preach, let us trust His civility,
We are the masters, and men are our tools!

Fill a bumper then, boys, to our Mother, the Church,
And if summoned, some day, to the bar in the sky,
Scratch your heads, and declare you remember thus much,
You'd more notion of living than learning to die!

“Admirable Peter!” exclaimed the Abbot. “Witty and dexterous Peter!” roared the Precentor. “Superlative and stupendous Peter!” ejaculated the Treasurer, “thou knowest the way to make Faith bear interest! Thou art the right tailor to mend the church's garments! Oh rare and rich-voiced Peter!” And the Treasurer laughed, till his sides ached again, while the brethren loudly rapped upon the board, and raised a deafening uproar.

Here was the curtain lifted for the nonce, from the poor mendicants of Assisi's Saint. Here was a world of shorn and naked lambs, bleating their poverty!

After a brief pause, the Brother Treasurer raised an objection. It was his habit to raise objections—he always did so.

“Peter!” said he, “I beg thy pardon; but I must tell

thee thou'rt grown mealy-mouthed ! Thy song halts and limps—thy song trips in its gait—thou hast trifled with the last verse or two, since we heard them on Holy Cross Day."

"That is true !" interposed the Abbot, "we miss the right ring, Peter ; mend thy kettle, and leave nothing out !"

"Send me a pot of wine then !" answered the Friar, "and, maybe, I shall remember me of something more ! Let me see !"

Then clearing his voice, and pitching his note, deep and strong, he recommenced :—

Fill a bumper, lads, fill ! to our Mother the Church ;
And when summoned some day to the bar in the sky,
Scratch your heads, boys, and say you remembered thus much,
That there never was harm in a purse-filling lie !

Make an innocent face, and reveal without fear,
All the tales of a tub that bring grist to the mill ;
And enquire why a round-visaged, full-bosomed dear,
Should not bless the dense horror of each lonely cell ?

Why, indeed, should the sweet blush of yielding fifteen,
Only grace the soft couch of a layman's recess,
While the Brother, grown old in St Francis' team,
Withers coldly alone in unloveableness ?

Subtlety, tyranny, cunning, and knavery,
Heed not who cavil at these, they are fools !
If a Deity lives, let us trust his civility,
We are the slave-drivers ! men are our tools !

Fill a bumper then, boys, to our Mother the Church,
And if summoned some day to the bar in the sky,
Scratch your heads, boys, and say you remembered thus much,
You'd more notion of living than learning to die !

Friar Peter had truly derived strength from the Abbot's tankard. The reserve stanzas had been delivered with exulting clearness ; and the vast roll of his lordly voice had filled the farthest corners of the Hall. But the last daring line had hardly left his lips, when he became aware of a presence in the Refectory, which neither he nor any of the brotherhood had looked for at such a time. The strangers at the board had left the Abbey ; and had heard nothing of

the singing. But who were these unlooked for, uninvited, who entered the place at such a time and hour ?

After considerable difficulty in forcing admittance, Cavalcante, and Dante, with Fleurette Capchicot, and the old crone, had entered within the monastery ; and now, passing through the entrance door, advanced to the Abbot's table. A quick glance showed them the whole scene. A look of bitter sarcasm passed over the face of the elder, but he said nothing. His companion, however, stirred with a profounder power, singled out Friar Peter, and in a sternly accusing voice cried aloud, " Peter ! Peter ! Lovest thou me ? Feed my lambs ! "

His high brow, and dark prophetic eyes, fixed on the worthless company, from man to man, as he proceeded : " Oh Church of God ! was it for this He died, the sinless one, the crucified ? Was it for this He suffered ? and for this that He rose again ? Is this the Holy Church He died to found ? Are these the shepherds, left to tend His sheep ? Oh Anchor of the soul, most sure and steadfast, and that enterest into that within the veil ! Faith that canst move mountains ! How do these men deny thee ! Ye thieves of the sweet name of Jesus Christ ! ye greedy wolves, wrapped up in Levites' coats ! Ye brethren of holy Francis, husbands of Poverty, husbands of Chastity, ye props of Rome ! Out upon ye ! To you, is it, that the Vicar of God entrusts the Holy office, and confides the sword, the torture, and the judgment * of the faith of Christ ? Bid Tarquin be the guardian of a virgin ! Trust Caligula for mercy ! Expect fidelity from Judas ! Oh, brethren of St Francis, how is your humble poverty spread here abroad ! How are your holy prayers here chanted to the Majesty of Heaven ! You, that whine in beggary, in our streets, seeking the holy dole from

* The Florentine Inquisition remained in Franciscan hands through varying stages of influence and power, until 1782, when on the fifth of July, it was at last suppressed by the Grand Duke Leopold, out of inevitable deference to the indignation of civilized European opinion. No vestige of its appliances remain, save a steel collar, lined with nails, for torturing the neck, preserved in a glass case in the lower Hall of the Royal Museum in the Palazzo del Podestà (1872).

every household ; how do you make your jests, and risk your daring witticisms at the Eternal ? Is it that He keeps silence ? Ay ! He gives the sun, the rain, the dew, the harvest, and the vintages to just and unjust alike. You break the bodies of His children, on wheel and rack ; you craze their minds ; you outrage the grave itself ; you beggar the widow and the orphan ; and God keepeth silence still ; the sky remains serene ; the stars are placid. Show yourselves, holy men, in your evening guise, to Italy ! your ribald wit, hiccupped at dainty tables ; your holy Hymns—Friar Peter's godless song ! Show your Friary, with its painted legends, its hair-shirts, its ranks of cowls, its eternity of prayers ; and I will show it, with its vulgar sensuality, at night ; and your Inquisition with the villainy of its mock justice in the morning ! I will show, too, this *Fleurette Capchicot*, your helpless victim ; and I will say, ' my countrymen, this was your winsome neighbour, in happy Florence, a pretty soul, who worked smart shoes for the wives and daughters, and copied primers for your little sons ! Her voice was a bird's song ; her face a sunbeam ; and her heart a garden ; till a Monk passed that way, and imprisoned her father, tortured, and killed him ! The Monk, too, tore her from her lover ; and took her to himself. Behold her, sirs, the blasted, maddened wreck of that Monk's crime ! ' Dost thou recognise her, Friar Peter ? Is this—or is it not—the lamb, thy victim ? ”

But *Fleurette*, too, had in her dim darkness obtained some quivering sense of former things. As her eye wandered round the place, she saw with some strange miserable recognition, a glimmer and a glare of long ago. She clutched Dante's arm, pointed vaguely here and there, and broke into her old wild song :—

“ He seized my arm ;
He tore my hair ;
’T was Death's alarm,
And fiery glare ;
Gaffer Death !
Ho ! Hallo ! ”

The commotion in the hall exceeded description. Friar looked at friar in vain. The Abbot, heated with the feast, and disturbed at an intrusion that he could not understand, turned helplessly to the Prior, who was as weak and feckless as himself. In their confusion they turned to Friar Peter, as to one accustomed to dispose of all their difficulties. They found him agitated as none had seen him before, and struggling under a painful assumption of calm. He too had drunk deeply; and if he had committed the imprudence of that unholy song, he had at least believed himself secure; but had been deceived. It was hard to know which port to steer for; but he had a glib tongue, and soon recovered himself,

"Truly," said he, "the coil of a schoolboy's eloquence is soon run out! Wandering asses pick up curious garbage, and unclean beasts roll, by preference, in the filthiest slime. The dasnell dawcock sits among the Doctors! He will never stand like Mumphazard, who was hanged for saying nothing! He's as nice as a nun's hen! What! starve in a cook's shop? No, sirs, he hath spit his venom! Should we look, like the squires of pity, because he counts his half-penny good silver? Give the lad the rope and the thumb-screws! He hath been disowned by a fair damsel I know of in the city, and so betaketh himself to another who hath a devil, and is ruled by Satan. Then, tiring of her, he cooks up this plot to ensnare me, a poor son of the Holy Francis, before untarnished Fathers of the saintliest piety! A most clever jugglery, my brethren; but it will not pay. Your prayers and vigils will defend me like walls of brass! for, not me only, but our holy Order, hath he charged in my poor person; this glib and gab, grammatical young spouter! But the enemies who attack us fix their own fetters!"

"Your reverence," interrupted Guido dei Cavalcanti, "misapprehends the case. My companion has spoken under potent provocation, and has perhaps misunderstood, as I may have done, the mystic meaning of the good Friar Peter's hymn. But, to speak to the point, he and I came hither with this poor forlorn, because she and this crone, being

serfs or servants of your monastery, were snaring herons on my land, which it is not lawful for them to do. Moreover, we saw this crone lashing and ill-using the crazy maiden. We come to ask the Abbot if 't were not more merciful to deliver her to some house of pious nuns, than keep her thus to wander in her madness? I do remember her, myself, a lovely person in our city, and commended by most worshipful households among the citizens. Doubtless, we took advantage of your porter's weakness when we entered here, for the matter of Fleurette Capchicot had roused us both; but, as free citizens of a free state, we might complain without fear . . . Ah! what do I see? fetterlocks, gyves, and chains? Sirs, it is not lawful to arrest us * without permission from the People's Captain, or Messer lo Podestà."

The manacles and chains of the dungeon clanked on the Refectory floor. Friars, in various stages of inebriety, welcomed them with maudlin admiration; and the more courageous grinned defiance at the intruders. Loudly did the crone rejoice, and bitterly did the maiden moan, as her arms were pinioned. "Law!" sneered Friar Peter, as the gaolers did their office; "what is law against the power of the keys? The Bull of our Most Holy Father places us above the law! The civil magistrates are but our slaves and servants!"

While he spoke, Cavalcanti, Dante, and the maiden, were secured as prisoners. The crone leered. Friar Peter smiled, and followed.

In the Refectory, thus suddenly cleared, remained the Abbot, with the Prior, the Precentor, and some score of the elder brethren, mutually complaining of the rashness of that firebrand Peter. Why could he not wait till the citizens had given them those fruitful fields they were angling for

* Half a century afterwards, in 1346, it was enacted that the city should no longer furnish Apparitors to the Florentine Inquisition, and that none should be imprisoned by that tribunal without leave obtained of the Priors of the Commune. This law relieved the Podestà and the People's Captain.—(*Hist. des Inquisitions*, par Goujet. Cologne (Paris), 1759, tome ii., p. 344.)

beside the Arno? Who could tell but this business might diminish the monies gathered in the various chapels? Truly it made the wine sit sourly on their supper! And so they querulously talked, while Peter himself, having secured the prisoners, and, judging the elders too angry or too lazy for further council, strode forth to cool himself among the cypress trees.

There rose among these an artificial mound which supported an image of Our Lady of the Seven Dolours, who, turning her back on the neighbouring city, faced the monastery, and looked as gloomy as statuary could make her.

Leaning against her, Friar Peter looked on the glorious view that lay, clear and wild, around.

In the deep, blue, unfathomable sky, the moon shone immeasurably far off.

"After all," said Friar Peter to himself, "I should not have credited him with so much daring! He has been consorting, no doubt, with some dampable Paterino, some damned, malignant reptile of a heretic, who denies the Virgin and hates monasteries. But we exist for the very purpose of extirpating that crew! Consolati! Patarini! people who think, forsooth, that Paul is a better guide than Peter—as all the Paulician Christians did, from the first beginning of them in Asia—Patarini, or sufferers, I will make you suffer even more than Peter Martyr did, for he was only a Dominican, and we have supplanted him and his Order too! Yes; we of St Francis shall not let them fly to the fortresses of the Nerli, or the Baroni, as they did before; nor leave a remnant of them to escape to the Gaggio, as they did before . . . No; they shall either die or subscribe our bond . . . even if I have to preach, night and day, at the cramps and nooks of Peter Martyr's pulpit, outside the oratory of the Misericordia!* I will never rest till I make them, one and all, sad and sorry for themselves! Our mission is to clear them off the land, to root them out, and fling them to the fire as imps of insolence, and heresy, and hell! Master Cavalcanti, too, whose lordly visage

* Still to be seen there till the year 1860.

grinned calm sarcasm to my very face ! a murrain on him that he heard me sing ! But we deny all,—though the earth yawn,—and our tactics are to blacken, blacken, blacken every adversary, till the fiends of hell receive us too !”

Long did he meditate beside the Lady of the Seven Dolours. Never a supper of the many he had eaten there, at Fiesole, had ever ended as this had done. He heard a shriek—it was Fleurette in her fetters. His habit of rhyming came upon him :—

“ Never a garish imp of evil,
But plays link-bearer to the devil !
Never a sin of former days,
But into sight will sudden leap,
Just when you ’d thought, by prudent ways,
You’d caused it to lie down and sleep.
Oh, malice of this life’s inventions,
To circumvent devout pretensions !
I swear all maids deserve the ban
And everlasting curse of man.”

But neither saw nor rhyme alleviated his anxiety. The ship cast on the shore, all broken and dismasted, differs not more from the ship that sailed out of port, her bow wreathed with flowers, than Friar Peter differed now from the Peter who had swilled Bishop Sigmund’s wine. Yet was he not overthrown.

“ Sancte Francisce,” murmured he, “ Vexillifer Jesu Christi—eques Crucifixi—auriga militiæ nostræ ! I, Peter, will bet thy wheelbarrow, and thy holy whining, against all the chariots and the learning of the kingdoms ! Victory will remain to the lucky sons of the Seraphic ! I will go and look at them. The antique *spondauliai* were piped into the high-priest’s ear, while he sacrificed, to drown the noise of the crowd ; but no *spondauliai* will be piped to me as I tread their hall ! Why should they ? I love their hiccups and their vomitings ; I admire the rolling of their greasy paunches upon the floor ! The maudlin groan is music ; the distorted voice is music ; delicious are the manners and the customs of our pig-dom ! Oh, how precious to me is their dredgy drunkenness ! how valuable their hoggish re-

pletion ! Not a hound of them will dare give tongue on the maiden's side !

"Oh the Church ! the Church ! bless her early and late ;
Pledge a health, boys, pledge to the shaven pate !
The world's but a pocket we freely search ;
The shield of Achilles is Holy Church !"

And Friar Peter left Our Lady of the Seven Dolours in the moonshine, and strode back into the Refectory, to find the Abbot rising very unsteadily from his high-backed chair, and rather staggering than walking to the middle step, where, with some hazy and confused recollection of his duty, he made an attempt to bow to the crucifix, and speak the usual ending words, "*Deus, in adjutorium meum festina.*" But, bending sideways, no doubt from fatigue, he was supported by one of his chaplains.* The invariable office of these, after supper, was to attend with lanthorns to take their chief to his lodging ; but, on the present evening, Friar Peter saw them lose their way ; for, like the foolish virgins, not one had remembered to put oil in the lamps.

"It is well for me !" thought Friar Peter ; "I could scarcely have got out of this scrape if they had been of the house of Rechab !"

* See Appendix, Note III.

BOOK IV.—CHAPTER XI.

WHAT FOLLOWED SUPPER.

“There is alas! a chill, a gloom,
About my solitary room,
That will not let one flow’ret bloom,
Even for you!”

W. S. LANDOR.

GREATLY does the loneliness of defeat differ from the excitement of battle. The two friends, lodged in their respective cells, had leisure to look back, and time to anticipate the future. Their spirits were certainly subdued; yet neither gave way to despondency. Their judgment was cool; and both could view with serenity the position in which they severally stood. The monks, on the other hand, differed among themselves, some being for release, and a quiet ending of the incident of the previous evening; while others took Friar Peter's angry view, and called for vengeance on the offenders.

Cavalcanti's anxiety was rather for his young friend than himself. The long experience of his own life; his own comparative immunity from danger of this kind; the indulgence so long shown to the wild opinions and reckless theories by which he laboured to revive the old Epicurean philosophy, had made him careless of provoking the mistrust and dislike of the more intolerant ministers of the Church. For some time he had rather derided than feared their power. Like many men of his temperament, he was both physically and mentally hard. Haughty of speech and manner, he was wont to seek rather than to avoid collision; and instead of considering the views of others from their stand-point, would only look at them from his own; thereby rendering agreement impossible, and forgiveness slow.

He would not stoop to measure what he deemed the lower ranges of mind ; but by strenuous opposition, quickened his own apprehension and braced his nerves. Those who were merely earnest, admired the strength of his conviction. Those who were also fanatical, met him with the force of invective which is their characteristic. But for all this, he had gone free, and expected to continue free, though any other than himself would have been silenced long since. He was, in a sense, a solitary thinker ; made few friends ; sought no proselytes ; and made up for want of orthodoxy by timely concessions (such as that pilgrimage of his to Compostella), and gifts liberal enough to secure immunity. Zeal had often withheld her hand to receive his gold, and to pause before the weight and influence of his family. To offend one of them was to offend all ; and they were like himself, wealthy and influential. Some too were in the Church's service. Among the knights of St Mary Mater Domini, a military Order which was half inquisitorial in its character, being vowed or devoted to the extirpation of heresy, we have mentioned his cousin, Manetto Cavalcanti, like the others of the name, sensitively alive to the good repute and fame of the Cavalcanti, and ever ready to uphold it. This Manetto had married a sister of the Bishop of Florence,* who, himself, was, in virtue of his Episcopate, a Chief Inquisitor, and by decree of Pope Martin IV. conservator of the privileges of the said knights. There were also other reasons why the said Bishop (as little of a saint as any man could be), would not press hardly on a Cavalcanti. But Guido feared much for Dante, who had less interest in the city, and being a younger man, carried less weight. Though singularly critical and difficult in his choice of companions, he had attached himself to Dante, notwithstanding the divergence of their opinions, with a regard as affectionate as it was tenacious ; and in the

* "Quel Vescovo (Andrea dei Mozzi) fu affezionato . . . alla nostra Cavalleria. Aveva una sorella maritata al Cavaliere Frate Manetto Cavalcante . . . Il vescovo Andrea era Conservatore dei privilegi de Cavalieri Gaudenti per ordine di Martino IV., R. Pontefice, 1282." (*Istoria dei Cavalieri Gaudenti di F. Domenico Maria Federici di Trevigi, 4to, Venezia 1789, Parte II.*)

solitude of his cell, many a former passage of their friendship rose up before him. Among the rest, he recalled, how, being once in a mixed company, he had been attacked by a devout Friar, fresh from a recent pilgrimage to Rome. With this Friar, Guido had one of those painful arguments in which both antagonists refuses quarter. Guido, more philosophical than the other, had kept cool, till, in the end, the Friar waxing furious, had cursed him as a heathen and an unbeliever. Dante, though the youngest present, withstood the fury of the Friar. "Frate," said he, "I pray you draw back your words; for no judgment of man is final; and the curse may revert on your own head. How can a holy person, like yourself, eliminate any from the long-suffering of God? Look, in the world around, and consider the human fathers. Do they not love more tenderly the blind son than the son who looks abroad and sees the world of nature? would they buffet the blind boy as they would his happier brother? Nature's own inborn chivalry forbids to do it! No love so surely true as the love of Pity! And would you liken the Eternal to the evil, or to the good! Friar! He who knows the end from the beginning, will not chastise the blind for want of sight!" This incident had recently occurred. The words of the young champion had been rash and unpremeditated; and no opportunity had occurred for toning down the wrath of the furious friar. It might be that they were still registered against the younger friend. "And yet," argued Cavalcanti, "he intended but to show that I also am a child of God, even though blindness makes me doubt and disregard our mortal authorities. I wait for the Beyond to teach me more; for, of myself, I cannot lift the veil and see within! But Dante, who sees what is hidden from me, why should he suffer partly in my behalf? I am grieved to think of it."

The younger prisoner, careless of himself, thought upon the dwellers in Florence, the friends and relatives who would be in sorrow for him. He remembered Beatrice, her illness, her weakness, the distorted versions of the midnight fowling, and their imprisonment at Fiesole, that would be

carried to her couch, and palmed as true. He feared she would condemn him, and that the former love would be too weak to plead for him, while others blamed. Master Simon dei Bardi, too, how would he receive the story from Friar Peter, and relate it to that gentlest lady? The whole matter of Fleurette passed before him, from the days when she sat at work beside her father's inkhorn, to the present time, when he had found her farmed out to a rustic crone. All the cruelty and horror of that poor life rose into view, with the close of that other fate, her wretched father's. He remembered her as the playmate of Beatrice, the merry girl betrothed to Paul; and, as he thought on, and memory lingered here and there, the prison cell was forgotten, and he was at home in Florence again, suffering as he had suffered in the past. Yet he strove to be calm, and to school himself into quiescence. But the calm was more outward than real. He set himself to repeat long passages out of the *Æneid*, compelling himself to attention. Yet it would not pacify the troubled mind. Finding his thoughts restive, he gave them scope and vent, and waited for their inspiration. Virgil was not for the present mood. A fragment of John of Salisbury fitted it better. He repeated slowly:—"Sedent in Ecclesiâ Romanâ Scribæ et Pharisei ponentes onera importabilia in humeros hominum. Ita debacchantur ejus Legati ac si ad ecclesiam flagellandum egressus sit Satan à facie Domini. Peccata populi comedunt; eis vestiuntur, et in iis multipliciter luxuriunt, dum veri adoratores in Spiritu adorant Patrem. Qui ab eorum dissentit doctrinâ, aut hereticus indicatur, aut schismaticus. Manifestet ergò seipsum Christus, et palàm faciat viam quâ nobis est incidendum."* In those days, books

* "Scribes and Pharisees sit in the Church of Rome, placing on men's shoulders burdens grievous to be borne. Her Legates rage furiously, as though Satan had gone forth from the presence of the Lord to chastise the Church. They thrive on the sins of the people; by them, are they clothed, and in them, do they abundantly luxuriate, while the true worshippers worship the Father in the Spirit. Whoever differs from them in doctrine is judged a heretic or a schismatic. May Christ manifest himself, and make more plain the way that we should go."—(Johannis Sarisburiensis, 1120-1160, in favour with Eugenius III. and Adrian IV., Popes.)

could be hardly said to exist. Scrolls and copies of scrolls were few and precious. The books were, each one, a work of years. Students learned much by rote, and memory was of infinitely greater value than it is now.

"Good truth!" said Dante, musing; "poor Latin, but rich logic! The soul cannot live on fragments of human pride! What says Jacopone's Lament of the '*Sposa anima*'?"

"Acciòchè ella avesse
In se che esercitare
Tutte le creature
Per lei volsi creare;
Donde mi dovea amare
Hammi guerra menato." *

(*Lamento della Sposa Anima.*)

This was a mystic fancy of a monkish hymn writer of the time, and had nothing to do with the matter in hand; but Dante had heard it sung in Florence, floating on the air from open door or window, in the narrow streets, and chirped by children round the market-place, as popular ditties are. And yet it came to him when Virgil's *Æneid*, and John of Salisbury's prose, passed out of sight. Decidedly, solitude on compulsion had a strange knack of recalling the old familiar thoughts and sounds of home, that seemed though still so near, so far away! Florence, the bright and sunny, nestling round the Baptistery he loved; . . . and that house, on the Oltr'Arno, where Beatrice was lying . . . he fell asleep for very weariness, and saw her weaving flowers into a garland, as in the happy days of Maïa and Ariadne; heard the bells toll, and happy people wend their way to prayers. He too went forth with them, and heard the soft guttural speech of the city, and paused not, till his dream placed him in the accustomed spot, listening to the Vesper Hymn.

* "So she should have some food
Herself to nourish,
I made all creatures good,
Caused plants to flourish.
But when she ought to love me,
She strains and strives above me."

(The Lament of the Espoused Soul, *Jacopone da Todi*, Lib. iv., Cant. 6.)

BOOK IV.—CHAPTER XII.

THE CREDO OF DANTE.

“ Follow thou me, nor heed what others say,—
Be like a tower that never stoops its head,
Bellow the tempests fiercely as they may.”
(*Purgatorio*, Canto v., 13-15. Wright's Version.)

OUR scene changes to the hall of St Mary's Convent, in Florence, where the Franciscans were holding the council and assize of the Inquisition. They had commenced proceedings with the prayer:—“Adsumus, Domine Sancte Spiritui, adsumus peccati quidem immanitate detenti; sed in Nomine Tuo specialiter congregati, &c., &c.”—the same prayer that was used in the time of Carena, by Cardinal Camporeo, Bishop of Cremona, in the Inquisition of that city.—(See *Limborch*,—*Historia Inquisitionis*. *Liber xv.*, *Cap.* 12.)

For six hours following, they were to weigh and compare accusations and testimonies against men, whose opinions, doctrine, and practices of religious observance or neglect, were to be brought before them.

The Bishop of Florence, according to usage, an Inquisitor by right of office, was there. It was a full court. The Friars ranged on either side. The notary sat in front of the great crucifix. Presently an apparitor entered alone, and made obeisance; after which he departed, and gave place to the first of the accused.

The accused was a young man, whose bare arms and naked feet looked little accustomed to be, after this fashion, shown. But calmly, and without fear, he entered unaccompanied, and was motioned to a stool at the end of the hall, opposite to which sat the scribe, who was to take down his words. The rules of the Inquisition permitted no councillor to guide, or assist, the accused; neither could any

evidence or information come to his knowledge, whatever might have been the denunciations previously lodged with the Inquisitors, or their vicars. Two witnesses were held sufficient to condemn for heresy, but no man could be both accuser and witness.

The court was numerous, as we said before. The Bishop and the chief Inquisitor, being of equal rank in this, as in all Italian Inquisitions, sat, on equal footing, at the head of the table, the Bishop nearest the right. On the left were the Vicar-General and the consulting Inquisitors, in due order.

The accused entered alone, and, in every sense of the word, unaided. In front of the place to which he was motioned, lay, on the table, a missal, upon which he placed his hand, and took oath.

Friar Peter, as Inquisitor, interrogated the prisoner, concerning his family, life, companions, studies, art, trade, profession, teachers, books, opportunities and practices of religion, devotional observances ;—if ever previously before any sacred tribunal ? if ever excommunicated ? if he had received the Holy Eucharist ? had been diligent in holy confession ? had been devout in prayer, and constant in divine service ?

During all this time the Friar held in his hand the act of accusation, which had been given over to him by the Promotor-Fiscal.

The accused answered well, and briefly. It was Dante ; arraigned for the offence of having entered the convent at Fiesole. So soon as his examination ended, he looked round the long line of judges, and spoke as follows:—

“Sirs, if you will question me on the Trivium, or Quadrivium, or on Virgil, Statius, or any of the Roman Ancients, I am your’s. Or, if it were possible, that Doctors so reverend and grave, could be curious of the points of a good falcon, a well-trained hound, or a noble horse, I should be ready and willing. Or, were it so, that learned Friars might stoop to listen to love stanzas, sung to a lute, I could serve you well ; and I see some holy fathers among you, who have heard me on that strain, not unapprovingly. But my small

skill in these vain, mundane things, will not avail me now. I heard my accusation justly made ;—for, Sirs, it is true and positive, that the other night at Fiesole, stung by a sight that had sorely grieved my friend and myself, I spoke some bitter and unguarded words, which constitute the sin for which I stand before you. But, Sirs, you men of God, are severe, recluse, and learned, you have little recollection of the failings and weaknesses of the world you have left ; or, how it contrasts with the even tenour, and learned leisure of your calmer lives. In the matters of theology and churchly science, we, of the world, are but as babes to you, and we know it. For my part, beyond the Credo, the Ave Mary, the Ten Commandments, and the four Gospels, I have studied, as yet, nothing of the Scriptures. Therefore, in sacred knowledge, I look up to you with reverence, and expect from you, my superiors and teachers, the indulgence you would grant to an erring son. For, if the words I spoke at Fiesole were sinful, it must have been from their rashness, being spoken inconsiderately, and in the heat of strong excitement. I admit, Sirs, that my speech was rash, and also unbecoming ; but I cannot admit that it was untrue, nor allow that it was uncalled for. I spoke, Sirs, not only as a sportsman whose game had been wrongly snared, but also as a citizen, who had seen a great wrong,—and though, perhaps, it is indiscreet in me to declare it (and perchance it may please God that I never learn discretion), yet I dare aver that there is not a citizen in Florence, who would not have spoken the same words !”

He said no more, and, in silence, was re-conducted to his cell. How had he spoken ! Would his life fall forfeit to the fearlessness of his tongue ? How dared he peril it ? Friar Peter knew how wild and wayward was the untamed eagle that they had caught—“a dangerous and pestilent sinner !” said he to the Bishop ; “one ready to turn the world upside down, and glory in the change !”

When it came to Cavalcanti's turn, there were some who looked for his proving as unguarded as his friend. But Cavalcanti was many years older than Dante, and a far

greater adept in the world's ways. He was not the man to pine, in a cell underground, for the sake of a testimony against wrong. He remembered the feasts, the jousts, the merry suppers, the jovial meetings of the city; her lovely women, and her smiling maids; the world of sport, love, dalliance, wit, verse, and music. He knew how those vultures would let him suffer; pick his bones clean, too; empty his cash-box into their own; confiscate his estates; and starve his wife and loved ones.

All these things flashed through his mind; and, in comparison to any one of them, the redress of Fleurette's wrongs, or even the reform of the Franciscan Order, were less than nothing. He was no believer in reformations. Too often had he seen the choicest plans miscarry; too often had he beheld the most unrighteous thrive. He could pin his faith to no projects of reform, no visions of betterment. His experience was, that unless men reformed themselves, there lay no hope elsewhere; while, of all orders of men, the least likely to reform themselves were the clergy. Seeing Friar Peter, too, among the chief inquisitors, and thoroughly convinced of this monk's sin in the matter of Fleurette, hope died within him when his thoughts wandered to his companion in that visit to Fiesole; and the fate of Dante, who was so dear to him, made him tremble with exceeding fear and anxiety. He knew well that from Dante no submission, no humiliation, was to be expected, however great the danger; but that a course of defiance and provocation would come to him, as of his nature born, and irrepressible. No chance, then, of escape either for Cavalcante or Dante, unless the more prudent of the two could obtain his own release. It was hard to do so. Flesh and blood rebelled against it. But what could he say? or where could he turn? There was no help for it; the proud spirit must bow, the big heart and stubborn will must bend.

Cavalcanti assumed a tone and air of meekness and contrition, and fell to accusing himself, like the publican in the Gospel parable. After full confession and abjuration of his

offence, he flattered the *Court* with fulsome adulation of their sanctity, bent low before their supreme wisdom, and bowed unhesitatingly to their judgment. Nor did he deem this sufficient, but in conclusion said, "Lastly, most holy fathers, in the name of God, and of the most holy Mother, our Lady Saint Mary, and of all the court of Paradise, who I pray will grant me grace to live well, and to speak worthily, I beg to offer to Holy Mother Church, in satisfaction of my sin against her, the sum of five hundred golden florins, as an earnest of my contrition and repentance; beseeching your benign mercy to receive this humble offering and pledge of my true forsaking and abjuring all disobedience and error, from this time henceforth. So may the blessed saints assist me in my need!"

We know not whether the social position of the man, or his conciliatory recantation, or the gift of the five hundred florins, prevailed in his favour; but the Court granted pardon, and turned his sorrow into joy—not so quickly, however, as we have here expressed it, for he had the suspense of a long-winded reproof or sermon; one of Friar Peter's most elaborate and studied performances, in which that worthy orator displayed more learning than was necessary; quoted half the Fathers; compared the culprit to Judas Iscariot, and the Franciscan Order to the Disciples; and dragged a weary length of ponderous verbiage through the sorely-taxed patience of his victim. Then slow and tedious formalities had to be gone through, and he was told that for this time he should be spared. Last of all, the solemn oath was administered that he should never, upon pain of death, reveal during life, nor at the hour of death utter one word or hint of aught that he had heard or seen within the walls of the Holy Office.

"Not I, indeed!" thought Cavalcanti to himself; "small wish shall I ever feel to speak about ye! I give myself credit for a readier wit than would dwell on thoughts of pain! Not I! not a syllable! even though my lovely Vanna should become inquisitive, and coax in her sweetest whispers! Hey day! the golden-haired, sunny women! How I long to see them again!"

And he did see them ; for that same night he was set free ; and, accompanied by the servants of the Inquisition, reached the door of his own dwelling.

Dante, meantime, lay in his cell, little knowing how his friend was planning and plotting for him. The cell occupied a narrow space below the level of the city's streets, trickling with oozy slime, and foetid from want of air ; a gloomy dungeon, beyond the sight or ken of friends or citizens.

"I have then seen them," thought he, "these blood-bounds of the thing they call a Church ! these leash hounds, these *cani* of St Dominick ! these 'little brethren' of Assisi ! And all, to maintain for Rome, her hierarchy and mighty Motherhood of Churches ! A Clytemnestra, not a Niobe. Ay, this is how they play their little day, and sun themselves in sins they never own ! A pretty transition, truly, from the Refectory of Fiesole, to the Holy office of Florence ! My lord bishop too ! The same I saw long since in another scene, when I played the May mystery as Theseus, and the lady of my dreams was Ariadne ! Woe is me ! but it is bitter to remember that day, and to picture her blessed face, in a den like this ! Oh, Beatrice, I was quite happy ! satisfied with all you did ; charmed with your every word, and feeling myself sanctified and sweetened by being near you ! And, while I read your heart, my best beloved, not one of all its tendernesses that did not find an echo in my own ! Life has been weary since ; but never so sadly hopeless as it is here !"

The want of light, the lurid, murky air, oppressed and fevered his brain. Delirium followed. The eyes saw visions, and the ears heard sounds of frightful illusion. At last, he came to doubt his own identity, and to imagine Beatrice turned against him, as an enemy. He would fancy she believed him guilty ; and, as the fierce imputation of Heresy rose before him, he pictured her, even hating herself for the love and friendship of their by-gone days. Sick, broken, and weary, still she was the guiding saint to whom he turned ; and she, too, had condemned and forsaken him ! Oh, the torture and the pain of that dreadful night ! But

it was a paroxysm, and it passed. His mind, lacerated by suffering, and bruised by passion, could still recover itself. After appearing all bare and solitary before his judges, the shock of pride, the pain of tyranny, had, for a while, silenced the recollection of the gentleman and the soldier, to give place to still deeper memories. But the lover and the poet awoke; imagination and fancy ruled; and out of the memory of Beatrice there came forth cries of Hope.

"As God is true!" he reasoned to himself, "they shall not scorn me, while my angel lives! So long as she shall remain, they shall not tell her that I am a heretic! Poor sweet one, it would grieve her gentle, loving spirit to think so; and the very chance of it must be made impossible! Yonder, beneath the trees, in that lonely forest, she spoke of my gift of verse! My blessed one! my sweet inspirer! my saintly lady! Have I not remembered her words? Have I forgotten her enchanting voice? Have I not its very tones, in hearing now, chiming their heavenly tune to me, out of the dear, far past? Oh, lovely, only love! I will bring into play this hidden noble art thou spakest of; my art of glorious weaving into verse; my hidden secret that thou knewest well; and I will use it now for my deliverance! They shall hear me in this Holy office—they shall hear me in all the city;—I will sing my creed; I will chant my Aves; I will show them of what sort and fashion is my belief! And, gentle Beatrice, my saint that lies a-dying, shall hear, how, though I may be condemned of men, yet I love the things that she loves; I love her prayers; and, even yet, from this deadly den, can send my heart to her!"

There are men with whom action and thought are one—natures so energetically strong, that the will and the act are synchronous. In another hour, Dante had woven his song of deliverance. He had chanted the Pæan of his Belief. He had realized his message to the dying Beatrice. The Apostles' Creed was turned out of the dead Latin into the living Tuscan. His plan included more. There were still the Pater Noster, the Ave and the seven Penitential Psalms.

He would paraphrase, he would re-vivify them. He would translate them out of the language that was dying, into the tongue that his pen should frame ; the tongue of gentle Beatrice, beautiful Beatrice, dying Beatrice. He would plant her humble speech, her woman's dialect, her unlettered tongue—on which the learned frowned—and it should overshadow the old speech of Cæsar, the tongue of Virgil and Horace, the verse of Ovid, the prose of Cicero. Ah ! Ah ! This woman's dialect should leap up into life, with the power of a new tongue, to be the speech of a thousand generations—because it had been her's !

He reflected, he devised, he combined, he cast the lines—there—in that oozy dungeon, he contrived the harmonies. He lingered on their music, till his verse flowed clear and mellifluous ; and he knew that the stanzas, whose even flow satisfied his eager taste, and beguiled that weary night, would go forth to proclaim him such as the lady of his love would wish, and such as Italy should not let die.

It was a strain, honied as amber ; sonorous as the Angelus ; sweet with familiar words ; musical with recollections. He had invented it all ; it was stored in his marvellous memory. He had neither pen nor tablets ; but the work was done ; and he had given to his tormentors, to Beatrice, to Florence, to the world, the "*Professione di Fede*," commonly called the "*Credo di Dante Allighieri fiorentino*." It was a long task and had cost an effort to put into verse, without aid of pen, the Creed, the Seven Sacraments, the Ten Commandments, the Seven Sins, the Pater Noster, and the Ave Mary, and he was tired. But the thought struck him, that, compared to former works of his, it had an unwonted dearth of self. Would Beatrice recognise it ? would she know his hand ? would she recall at once the writer of the songs of her best days and brightest hours ? He feared she might not. So, he would preface the whole with an apology, that he, who had been hitherto the singer of love, the laureate of dames, was now inspired to treat of holy themes ; and with an echo of his earlier inspiration, he added the three opening stanzas :—

“ Io scrissi già d'amor più volte rime
Quanto più seppi, dolci, belle, e vaghe,
E in pulirle adoprai tutte mie lime.

Di ciò, son fatte le mie voglie smaghe,
Perch' io conosco avere speso invano
Le mie fatiche, e d'aspettar mal paghe.

Da questo falso amor omai la mano
A scriver più di lui io vo ritrare,
E ragionar di Dio, come Cristiano.”

“ Of Love I wrote some very frequent rhymes,
And made them, sweet and lovely, as I could ;
Nay, worked to polish them, full many times.
But work of that sort do no more I would,
Because I know that I have spent in vain
The time that should have lived on better food.
From that false Love, I turn me back again,
And of its matters will I write no more,
But treat of God with Christian might and main.”

“ Now, let the daylight come,” said Dante to himself,
“ and this improvisation of my prison, I will repeat it to the
Reverend Apostolical Inquisitors ; and their Scriptors, their
Procurators, and their Notaries shall write it down !”

The work was born of the occasion, place, and time.
What though we, who possess the *Divina Commedia*, written
long afterwards in the maturity of his age, and studied and
polished during thirty years, are tempted to criticise too
closely the workmanship of the *Credo*, finished in a single
night ? The great poem was the solace of a free man. The
Credo was the utterance of a captive. The *Commedia* came
from the castles of princes, the halls of monasteries ; from
the wanderer's resting-places on mountain-sides, or by the
banks of streams. The *Credo* issued from a dungeon.* The
one is the fruit of ripened genius—the other of young and
suffering fancy. Until Dante framed them into Italian,
those prayers, familiar to his whole life long, had only lived
in Latin. What wonder if the lines are young and tame
compared to the flights of his later years ? What wonder

* See Appendix, Note XI., for particulars concerning the *Credo* of
Dante.

that the sudden effort of a youth in such a place, writhing beneath the shame of a first disgrace, should be inferior to the eagle-flights that have immortalised him? Even his kingly mind, working on the spur of pain, abandoned and alone, could not translate the words of David, or the sentences of Galilee, without being bound and fettered in the work. Freedom lacked, and liberty, and space; nevertheless, it remains a wondrous feat that, after all, inferior as they are to the *Commedia*, the eighty-two Terzine of the Credo, containing 246 lines, were written, in the prison of the Holy Office, *in a single night*. Perhaps we know of no other man to whom it would have been possible. Let us, therefore, the more honour this one; and let those of us who lack it in themselves, consider how good a gift is fortitude. The Poet possessed it in large measure, as his life and works abundantly show. "Follow thou me," he makes his guide, Virgil, say to him, in the *Purgatorio*—

"Follow thou me, nor heed what others say;
Be like a tower that never stoops its head,
Bellow the tempests fiercely as they may."

Purgatorio, Canto v., 13-15 (Wright's Version).

Yes; and of such men the world was not worthy! But let us rejoice that they have lived and blessed us, and let us pray that the tortures they endured may recur no more for ever.

BOOK IV.—CHAPTER XIII.

THE DEATH OF BEATRICE, JUNE 9TH, 1290.

“Darkness has dawned in the East
On the noon of time ;
The death-birds descend to their feast
From the hungry clime.
Let freedom and Peace flee far
To a summer strand,
And follow Love's folding star
To the Evening land !”

(SHELLEY'S *Hellas*.)

EVERY impassioned feeling of youth had now subsided in the heart of Beatrice ; the innocent consciousness of beauty had faded ; the dreams of love were broken ; Disappointment had been shorn of its sting, and even Hope had lost her mastery. The soul, panting for escape from a world that pleased no more, was strengthened by visions of another and a holier life.

Alas ! only when the waywardness of the heart has passed, and the human spirit, purified perhaps by tears, conquers the desire and love of temporal joy ; only then, having at such cost obtained that vantage ground, can it contemplate the future happiness of heaven with a true and earnest longing.

Beside the couch of Beatrice sat her widowed mother, Celia de' Caponsacchi, widow of Folco Portinari, still beautiful as when we first beheld her in these pages, but sobered and saddened by the touch of grief. Yet was she haughty, and proud as of old ; but to Beatrice she was humble and submissive, veiling her naturally imperious temper, and stern and majestic manner, with the deep tenderness of a mother trembling to lose her child.

Felicitas, too, was there. She was now nearly eleven

years old, and began to shape out the manner of her womanhood in a rich and rare prettiness that was not the antique and classic beauty of Beatrice, nor the queenly majesty of their mother; but something to waylay and puzzle the beholder with a sense of mingled merriment and admiration. And yet, there was such a likeness to Beatrice's former self, that the memory of it, and the sight of Felicitas, showed two young faces born as of one thought, and perfected, as it were, by the same mind. And now they would have to part! Felicitas could not understand it; she had no power to realise the idea that one so like herself could die! She had explained her father's death in a way of her own, saying he was "old and tired, and had gone to rest;" but no one could engraft into her mind the expectation that Beatrice would follow him.

As for their mother, she could say nothing but in the silence of her prayers.

Simon dei Bardi, who cared for no one so much as himself, thought it tiresome in his wife to be so long ill, but suffered no anxiety. He seldom did, save for monetary transactions or matters of traffic; but went and came as usual, only occasionally testifying annoyance at the presence of so many relatives in his house. He had been disappointed in the testamentary dispositions of Folco Portinari. The large sums which that good man had spent for the building and after-extension * of his Hospital of Santa Maria Nuova, and his Church of Sant'Egidio, had seemed to Simon's mind so much taken away from the heirs, of whom Beatrice, as the eldest daughter, was one.

There is a kind of law, in inferior natures, whereby any small event concerning themselves becomes unduly magnified, and acquires undue weight; whereas the concerns of others affect them but slightly. Such persons magnify trifles, and are severe about them. If Simon talked of the state of his

* Folco Portinari first built the Hospital 108 braccia in length by 16, in the Via dell'Oriuolo. He afterwards enlarged it by building another hospital in front of the first. The second was 280 braccia long by 28 wide. For this last he bought from the monks of St Egidio (St Giles) their convent, which stood on the east side of his first building.

young wife's health, there was no emotion in his voice, and he inquired after her as if asking the hour of the day. Even Mistress Dorcas, who daily brought Felicitas too and fro, wondered at his coolness, and began to contrast it with the devotion that would have characterised a husband of her own if she had ever married. "But then," she would remark to herself, "I should have managed better than to pine and droop, like Beatrice. It becomes a girl, who is admired and patronised by great men like the dear Lord Cardinal and Friar Peter, to take care of herself, and live merrily! Now, I never could make Beatrice understand this! whether as infant, child, or girl, she always had a way of her own that I could not manage, and this comes of it. Oh! if she had only listened to Friar Peter and to me, I should not have had to wear my shoes out trotting backwards and forwards, at all hours, with Felicitas!—sick women are always so unconscionable!"

It is the temper of southern minds to beautify and adorn, rather than to sadden or overshadow, the closing days of life. Beatrice was treated, rather as one who was to live for ever, than as one about to pass the bourne. That which would perhaps be taxed with indifference in the north, is esteemed the duty of true kindness in climes more near the sun. The couch of death is strewn with flowers, and garlands of fresh blossoms deck, to the latest moment, the pillow of those whom death is coming to take. Beatrice had always roses in her bosom, and in her hand; not that she mistook this for life, but it was good to pave with beauty, the last steps between earth and heaven. She was so kind, so gentle, so forbearing; and the type and expression of her loveliness, were so ethereal, that it seemed as if, not death, but a sleep more beautiful than life, was hovering round her. Her confessor now was her aunt's chaplain, the spiritualist Friar Simeon, so abhorrent to the taste of Cardinal Latino, and Friar Peter; the man whom they habitually kept in the hill villages, "among people of cold and windy stomachs, full of chestnuts, beans, and the water of the mountain rivers, rather than luscious wine." This

Brother Simeon was sent for from her Aunt Magdalene's Castle, and he carefully attended Beatrice. He spoke little about Rome, or the authority of the Church ; much about comfort and peace, in the light of the last Testament of Jesus Christ.

"My daughter," said he, "the whole family, in earth and heaven, is named, not after St Francis, or St Dominic, or Pope Nicholas, or Abbot Boniface, but after Him who inaugurated no creed or system, but left some simple laws for mankind to believe and follow. I speak to you on the verge and precipice of old age. Let your faith live in Him alone. Look forward unto the bright and holy garden of His redeemed !"

With such exhortations, Brother Simeon led the bruised lamb home.

"When I am gone, mother," said Beatrice, "ask my husband not to build a monument over me, whether in his side-chapel at Saint Mary's, or in the Campo Santo ; I want no epitaph, only my silver distaff, hung up in church, in quiet memory of me."*

The elder brother of Beatrice, Ricovero Portinari, had, since their father's death, become the head of the family. Always intensely proud of his sister, he had fruitlessly endeavoured to interfere at the time when Cardinal Latino betrothed her to Simon dei Bardi. Mistress Dorcas, under her vain and silly exterior, concealed wit enough to out-manceuvre him. She gathered all the news of the house, and duly reported it, with pregnant hints for the circumvention of adverse influences. Ricovero was well-known to be the friend and associate of Dante ; and though he had not advocated views of any other marriage for Beatrice, he had been strongly suspected of a leaning to the enemy. Nor was the suspicion unfounded. In those days, young men who thought boldly and liberally in advance of the

* An ancient example of this usage was lately to be still seen in the Dom of Maintz, in memory of a daughter of Otho the Great. The inscription was—" *In ejus memoriam.*"

time, led not a mental life of mill-pond ease. Amid the difficulties and perils that beset them, amid the necessity for much concealment, and the need of many contrivances to elude danger, friends clung together, much as, after a shipwreck, the mates and brethren of calamity keep close to camp on tiger-haunted shores.

Unwilling to pretend to the Bardi a cordiality he could not feel, Ricovero had, since her marriage, seldom seen Beatrice, apart from those occasions of formal ceremony, on which either family entertained the other. But when Beatrice became really ill, he could keep aloof no longer ; he returned to her side, and, like a miser, watched the little that remained of his sister's life. Once he met Friar Peter and Simon dei Bardi as they left the chamber. The Friar, in good spirits, seemed to chafe at some observation of the husband's. After all, Beatrice was his, Friar Peter's, niece, and he was tired of taunts. As Ricovero passed them, he heard the Friar say, in his jocund manner of improvisation and proverb :—

“ Needeth no talent to discern a flaw,
The veriest ass can tell when things go wrong ;
Trace Beauty waiting the Destroyer's maw,
And Death approaching with low funeral song.”

Master Simon thought this a pleasantry, and passed out smiling.

Ricovero opened the door gently, and entered in. He had not long been seated, when Beatrice said “ Ricovero, do you ever hear, now-a-days, of Dante Allighieri ? ” He answered “ yes ; ” but told her nothing of the late miseries of his friend. “ By and bye,” she continued, “ you must give him this. Read it to me.”

Her brother kissed her hand in token of compliance, unfolded the paper, and read as follows :—

“ Dante, this is from one who has been unhappy. We may not have two forenoons in one day. My morning was bright ; the rest has been veiled in heavy clouds. I am going where another sun will shine ; and as I was to thy youth, and as thou wert to mine, look that we become

again ! Until thou come, I shall be the happiest, for I shall dwell beyond the stars of heaven. Thy bark will be tossed on a sea of troubles ; and, to thee, the way will be long and dreary. But sunset comes after the longest day, and the lengthiest road has a turning. I stand upon the brink of separation. I am pausing at the ford of the last stream. The fear of death has gone, for my life has well-nigh ebbed, and I long to watch thee from the paradise of my God, even as a sister may watch a brother. Dante, life is a crafty network and maze of cares, for man hath enveloped himself in paths and bye-ways ; but the labyrinth opens out, the maze widens, the net falls away from us, as we draw nigh to the porch of Heaven. When thou receivest this from Ricovero, I shall have entered the golden gates. Remember what I said to thee at the Monk's Ford, near the Vallombrosa ; how I laid it on thee to enlarge thy gifts of mind ; how I charged thee to become immortal !—Dante, look up to me in my blessedness, and love the place of rest, where I shall be ! Transfer to the holy garden of the peace of God, that love which thou gavest me, with the immensity of thy spirit, when thou lovedst me, and I loved thee, before we parted !”

“ It ends abruptly, dearest,” said Ricovero ; “ may I add a word of farewell for thee ? a word of blessing ? ”

“ No, brother,” answered Beatrice, “ thou art kind, but he will understand me.”

Ricovero thought of his friend's imprisonment, of the chains, of the dungeon silence, but he dared not tell her. Perhaps she was right. Better her writing, and no writing,—but her's !

Brother Simeon came again. He recited the prayers for the dying. When they were ended, Beatrice spoke in a slow and distinct voice, and said :—

“ Our Father which art in Heaven. Thy name be hallowed and praised. Thy holy kingdom come. Thy blessed will be done. I thank Thee for the blessings of my life, and I rejoice that I go to Thee. Bless my husband and my mother, my brothers and all my friends. Bless sweet

Felicitas, and oh, be Thou her shield ! Give light to the Faith of Italy. How long, oh Lord, how long ? Grant Thy servants patience to overcome. Strengthen those who suffer, and oh Lord, take me home ! ”

Her head rested on the bosom of her eldest brother ; one lovely hand clasped the tender hand of Felicitas ; the other, holding some flowers, lay on the Gospel of the martyred scribe. Brother Simeon received her crucifix and rosary, from her mother ; clasped them in his attenuated fingers, and stood and watched. He could not believe the end was near, nor could Monna Celia, nor her son. But Tessa, the good old serving-woman, whose experience of sick rooms made her more wise, told them to prepare for the worst, and whispered courage to them. Beatrice heard her ; smiled, and said softly, “ Peace . . . Peace ! ”

Brother Simeon placed within her hands her crucifix and rosary. Then he commenced the prayers for the dying, and the others joined, as well as they were able. The pale light of early dawn broke into the room, and mingling with the glare of the watchers’ lamps, showed them the parting look of happiness and love, as Beatrice, the sweet, the good, the lovely, peacefully passed away ! No sound, no pain, no struggle—but she was gone . . .

Above her head there hung a picture by Simone Memmi, showing Time conquering Death. An angel, averting the Destroyer’s scythe, typified Salvation, and, on a scroll, beside him were the words : “ *Filioli, hora novissima est.* ” Brother Simeon spoke them slowly, and the tears fell from his eyes as he realised more and more that the hour was indeed new to Beatrice, her first hour in Blessedness, her first of Heaven. Then came a smile of gladness, and the old man turned to the living. The mother, sad as Niobe, looked on in voiceless grief, her once imperious features calm and still. Felicitas cowered like a little dove before the storm, and only half understanding what she saw, moved cautiously, as though fearing to awake the sleeper. Mistress Dorcas, unusually pale, brought to Friar Simeon the cross for holiness, and the four lights for praise, and the shell of

holy water, and the tapers. The child made a wreath of white roses, and placed it on her sister's brow, just where the marble forehead joined with the lustrous hair. "Darling Beatrice!" whispered Felicitas softly, "beautiful Beatrice!" and the stately mother moaned in her agony. "Gone to God's Peace and His Tranquillity!" said the mother, "*Santa pace!*" and again, taking a last look of her sainted child, she murmured, "*Santa pace!*" Her son led her away; and as the door closed behind them, Felicitas, Mistress Dorcas, and Monna Tessa sank on their knees; the Friar sprinkled holy water, lighted the funeral tapers, and knelt to recite the psalms for the dead.

BOOK IV.—CHAPTER XIV.

HOW DANTE HEARS OF THE DEATH OF BEATRICE.

“ When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination ;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparelled in more precious habit,
More moving delicate and full of life
Into the eye and prospect of his soul
Than when she lived indeed.”

(SHAKSPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act IV.)

THE quays beside the Arno were beginning the life and bustle of another day. Men in boats and on rafts were ploughing the river with lusty oars. Market-loads of country produce were slowly rowing to the city. At the edge of the water-wall a solitary Friar was throwing pebbles into the stream. Friar Peter had been summoned to the house of Master Simon immediately after the death of Beatrice. Somehow, the whole scene of that grief-stricken house, the mother's grief, the sister's despair, had strangely moved him. He asked himself for once, if the world of family affection and female goodness might not be better than the world of churchly ambition and monkish fellowship in which he lived. Had it been really worth his while to dwell apart and solitary, to forego the natural ties of human kindred, and some day to die unwept, for the sake of ruling and ruining mankind, in the name of religion ? He had seen the priests of Egypt and of India do the same . . . Bah ! . . . He thought of his former life, and hated himself, and all things. He would not return to the Anchorage, nor call at his convent, till the fit should pass. That pale-faced Beatrice ! How her words haunted him ! How her piety pursued him ! How her dead face followed him !

Down the Via dei Bardi he crept to the river side, for coolness and for quiet, wondering to feel so miserably moved. Such sensations were unbecoming his character for philosophy, and differed wholly from his callous habits of thought. He began to harbour a suspicion that he was out of health. Some women, passing in a market boat, recognised their favourite Friar, and offered him a gourd or cup of wine. He thanked them, accepted, and drank it off, though the day was only at its rise. Ere they passed out of sight, he felt stronger, and the old man revived within him. "I will rouse my spirits with a stave!" said he, "the passers-by will think it is a godly Psalm." Whereon, he intoned, to the measure of a Litany, the following impromptu:—

"The Patriarchs throve for three hundred years,
And some of them longer, as clearly appears,
While Noah lived centuries, over and over,
Because he grew vineyards and never was sober.

Some time after that, up in Cana, d'ye see?
Sweet Mary the Virgin, exulted with glee,
To make wine out of water, at word of command,
For while water is welcome enough in the sea,
'Tis the curse of all curses on land!"

"There's an obedient and pious sentiment for them, very neatly put too! I see my vein still works! Faugh! what matters it of a woman less or more? Why, women swarm like locusts everywhere! What a zany I am to regret her for half a moment, considering how little she ever appreciated my virtues! Body of Bacchus! what a fool I am! some one shall suffer for it! As she has made me qualmish this blessed morning, I will repay it to her with some advance of interest . . . it is the custom of society to announce family events to one's friends . . . suppose I call upon our friend, her quondam lover, Master Dante, whom I have not yet done with; 'tis scarcely likely the death-toll will have reached him yet?"

Dante, by virtue of the *Credo* he had furnished to the Inquisitors at his last examination, aided, too, by Cavalcanti's efforts and money, had been for some days free of

the Holy office ; and was once more installed in the old Tower. Thither, therefore, the Friar wended his way ; and, bent on no deed of mercy, toiled up the staircase we have once seen him ascend before. Pulling the check-string of the latch, he entered the poet's room without call or summons. "*In Dei nomine,* Amen,*" said he.

"You are early to-day, Friar," said Dante, coldly. "Is there aught in which I may serve you ?"

"Scarcely," replied the Friar, "I am famed for jollity, and merry news, and for doing my own work with my own hands. Also for being truly beneficent, tender-hearted as a maiden, delicate as the Madonna, and more pitiful than our patron Francis. By favour of all these excellent qualities, I am here to give you a piece of news which, I doubt not, you would rather hear from me than from any other exemplary Christian . . ."

"The offer of fresh quarters underground, Friar Peter ? or of a fresh interview with you on the subject of Fleurette Capchicot ?"

"Better than either !" rejoined the monk ; "you would relish the one or the other more than the news I bring. You and I are old and attached friends ; it is fit that I should share your joys, and watch the development of your character. The fact is, that I have been this morning edified by the sight of a very proper and improving corpse. That lady your soul used to love and worship, my brother's daughter, the Lady Beatrice—she died this morning, at sunrise."

Hard as he was, the Friar quailed before the silent agony of the chord of grief he had so rudely touched. The man before him neither spoke nor moved, yet the Friar had seen no sorrow like this before. It exceeded his expectation, and, on second thoughts, gratified him hugely.

* *In Dei nomine, Amen. Ego Frater Bartholomæus Senensis Ord: Min-auctoritate Apostolica Inquisitor Hæreticæ pravitatis, Notum facio, &c.* (Instrument of Inquisition of Florence, 1278, against Lapo di Giovanni Perini of San Romolo, who abjures the Paterino heresy, and promises to persecute the same, given by Manni, vol. xxvi., page 47 of his *Osservazioni e giunte Storiche circa i Sigilli dei Secoli Bassi.*)

"The truth is," continued he, "that she died of a broken heart. The doctors call her disease by another name, but none of them knew what I did, for I planted the thorn, and was, therefore, not surprised to see it fester. 'Tis a matter I should know something of, for I have guided her destiny for many years. If she had obeyed us some time back at Rome, she might have shone among the saints of Holy Church; but these women are detestably self-willed. She preferred the grave; and, as I took a fancy to her soul rather early, I must say that, notwithstanding her feminine disobedience, I have watched its transportation with considerable interest. In fact, it was time she went; she was acquiring a decided tendency to come before the Holy Office for inclining to the pestilential study of Gospels without comments. The Church cannot suffer the lambs to choose their own pastures. However, she is transferred to the worms, or will shortly be so; . . . and there is an end of the discipline which, I can safely say, I never spared her. She chose, latterly, for her director Brother Simeon, a lanky Mendicant of ours from Paterno; the same who reported to me a certain Maïa dance of hers and yours, mixed up with an Ariadne play there, one bright May morning."

"Dead!" whispered Dante to himself, "dead?"

"The women were streeking her as I came away, I should think," observed the Friar, "for I heard a terrible lamentation."

"Oh Beatrice! thou purest, saintly flower! Hath the world ceased to vex thee? Will evil men and evil ways wound thee no more? Will thy dear innocence no longer fail to shield thee? Thy heavenly beauty shine out on earth no more! Will not the bright sun cheer thee, nor the breeze cool thee, nor the dews refresh thee, any more for ever? No more green branches wave above thy head, nor flowery garlands deck thy golden hair? Hast thou a new throne in heaven? hast seen the glassy sea? hast heard the deathless harps? or art thou lingering still over the city thou lovedst well? Look on me, lady, if, through the rays of this our early day, thou hoverest in thy flight to God."

"Lord ha' mercy on us!" cried the Friar, laughing hoarsely, "I expected the very apex and climax of execration! Can the chained mastiff not even bark? Has the poet no tongue wherewith to teach me, as he dared at Fiesole? No mighty curse, no strong invective, to cast with the barbed sting of the human snake? Good! good! I apprehend that we have crushed the devil out of him!"

"Fair and sweet lady!" continued Dante, apparently unconscious that the Friar was there, "thou hast suffered, and thou hast died young, thou pearl of purest light, thou one sole earth-born angel of this world! This world!—oh God, this world!—this wretched world, 'empty and desolate,—where she is not! Oh sainted lady, art thou, as the Holy Graal, which, to behold, needed the baptism of peril, and fatigue, and death? Oh dream of wild and visionary credulity, thou art too like to mine! Alas! my lady is gone, and I may never see her more till I venture, cold and shuddering, into an eternity where I may lose my way!"

"Nothing more likely," observed the Friar; then, striking his hand heavily on Dante's shoulder, he called him out of the state of abstraction into which he had fallen.

"Do not prate about Eternity, young sir; be so good as understand Time first, and let me know the difference! All dead folks stink alike, and carry nought else with them; which is, I apprehend, the reason why the tailors fashion no pockets in shrouds! All flesh is grass; all beasts make carrion, and all meat makes muck. Death and the devil are merry gaffers, and dance together a-field. Let every ox lash the flies with his own tail, and the pigs look out for Martinmas! Instruction is more valuable than rubies, and holy teaching is more excellent than refined gold. When I want work done, I go myself; if I do not want it done, I send. Never a messenger but brays some fault . . . Saw ye ever an amulet like to this?—a charm or a talisman resembling it? Seeing that I suspect it was never duly incensed or consecrated, never sprinkled with holy water, nor hallowed by tinkling of sacred bells, I took it off her neck an hour or

two since, and substituted in its stead a pardon from Rome,* for which her brother duly paid me. You may read it, as you list to do so; it betrays its origin."

The scroll was in Latin, which might be thus rendered: "Oh holy God, Thou seest the hidden Church of Thine humble ones; let Thine eye rest on us in mercy, for how else can we abide Thy gaze?"

Dante recognised the formula. It was a usual form, in that age, often worn by persons of holy life and conversation, who, without any thought of leaving the Church, or inducing dissent from her communion, mourned over her sins, and sought silently a more direct communion with God than lay in the priests' power and privilege of saving or condemning the soul.

"There are some moments in life," replied Dante, with an effort, "when consciousness reaches an intensity more profound and earnest than is usual. Such moments probe our intellect and our heart, and bring our own feelings and thoughts before us in a form more vivid than can be described. There are inanimate things, too, that rouse our inmost self. Such is the precious scroll you show me, taken from the neck of that divinest lady. Having shown it to me, I entreat you to depart."

"Not till you inform me of its purport. Relate to me your knowledge of it, and beware of deceiving one who knows your every hole and corner."

"I should have thought that the inscription explained itself," answered Dante uneasily, repressing his pain; "but since you fail to compass the signification, I will tell you. It means this: 'Not Jerusalem—not Rome—not any earthly leader—but a true life and a true death—these only can abide the after-ordeal of Time, and endure the

* The remains of Cicely Neville, Duchess of York, who died 1495, were moved, at Fotheringay, by Queen Elizabeth's order, in one of her royal progresses. On the breast of the Duchess one of these pardons was found. "The Duchess Cicely had about her neck, hanging in a silver riband, a pardon from Rome, which, penned in a very fine Roman hand, was as fair and fresh to be read as if it had been written out yesterday."—(FULLER, *Worthies of England*, 477, 478.)

searching scrutiny of Him who can neither be blinded nor deceived.' It is such a scroll as is often worn by the spiritual brethren of your own Order, as well as by many serious persons in town and country. For myself, I am too worldly-minded to use such amulets; but if I were holier than I am, methinks I might do so."

"It is enough," said the Friar; "I apprehend you. The scroll is a weak and silly conceit, whereby some crazy idiots think to know more than we do, and are only exercising their paltry wits trying to climb a greased pole, or journey to a point that still recedes before them. I do not believe any of our brethren to be such fools! As to Time, and the Eye of God, and so forth, they know the price-list of Paradise as well as I do, and have the measure of the ladder of hell, which is more to the purpose! 'True life,' does the scroll say? 'True death?' Pilate asked, 'What is truth?'—and if I had been at his elbow, I should have reminded him that truth, for a considerable number of ages, will be what the greatest number of people credit and hold; . . . and that will be precisely what we, their guides, choose to ordain, and decree them to believe! Truth, indeed! Ask what is truth! Why, it changes and varies with every country you go into! But, to return to our own business; the Lady Beatrice was a fool, and you are another; and so I wish you joy of her death, and will not trouble you with a benedicite!"

The Friar passed out, chuckling as he went. He took the way to his convent, knelt at each cross and image, and scattered blessings, as he passed through the crowded streets.

In one of them, near the spot to which he was bound, stood certain ancient and disused tombs, or sepulchres, builded into the wall, before which were stationed, or exposed, the miserable persons who were under sentence* of the Inquisition. In garments rendered frightful by studied horror of shape and colour, these hapless ones invited the fear and terror of the awe-struck crowd, some of whom fled in grief; others crossed themselves, and pattered Litanies, or muttered

* Historical.

a charm to evade the misfortune of the evil eye. Three of the condemned were men convicted of the Paterino heresy, then rife in Florence, and constantly yielding some of its members to the flames. These stood calm and composed, while one of their number tried to soothe and comfort a fellow-sufferer, who was, like themselves, preparing for the stake. She was a hapless woman, ragged and bare, witch-like and haggard. She listened quietly, till of a sudden she saw Friar Peter pass, then flung herself against the tombs with a wild shriek, and cried :

“ Friar Peter lied,
In his sin and pride,
And the angels wept ;
But my father died !
I am Paul’s dead bride,
And my soul hath slept.
Gaffer Death ! Ho ! Hallo ! ”

A servitor of the Holy Office gave her the lash ; and where the thongs struck, straightway blood flew, and crimson weals and cuts covered the emaciated and shrunken form. Yet still she cried :

“ Friar Peter lied
In his sin and pride,
And the angels wept,
But my father died ! ”

Her voice still lingered on the words, when down came the thongs again, this time on her quivering mouth ; and Friar Peter, brushing past the officer, said, “ Put the gag on the young witch ! Let its iron thorns clutch her tongue ! ” And as the brown gown vanished, the cruel order was obeyed. The three Paterini groaned aloud : “ Alas ! poor Stephen ! ” said one of them, “ it was well for him that he saw not this deed ! ”

One hour later, Friar Peter consulted with the heads of his convent, and showed the scroll taken from the neck of Beatrice. “ I changed it against a neatly written pardon,” said he, “ of which this is the price.” And he laid, on the board, fourteen pieces of gold, equal to about £30 sterling.

"Thy pardon, Peter, 'twill open the gate closed to the world," said an elder brother, handing the monies to the treasurer. "But we must not suffer that free-spoken youngster of a poet to think so independently. Let us declare it good for him to study with ourselves, and make him enter, for a single year, that excellent net of ours, our Third Order. Thou, Peter, mayest occasionally pipe to the wild bird, while its feet patter in the bird-lime. What say ye, brethren? Is the plan good? Can we not break his proud spirit? Can we not sever him from Cavalcanti and his set? and make the richer ones of his sort see danger through his ribs? Can we not disgust them with him, when they see him, month after month, clothed in our pious garb, which they abhor? And will he not keep such a memory of us as will silence his thrusts at us in future days?"

"Let us make him enter our Third Order of Francis; the *Penitentes*, called by the lower people the *Sacci*, because of the sackcloth shirt they wear inside the gown, slit down the breast, to show that same; or *Continentes*, another name they have, and, for a reason we make them wot of! Ha! ha! he will have to change his fine grey hosen and his black shoes, for the more profitable use of the skin of his bare feet; and to doff his dainty robes of scarlet or crimson, and his rich head-gear of white and red, for our brown serge gown and hempen rope; and, inside them, the hair-shirt he may not move for a whole year! How he will chafe and rage in vain! How pious we shall make the young gallant look! Shaving off his long black hair, and the black beard he is so proud of! the self-sufficient spark, so scrupulously clean! After being affiliated to us, *volens volens*, and seen of all men as of our Order, he can hardly speak his mind concerning us any more. Oh rich and rare contrivance! capital!"

"Excellent!" responded Friar Peter, "when such a one as he squeaks in the pig-yard, commend me to a strong and vigorous bruising of his hide, and a harsh ringing of his snout, to keep his voice down! He has imposed on some

of our elders with that Credo of his, which, verily, is not bad, so far as it goes; but the short-sighted ass put never a line into it, in praise of us, or of our holy founder; confusion take him! and so, for ought I see, the Credo might suit the Paterini we burn, almost as well as ourselves, who are all double-freighted for Paradise. Now, with all due reverence and humility, I see further into this mill-stone than my brethren. I know the deceit and guile of that youngster, his secret conclaves, his company, his spirit of independence, and his scorn of some of us. I would have him well gagged in the snout, for a season. He may not grow spiritual like our foolish Brother Simeon, who is as soft as wet curd, and as pious as a reformed rake, but it will tame him, I'll warrant you! I support the measure, and will readily pipe to net the game in the snare, as my holy superior doth wisely propose! I did consult about it some time ago with the Lord Cardinal, but he advised our waiting a more convenient opportunity. I fear me this is an iron and stiff-necked age, little inclined to take our word for gospel at all times, as it ought to do! Now, by disciplining in our own fashion, the hardest and boldest of the young bloods, whom it is not safe to destroy at once (as we can the poorer sort), I know no better remedy than this education, tuition, and instruction, of our excellent Third Order! The Lord enlighten my soul, and give me grace among my brethren! *Benedic anima mea, Domine!*"*

"Amen!" answered the brethren, but the cry came too soon.

"Nay, fathers!" ye applaud before the end. I have another advice to give. We will not cage this half heretical rhymester on the instant. It would rip up again the matter of that bout at Fiesole. Let us wait some months, and when he thinks we have forgotten him, stretch out our lanky arm, and gird him with our girdle!"

* "It appears to me that there results not a probability, but little less than a moral certainty, of the fact alleged by Buti, that Dante made a trial of the Franciscan Order, and there is no less a certainty that he made this trial at the time of which we speak, between his grief at the loss of his lady, and his frequenting the schools."—(*Conte Cesare Balbo, Vita di Dante*, cap. 7, page 95-96.)

"Amen!" responded the brethren, "Vengeance is sweet.* Amen! Yes, we will wait, as Peter adviseth, for a short space. It would not do to rip up again that matter of his at Fiesole; especially now, that our townsman, this Peter Tuderti, has been fool enough to rival us with his new Order of Monks of St Mary, and their St Austin's rule! The foul fiend take him and them!† Though we have the start of him, and the roots of our tree are stronger than the roots of his! still, I see it will be more prudent to defer the discipline we are reserving for this our enemy. 'Forewarned is fore-armed,' says the proverb; and perhaps the outside world does not know it; but we *can afford to wait*; and 'tis our custom to run back before we leap, much as the tigers do, for the sake of a stronger spring!"

* The cruelties of the Inquisition had reached such a pitch a few years after the date of our story, that Pope Benedict XI., continually beset with petitions from the cities of Italy, commanded the Inquisitors "So to exercise their office as that such clamour should no longer rise to our ears." "*Officium sic exercere studeant ut ad Nos de talibus clamor ulterius non ascendat.*"—(See letter of Tiraboschi to the Master of the Sacred Palace. *Storia Letteraria d'Italia*, vol. viii., p. 645.)

† *Servi di Santa Maria*, servants of St Mary, an Order of Monks instituted under the Rule of the Augustinians in Florence 1285. They received confirmation of their Order from Benedict the Eleventh, and from seven succeeding Popes. They carried a satchel for alms. Pietro Tuderti, of Florence, called by old English writers, Peter Tudor, was their Founder.

BOOK IV.—CHAPTER XV.

DANTE AT THE GRAVE OF BEATRICE.

“ My grief excludes both measure, tune, and time,
Alas ! my God ! ”

GEORGE HERBERT.

“ *Quella Beatrice beata che vive in cieloc ogli Angeli e in terra colla mia anima.* ”
(*Dante, Convito, cap. 2, Trattato ii.*)

“ DANTE lived at this time of mourning,” says Boccaccio, “ in the solitude of his room, grief-stricken, and well-nigh speechless.” . . . “ So that he suffered himself to be seen by scarcely any, but his own friends.” His elder brother, and Guido dei Cavalcanti, sought to divert his mind, but all in vain. There was no comfort for him. Sometimes he sat in the upper storey of the old tower, designing angels, and (for he drew well) forming beautiful pictures. In them all appeared the same fair hair, the same pale and beautiful features, the classic contour, the lustrous eyes, the placid dignity, the loveliness, and the gentleness of Beatrice. His half-sister and her husband, Leone Poggi, were assiduous and watchful. They vowed gifts at altars, and kept wax tapers and lamps of oil a-burning at the shrines of divers Virgins. They gave ten measures of wheat to Santa Reparata, the maiden Patroness of the city.

Still he did not rally, but staid within, designing angels.* Some, were Beatrice as a child ; others, Beatrice as a girl ; some, Beatrice as a young woman ; some wore the necklace she offered at the Forest Chapel. In others, she was fading

* “ In that day in which was completed the first year that this lady was made a citizen of Eternal Life, I sat where, remembering her, I was drawing an Angel upon certain tablets.” And again, he says, “ When they had gone, I returned to my work, that is to say, to drawing figures of Angels.”—(*Dante, Vita Nuova, xxxv.*)

into distance, as a traveller vanishing from sight,—an old type of early death. Sometimes she was flying upwards ; sometimes singing the glad praises of God. Some angels scattered lilies ; others peeped inquiringly into Heaven.

While he was thus occupied, Ricovero Portinari sought to see him, bearing the letter, she, dying, had left for Dante. He was denied admission at first, for it was long since Dante had received friends. But Ricovero, who alone knew of what a missive he was the bearer, pleaded till he obtained entrance, and succeeded in conferring with his friend alone.

Although the reader is already in possession of the letter, we will repeat it, while Dante reads the well-known careful writing :—

“Dante, this is from one who has been unhappy. We may not have two forenoons in one day. My morning was bright ; the rest has been veiled in clouds. I am going where another sun will shine ; and, as I was to thy youth, and as thou wert to mine, look that we become again. Until thou come, I shall be the happiest, for I shall dwell beyond the stars of Heaven. Thy bark will be tossed on a sea of troubles, and to thee, the way will be long and dreary. But sunset comes after the longest day, and the lengthiest road has a turning. I stand upon the brink of separation. I am pausing at the ford of the last stream. The fear of death has gone, for my life has well-nigh ebbed, and I long to watch thee from the paradise of my God, even as a sister may watch a brother. Dante, life is a crafty network and maze of cares, for man has enveloped himself in paths and by-ways ; but the labyrinth opens out, the maze widens, the net falls away from us, as we draw nigh to the porch of Heaven. When thou receivest this from Ricovero, I shall have entered the golden gates. Remember what I said to thee at the Monk’s Ford, near the Vallombrosa ; how I laid it on thee to enlarge thy gifts of mind ; how I charged thee to become immortal !—Dante, look up to me in my blessedness, and love the place of rest, where I shall be ! Transfer to the holy garden of the peace of God, that love which thou

gavest me, with the immensity of thy spirit, when thou lovedst me, and I loved thee, before we parted !”

Ricovero Portinari had gone. He had obeyed his dead sister's wish. He had delivered the letter ; he had explained the circumstances ; he had described the peace of her last hours. But the letter—oh ! the letter—the last words, the last injunctions, the parting legacy of the saintly lady he had loved ; what a treasure it was ! and how he read it again and again, and thought over it, and reflected on it, to catch every shade of meaning, every smallest detail, every slightest echo of her mind ! The worldliness of his love seemed to have passed away. The bitterness of former jealousy against her family appeared to die. All the heart burnings and disappointments of the past were gone ; and a new peace stole into his grief, a peace half imaginative, but none the less precious and priceless to a mind like his. But it did not last in a calm and even flow. Illness supervened, fever cast him down, and his half-sister and her husband Leone, trembled for him. Visions went and came, troubling his ardent fancy, and leaving indelible prints that years never effaced.

It was a long struggle ; but at last it slackened. The agony abated ; the alternate silence and stupor, or impotent eloquence of his grief gave way to a kind of patience, in which he could, at last, bring himself to contemplate calmly the world in which Beatrice no longer lived. His sister prattled of their friends and neighbours ; brought messages to him ; covered his table with flowers ; sent offerings to favourite shrines, and doubled her litanies at vesper hours. At last she saw him able to walk out again, to take food like others, to leave the house, and go into the sun.

There came a night when he went forth alone ; a night without moon, but studded with ten million stars, brilliant, remote in the deep blue, as the stars of Italy are. The city lay asleep. None walked save the night watchmen going

gavest me, with the immensity of thy spirit, when thou lovedst me, and I loved thee, before we parted !”

Ricovero Portinari had gone. He had obeyed his dead sister's wish. He had delivered the letter ; he had explained the circumstances ; he had described the peace of her last hours. But the letter—oh ! the letter—the last words, the last injunctions, the parting legacy of the saintly lady he had loved ; what a treasure it was ! and how he read it again and again, and thought over it, and reflected on it, to catch every shade of meaning, every smallest detail, every slightest echo of her mind ! The worldliness of his love seemed to have passed away. The bitterness of former jealousy against her family appeared to die. All the heart burnings and disappointments of the past were gone ; and a new peace stole into his grief, a peace half imaginative, but none the less precious and priceless to a mind like his. But it did not last in a calm and even flow. Illness supervened, fever cast him down, and his half-sister and her husband Leone, trembled for him. Visions went and came, troubling his ardent fancy, and leaving indelible prints that years never effaced.

It was a long struggle ; but at last it slackened. The agony abated ; the alternate silence and stupor, or impotent eloquence of his grief gave way to a kind of patience, in which he could, at last, bring himself to contemplate calmly the world in which Beatrice no longer lived. His sister prattled of their friends and neighbours ; brought messages to him ; covered his table with flowers ; sent offerings to favourite shrines, and doubled her litanies at vesper hours. At last she saw him able to walk out again, to take food like others, to leave the house, and go into the sun.

There came a night when he went forth alone ; a night without moon, but studded with ten million stars, brilliant, remote in the deep blue, as the stars of Italy are. The city lay asleep. None walked save the night watchmen going

their rounds. He took his way to the Campo Santo of St Maria Nuova, the centry-garth used by the Portinari before there was builded in Sant 'Egidio the burial square of which there are traces remaining to this day.* Here, beside her father's family, was Beatrice laid, until the Bardi tomb should be completed in their own chapel. At the entrance, stood the statue of St Michael Signifer, the banner-bearer of the resurrection. To the right of this he knew would be the spot so dear to him. While his thoughts trembled with pain, and the eyes wandered, and his breast heaved with emotion, as he knew himself to be not far from that grave, so solitary, cold, and tranquil, he saw among the tombs a cross, in the hollow of which flickered a lamp, protected by a little roof, in the fashion whereby it was a custom of those days to remember and to honour the dead. By the light of the lamp, he read the name of her who slept below ; and, as he read, the night-wind blew across the short inscription, a tress of auburn hair, like what the hair of Beatrice had been, when she was a child. It was a token of the mourning love of poor Felicitas, who had vowed it on her sister's grave.

Dante knelt on the sod, and began to repeat the Prayers for the dead ; but it was not long ere his voice faltered, his nerve failed, and grief found its way, for he was weak and exhausted. " In those days," says Boccaccio, " he had become like a savage thing to look at ; his body was lean, his beard shaggy and unkempt, and he was quite changed from his former self."

The name of Beatrice, burst, now and then, from his lips, with a low sighing and a deep inward misery, such as men seldom know. The city-watchmen had three times called the hours, and still he lay beside the grave. He was recalling every incident of their mutual lives ; all he had known of her ; all he had seen or heard since he parted from her near the Vallombrosa. What a dream it seemed ! He re-

* This is the " court at the side of the cloister," mentioned in Appendix, Note VII.

collected his own trials too ; that fowling in the marshes with Cavalcanti, the scene at Fiesole, the Tribunal, the Credo, his liberation, the Franciscan penances imposed on him, and the letter she had left . . . He felt for it in his bosom, and while he touched it, suddenly, and to his surprise, there came to him one of those waking visions, to which his burning imagination had long subjected him, especially, as he himself describes, when he thought of, or remembered, the lady of his life ; and he heard beside him the soft and gentle voice of Beatrice.

"Faithful friend," said the voice, "I am not here. Here, abides only the little person in which I lived. I have gone afar. I dwell with God on high."

The sound ceased, and his mind, accustomed to associate Beatrice with every thought of religion, even with the most divine and solemn doctrines of the faith, all heavenly subjects being to him bound up in one strong bond, with the remembrance of her piety ; listened, and drank in the voice ; listened again, no—all was still—and he whispered to himself the Angel's message, "*non ibi sed resurrexit*," "not here, but arisen."

Then broke there over that blenched and pallid face a smile of joy, a ray of gratitude, a beam of thankfulness ; and he felt his strength return.

"Yes, angel beloved and gone," he replied, "I will obey thee by no longer seeking thee here. Thy pure and excellent essence hath changed worlds, and thou art become eternal, not imprisoned thus ! The soul that I loved in thee dwells not now on earth or star ; but above—afar—beyond, with Him who is blessed for evermore ; and thy companions are the Holy Mary, the ancient Saints, the prophets, and the just of old, the simple fishermen, the glorious Paul, the army and the cohort of those whose emblems grace our walls, and whose praise our people sing ! Thou didst depart at the day's first hour, and ascendedst on the airs of morning, pure and serene to God. Perchance, most saintly lady, thou fellest prostrate at the Saviour's feet, bowing thy head before the sapphire throne, and rising, utteredst thy first cry

of joy, the first delicious note of that hymn of glory, in which thy voice shall outlive Time.

Yes ! Tears are passed from thee, and sighs, and griefs, and fears. All is new. Thou canst not weep nor suffer any more, for thou art happy . . . But, Beatrice, what am I ? a man, desolate, forsaken, solitary ; my one love dead, who unseen and apart from me, was yet my dream, my refuge, and my solace, from boyish days till now ! Estranged from thee, I treasured thee in my memory ; thou wert my abstract good, too high for me, yet sacred and unforgotten ! Now, widowed of my light, shorn of my hope, I remain alone ! alone !

I have nothing that was thine but thy letter of farewell ; when I, too, go to my rest, may it be buried with me ! Nothing of thee but the memory of thy smile, the recollection of thy beauty. Nothing of thee, but the echo of thy voice, the murmur in the far-past of thy celestial songs. Nothing of thee, Beatrice, but the record of thy life, the perfume of thy virtues, and the memory of thy goodness !

Memory ? what a word is there ! Thy Memory !—Yet, I have a comfort left. I may whisper it to thee, Beatrice. Thou didst love me, though I was not good, like thee. Thou didst love me ; and thy heart felt for mine. If thou hast obeyed thy parents and the church, and circumstances of country, and place, and time — there was, as thou didst assure me, a needs-be ! But the toil for thee is past. Thou hast borne off the palm ; and for thee, Fate, Change, and Time have had their day ! Rest thou, my lonely Love, in God's tranquillity ! Sleep on in the sanctuary of His praise, where none can pass the boundary that hems thee in ! Oh, dull, cold sod, that coverest what once was her ! What of the roses and the flowers they wreathe upon thee ! Alas ! the altered town ! Alas, the city ! Empty is thy bower-window, my departed Lady ; desolate is thy hearth-stone ; empty thy couch of pain ; vacant thy place in church ; silent thy kind voice to the poor. But thyself . . . oh, thou art far off in Heaven . . . look down on me !

What didst thou once say to me, Beatrice, yonder, below the Apennines, when I twice heard from thee that we were

parted, and I had sworn, within myself, to submit in silence! Never could I call thee mine, my sainted lady; and, perhaps, for this reason hast thou departed first into eternity; but thou didst command me to become immortal by my mind; and how can aught of mine acquire a value unless linked with thee? If I can temper the metal, and make it worthy, I do promise thee, lady, that I will obey thee! Has my Maker given me strong power to understand and compass, I will labour hard; I will strive to learn all that erring man may know. I will study and I will strive for a distinct end; and, when I shall have become more learned, I will write as none hath written before—and I will write of thee! I will make thee as no woman hath been—immortal! I will lift my thoughts to the spheres where thou art gone, and my pen shall paint the glory that surrounds thee! Men shall listen, and thou shalt be among them—not the dead spouse of the merchant Bardi, but the undying Beatrice of Florence—deathless, ethereal, and *mine!* *Mine*—without fault, or stain, or shade, or shadow of blame; holy, and wise, and sweet, as thou wert gentle, and dear, and true! Perfect, as thy father's daughter—perfect, as thy husband's wife—and perfect, as my example and my pilot, to guide me through far worlds to God! No tongue shall move but in thy praise! No voice shall witness, save to thy glory; and thou shalt go down to after years as MY angel, MY guide, MY Beatrice!”

It seemed to him that the vision breathed nearer to him—floated nearer and nearer still—bent over his head, and left upon his brow a parting touch and a taste of Heaven.

From these thoughts and words at the grave of Beatrice, Dante arose a stronger man, to pursue through life a great and definite aim. The vow he had made was kept, as all nations know. Eventually he attained the height he sought, and raised to the lady of his heart the loftiest effort of human affection, and the divinest monument of Christian love. The three civilisations of Italy, covering well nigh

four thousand years, have not to this day gifted her with a nobler example. To show the first origin of the Great Poem, in his early devotion to Beatrice, has been the scope and aim of the work we here conclude. If we have succeeded — well. If we have failed — it shall still be well.

“ Fors 'altro canterà con miglior pletro.”

But for us the task is done, the dear scenes have vanished, and the song is ended. Wherefore, Time-honoured Poet and lovely Lady, linked in verse and love on earth, as in our thoughts of you in Heaven, look down from your Rest on High and grant your blessing ! From the effulgence of Eternal Light, the blaze of Seraphim, and content of Charity supreme, look on our humble labour, and forgive its faults ; till such time shall come as may lead the stranger from a Northern land to recognise you, perchance, in that realm of exceeding glory, where the former things shall have passed away !—there to realise and acknowledge together the Presence of Him who “ doeth all things well,” “ to whom be glory, and honour, and dominion, and praise, from this time forth, and for evermore. Amen.”

100

APPENDIX.

NOTE I.

THE PORTINARI ALTAR-PIECE IN SANTA MARIA NUOVA.

THIS fine specimen of early Flemish art is, at this time, preserved upstairs in the Library-Rooms of the Great Hospital of Santa Maria Nuova of Florence, founded by Master Folco Portinari, the father of Dante's Beatrice, in 1288. Till within the last few years, it hung in the Hospital Church (Sant'Egidio), having been bequeathed thereto by the Portinari family, whose tombs all lie before the altar, and were then close under the picture. It represents, on a large space, the Virgin and Child adored by shepherds, huntsmen, and others, in a wooded landscape. Lovely plants in pots—which plants fill up and adorn the foreground of the composition—have been placed by worshippers as offerings to the Virgin. The left hand volet represents Tommaso Portinari* and his two sons, protected by St Thomas and St Augustine. The right hand volet has his wife and daughter, protected by two lovely saints, St Margaret and St Magdalen.

While Tommaso Portinari and his family lived for some years at Antwerp and Bruges, as the trade and business of the Portinari house required, this brilliant picture was executed for him by Hugo Van der Goes, the priest, styled by Vasari "Hugh of Antwerp." Born in Ghent in 1430, this great painter died in 1482. It is said that a disappointment of the affections (had any damsel of the Portinari a hand in this?) made him enter the priesthood, which he did in 1476, being of the age of forty-six years. The great work executed by him for Tommaso Portinari, was not done for price of money or goods, but in return for some kindnesses, now unknown. The works of this painter are few in number, and until late years he was little known; though the great Albert Durer (in his autograph "Journal," first printed by Muir, from the MS. preserved in the Ebner family) wrote at Brussels: "On my visit to the Hotel of Nassau, I saw the excellent picture of Master Hugo." William B. Scott, in his very admirable "Life of Durer," calls Hugo Van der Goes "a great artist of that dry time and school" (note on p. 126). We venture to believe that a sight of the Portinari picture would convince him that the time and school were not "dry" in this particular instance; for both the treatment and conception of the subjects are noble, and the colouring and handling are excellently rich and pleasing.

This lovely memento of a family so linked with Florence, and with Italy, through Dante's Beatrice, ought surely to find an honoured place

* These persons were descended from the family of Folco Portinari, the father of Dante's Beatrice, and, as his descendants, were entombed in the Church of Sant'Egidio, some hundred and fifty years from the date of our story.

in the Pitti Gallery, or, at the very least, in the Accademia of the city, if the Italian Government were alive to its beauty and importance.

The Portinari picture would add a fresh interest and charm to the treasures of Florence, already supremely important and remarkable in all kinds of Art achievements. But, in its present safe though obscure abode, displaced to make room for the new monument of a new benefactor, few, save the enthusiasts of Dante, are ever likely to behold its vivid rendering of the after kindred of Dante's Beatrice. None can stand before it without realising the words of Ruskin ("Stones of Venice," iii., p. 48), "The root of all great Art in Europe is struck in the thirteenth century. The great time is from 1250 to 1350." Ruskin means the root time, the birth period; and this picture, and others of its class, in the following century, justify his opinion.

The Portinari family have, each one, a simple dignity and devotion, enhanced by the brilliant colouring of Van der Goes' pencil. Tommaso and his two sons are kneeling, clothed in black cloth, guarded with fur. Their attendant saints are sumptuous in ecclesiastical vestments. The wife and daughter are studies of the dress of the time. The wife wears a robe and hood of black silk serge, with girdle, cape, and cuffs of snowy vair. Round her neck is a gold collar, set with large pearls and rubies. The daughter, who kneels behind her mother, wears a green dress worked with gold. In her black silk hood is a jewel of fine pearls and rubies, from which hang three pear-shaped pearls. Her necklace and cross are of large rubies and pearls. On her dress, a stomacher of black velvet, cross-laced with green, finishes in a girdle of gold, set with pendant jewels. The cuffs are of black velvet. Her fair, young face is grave, the eyes are large and blue, and her long hair falls out of her hood, and covers her shoulders. Possibly she presents some likeness, in her girlish beauty, to that more ethereal type of Dante's Beatrice. St Margaret and St Magdalen are habited, as princesses of the time would have been, at the hands of Hugo Van der Goes, had they consulted his taste and skill. St Margaret has a blue tunic over a scarlet robe. She holds an open book, and stands on a dragon. St Magdalen (probably the daughter's saint), wears a glorious robe of white and gold, with a fair bodice of cloth of gold. Her virginal beauty and attitude are admirably enhanced by these sunny, brilliant tints; and both the Saints have that peculiar purity, and happy unearthliness of expression, which the earlier masters could give so perfectly; a sort of sweet reasonableness and loving sanctity, which they alone were able to image forth for us.

For self-evident reasons, connected with this work, we have minutely described the Portinari volets; but the highest Art is, as it ought to be, in the centre representation of Mary Mother and the Child Jesus, lovingly and adoringly conceived. The landscape is firm and free. The shepherds and huntsmen in adoration are all redolent of life and of open air; they have an individuality, and a fitness of demeanour so charming, and the whole picture is so vividly and beautifully balanced, that surely no traveller will turn away from it, without not only an increased interest in the Portinari, but an accession of love and reverence for the deeply religious school of old-world Art, which it has too long been the fashion to neglect, if not to ignore. That Art emanated from the well-thought-out earnestness of those simpler days; and re-acted again upon the industrious energy of the time; just as the ostentation and frivolity of to-day, born of our wealth and indolence, stifle religion, and react to the increase and encouragement of the causes that produced them. For

if the tree is good, the fruit is good also ; and if the tree is evil, the fruit is evil also. And so we end our notice of the Portinari picture, requesting our readers, when they visit Florence, to see and judge for themselves.

NOTE II.

DANTE'S THIRD CANZONET.

THE popular or vulgar notion of Dante in his own time, was, that he was a man who went down into Hell, and came back again, as he liked. The story is preserved of a peasant woman who explained to her neighbours that this and no other was the cause of his dark complexion. In the present day, though no library is considered complete without a copy of the Divine Comedy, yet few know the beauty and sweetness of his Love Poems ; much as, for fifty men who are familiar with Shakspeare's Plays, you shall not find one who is conversant with his Sonnets. There is a Canzonet of Dante's written during the period of our story, to which we would direct the attention of such as can read the original Italian ; we mean the third Canzone, which begins, "*E m'incresce di me si malamente.*" It is one of the loveliest of his Love pieces, but is not referred to in the *Vita Nuova*. It contains seven stanzas. The fifth and sixth relate his first sight of Beatrice, and his first love for her. We subjoin an attempt at an English version of the two first :—

"I do grieve for myself so painfully
That all the pity other ladies show
Unto my state but irritates my woe.
Alas for me! that very tearfully
I feel my latest sigh watched for by those
Who so compassionate the heart-felt woes
That Love hath to my broken spirit brought.
Alas! how soft her eyes,
How sweet and kind did they upon me rise,
When they my death began, and seemed to say,
'Our light beams peace upon him all the day.
Belov'd, we will give peace unto thy heart ;'
Said they to eyes of mine,
Those eyes of my dear lady many a time.
But when they knew that her most bitter smart
Had ta'en my strength and caused my mind decay,
They turn'd and bore Love's banners right away.
Then did their light victorious
No more seem glad and glorious,
But dull and sad remained,
My soul that to some comfort had attained.
Now, like to one deceased
Abides the heart that had espoused been,
Yet now must e'en depart, and hide its grief unseen."

This is one of those Love Poems admired by Monna Celia in our story, because, in her opinion, they had "the true patrician ring." "A true gentleman," said she, "is heart-broken and melancholy, hopeless, because he rates us above the Angels ; discouraged, because he places us in a heaven of our own !" (Book I., Chap. III.)

NOTE III.

CURIOUS PARTICULARS CONCERNING THE FRANCISCAN ORDER OF MONKS.

SOME persons ignorant of the history of the Mendicant Orders, and perhaps especially unfamiliar with that of the Order of St Francis, may not improbably think our description of the Franciscans of the thirteenth century exaggerated and overdrawn. Yet a perusal of even the emendated editions of contemporary writers would roughly dispel so mistaken a notion. For evident reasons, we forbear quoting the abundant testimonies that abound on these heads. Decorum requires reticence. But we will present to the reader the testimony of one of the Franciscan Order appointed to report on the conduct of this Order to the Pope, and to a Papal Commission, not during the period of our story, but after the Order had become reformed.

The original document to which we refer is preserved in the Imperial Library (now Bibliothèque Nationale) of Paris. It is a Report drawn up for the Papal Commission by Fra Bernardino da Moncalvo, and dated 27th September 1626. It contains a statement of the conduct and condition of the Reformed Franciscans and Observantines of St Francis. If, then, the monks he wrote of, being reformed, were better than those who lived during the period of our story, it cannot be wrong to assume, as we have done, the degree of lax morality we have described.

Fra Bernardino da Moncalvo says: "They accept all sorts of ignoble and unworthy persons, whether as Tertiaries, Hermits, Discoli, or Irregulars, most vile persons taken from the woods, from rusticity itself . . . without humility, charity, or humanity" (page 14). "I advocate the extinction of the Observantines, because they are incorrigible, or, at least, the most part of them are so, through the long habit they have of transgressing their Rule." Again: "So many inconveniences arise, so many scandals occur . . ." "Many worse fruits have come, by reason of persons elected by our visitors in the province of Italy; but religious modesty does not admit of my making them known in this report, although they would be enough to incline our Lord's ear to the prayer of the just. I should like to be commanded to make known that which I hereby point out; so the very truth would come forth, different indeed from what is believed by those who judge persons by their appearance. Only will I, for the present, state this most certain truth, that, through the relaxed life, the ignorance, the imprudence, the passions, the want of zeal, and other many defects of the superiors, the Order has become reduced to the state described by St Bernard in these words." Here follows a quotation from the Rule of St Bernard, Part iii., chap. 7, which is best omitted from this note.

As to the wars of the Franciscans, and their internal dissensions, here are a few facts:—

In Sicily, at Messina, Calatagerone, and Catania; and in Calabria, at Nicotera; the Franciscans took up arms, and, in the words of the account sent from thence, "they filled the whole province with fire and blood."

"At Pizzo, eleven novices returned to the world."

"In Apulia, at Misciagna, the two divisions of the Order fought furiously, the Reformed besieging the Observants in their convent."

"At Lucera, in Terra di Lavoro, the Reformed, during a procession at which the Observants were absent, took forcible possession of their Convent of St Mary of the Angels."

"At Nola, the Reformed besieged and took the convent, and were afterwards expelled with great tumult."

"In Tuscany, the Reformed attempted to take the Convent of La Vernia. They tried to take the Convent of St Francis, at Lucca, but were beaten off. Same conduct in the March of Ancona, in Romagna, and in the cities of Imola and Piacenza."

"At Novara, where the Observants had their convent outside the city, many of the Reformed, upon the night before the Feast of the Holy Sacrament, concealed themselves in a hostelry, and, towards morning, hid in the corn close to the convent. When they saw the Observants set out for the procession, the Reformed left their ambush, and, entering into the convent, broke the gates, and behaved like Saracens. When the Observants returned from the procession, they would tolerate none of them, though they were worn out with fatigue and heat; and the others, being of no obedience, knew not where to go, and thus the city was raised into a commotion, and so were the other monks there."

"In Liguria, at San Remo, the Observants had a place called the Hermitage, to which the Reformed betook themselves with armed soldiers, and turned out the Observants, as willing to fight as they were; the which was an unspeakable scandal to secular persons, who said that, had they been heretics, they should not have so behaved."

"In Piedmont, in the city of Ivrea, there occurred the same conduct; and one monk, an Observant, was killed, in cold blood, in the church."

"At the Convent of Pinerolo, it happened that, four miles off, the heretics held a preaching on the very subject. At Turin, the same. At Nice, the same. At Venice, many Observant monks, rendered desperate by these things, and pretending to be expelled, earned their livelihood by unworthy and scandalous means; and many turned heretics (*Protestants*), and departed to Germany, Turkey, &c."

Such was the state of the Order, that he concludes by saying: "To reform the abuses of the Observantine Monks, no remedy can be efficacious except extinction."

The Cismontane Brotherhood of St Francis, at that time, numbered twenty-five thousand men.

Further extracts might be multiplied, but these suffice.

(See MS. 10039 of the *Bibliothèque Nationale*, being No. 271 of the Catalogue of Dr Antonio Marsand. Of this Report only eighteen pages are in writing; the rest is printed, and contains proofs of the matters mentioned in the MS. which is of unusual value, as being the identical Report presented to the Pope and to the Papal Commission.)

(Our extracts are literally translated from the original Italian.)

NOTE IV.

MASONS' SIGNS FOUND ON PHœNICIAN BUILDINGS IN PALESTINE.

Mr Emmanuel Deutsch, the writer of the Talmud article in the *Quarterly Review*, that attracted so much attention, and has since been separately published with his *Remains*, prepared a Report on the operations of the Palestine Exploration Fund. The chief interest of the Report lay in his observations on the singular marks discovered on the foundation courses of the Great Wall of *underground Jerusalem*, ninety feet below the present surface of the city.

Mr Deutsch concludes as follows:—"I have come to the following con-

clusions: 1. The signs cut or painted were on the stones when they were first laid in their present places; 2. They do not represent any 'inscription'; 3. They are Phœnician. I consider them to be partly letters, partly numerals, and partly special masons' or quarry signs. Some of them were recognisable at once as well-known Phœnician characters; others, hitherto unknown in Phœnician epigraphy, I had the rare satisfaction of being able to identify on absolutely undoubted antique Phœnician structures in Syria, such as the primitive substructure of the harbour at Sidon. No less did I observe them on the 'bevelled' stones taken from ancient edifices and built into later work throughout Phœnicia. For a most striking and obvious instance of this I would point to the ruined 'citadel' standing above Saïda, the stones of which—old Phœnician stones, to wit, immured in their present place at subsequent periods—teem with 'Fantasias' identical with those of Jerusalem. These signs have, to my knowledge, never been noticed before, as indeed I was the first to point them out to the very excavator of the Ashmunazar* Sarcophagus himself—a Syrian gentleman resident at Saïda, and well acquainted with all the extant remains. It may not be superfluous to add, that though I found extremely well-preserved painted frescoes in Phœnician tombs, all the stone-marks just alluded to were cut, not painted."

"I think all attempts to determine the exact meaning of each and all of these technical signs would, at least at this stage, be premature. If the excavations are properly carried on, I venture to predict the occurrence of similar signs on corresponding rows of the wall—signs which, conjointly with those now discovered, may contain not only a full explanation of their own purport, but also some other vital question regarding the plan of the whole building."

William Kenneth Loftus, in his *Researches in Chaldæa and Susiana*, gives six columns of Builder's Marks found by him in "Shushan the Palace," now Shush. Those he gives are from composition bricks; and the marks, when not scratched in the wet clay, while the composition was soft, are framed with dark coloured enamel, or laid on in glaze. But he states, "marks of similar kind occur upon many ancient stone buildings in the East—as at Takt e' Suleyman, near Persepolis; at the base of the sculptured rock of Bisutûn; in blocks near the Zenderund, and in the Garden of the Chehil Sitûn, at Isfahân; and especially on the walls of Al Hâdhr, near Mozûl. It is not improbable that those observed in the Chehil Sitûn were derived from more ancient structures erected by Adeshûr Babezân about A.D. 230." "With regard to others of similar kind elsewhere, it has been suggested that they are the marks of Chaldæan masons. However this may be, it is curious to find them existing on edifices far apart, and erected at various periods, from 335 B.C. to the

* This Sarcophagus was discovered in January 1855, by the accidental opening of one of the sepulchral caves near Sidon, or Saïda. It is of black Syenite, and on the lid is the following inscription in twenty-two lines: "I am Esmu-Esmunazar, King of Sidon; and my mother was Amashtoreth, priestess of our lady Ashtoreth the Queen, daughter of the King Esmunazar of Sidon. We have built the temple of the Akonim (the great gods) at Sidon on the sea-shore, and all-powerful Heaven has made Ashtoreth favourable to us. We also have built on the mountain a temple to Esmun, whose hand resteth on a Serpent. Lastly, we also built the temples of the Alonim of Sidon, at Sidon, of the Baal at Sidon, and of Ashtoreth, the glory of Baal. May the master of the Kings always grant us possession of Dor, Japha, and the magnificent corn-lands in the Valley of Sharon, as a recompense for the great things I have done."—(Dr Smith's *History of Phœnicia*, pp. 223-277.)

end of the sixteenth century of our era. With the above observations, I leave them to the examination of philologists."—(*Researches in Chaldaea and Susiana*, by W. K. Loftus, chap. xxx. pp. 397, 398.)

In the ninth plate of Dr Aveling's "History of Roche Abbey," founded in 1147, there are fifty-nine Masons' marks very clearly given, all found at Roche.

NOTE V.

THE FREE-MASONS AS RELIGIOUS BUILDERS.

In view of the stupendous Cathedrals, the famous Castles, and grand Cloisters, achieved with less wealth, and fewer mechanical aids than we possess; in view of the greater inventions, more accurate diversity, purer taste, superior judgment, higher knowledge, and stronger power of fitness for Religion displayed by the old Free-Masons, if we turn to the rapid copyists of later ages, we must confess that since their dissolution, Architecture has shrunk and shrivelled into a mere common matter of trade.

The education of the old Free-Masons remained known only to themselves; and was transmitted, not so much by writing, as by memory. They transmitted from one generation to another, by word of mouth and rigid system, their science of memory, and their methods of calculation. Accordingly, when they sank into oblivion, they carried with them the principles on which they had proceeded; and the amazing grandeur, the rich variety, the mighty wealth of invention, the daring flight, the colossal strength, and imposing harmony, perished with them, nor left behind a vestige of their geometrical and mathematical capacity. It is said that they were trained to recognize and trace the laws of God's creation, and government of His creation, in animals and plants, and to combine the deductions of such study with the properties, the relations, and the combinations of the powers and proportions of numbers: the universe itself, the very elements, and the whole world, being in their belief created and preserved by the rhythm of Numbers. Rivius, in his *Steinmetzen Grund* (published 1548), calls the Circle and the Triangle, "the two most distinguishing principles of Stone-Masons;" and "the divisions of the Equilateral Triangle, the primitive and most distinguishing marks of ancient Cathedrals." Arithmetic and Geometry were typified by these two signs; and were held to be the sole and only laws, or stand-points that pervade the whole of creation; laws so fixed and immutable that neither Necessity nor Time could influence them. Given to the ancients as emblems of the highest Science, they remained among the Eastern nations as Symbols of Deity itself. Do the thousands of visitors to India not recognize the Triangle and the Circle as the unchangeable Yantras or Symbols of the Hindoo religion? Can they fix the chronology of the Triangle as the Mark or Yantra of Siva, the equal of Brahma, the Tri-une? Or of the Triangle within the Circle, the Yantra of the Hindoo triad? of the Circle within the Triangle, the Yantra of unity in Trinity? or of the crossing of one Triangle on another Triangle, the Sherkum or Sign of Vishnu and Mahadeva, signifying their union, and the oneness of their power? These very Yantra, or God-signs, offer the same shapes and forms which Gothic Architecture embodies in every possible combination and variety, from the first proposition of Euclid, the construction of the equi-lateral Triangle, which gives the

fundamental forms of the Cathedrals of Milan and Cologne, to all the other distinctive and primal features of the old Cathedrals.

These primordial roots of form, the signs of Hindoo faith, were also the usual and ordinary signs by which the old Free-Masons designated themselves in signing their work for the inspection of the overseer or master. Marks which, cut in the stone, perpetuate their hidden language on the stone-work of every age. They resemble the Runes and the Binderuner of Scandinavia, known to have been of Eastern origin. They resemble the Coclbreinn y Beirdd of the Celtic Druids. They resemble the Eastern Cuneatic Alphabet. They are found on the monuments of all religions. They are found in the foundations of the Temple at Jerusalem (See Note 4). They are found in Egyptian and Phœnician ruins; on Druidical rocks, and on the Persian altars without Temples, whereon Hystaspes and Zoroaster commanded the worship of one God, after the priesthood of the Magi had been slain. On Persian Palaces, Etruscan vases, Turkish buildings, Mahometan Mosques, or Hebrew tombs, as well as on Christian cathedrals and castles, you find the old Masons' marks. One of them, the five points of Brahma and Siva, the Number Five of Buddha, the Solomon's Seal of Gnostic art, appears as a Masonic sign at the side of the other sign of the Candlestick, on the tomb of one Mellelosa, a Jewess of Torlona, in Catalonia, about A.D. 500. "He who created entire, determining all events within Himself, without attributes, without persons, without essence—One." He was their abiding Father; and whether worshipped as Bel or Baal, as Brahma, Buddha, Buanaur, Ognir, Thor, Mithra, Osiriz, Serapis, Helios, Apollo or Jupiter, they toiled on and on. Like the Sufi of Persia, they have traversed all creeds, maintaining secretly their own. Wilson in his *Pre-Historic Annals* (page 535), gives eleven letters of the Runic Alphabet, which are found to be identical with the marks of Mediæval Masons. Others may be obsolete Runes such as Northern Antiquaries recognize in the *Bomaerker*, or House-Marks of the Swedish and Norwegian peasantry, used by them to sign or mark their personal property. But they are the same as many of the Yantras, or Caste Marks of India, the marks of their Deities, daily stamped on the devout forehead of the Votary, either in the ashes of the sacred cow-dung, or in powder of sandal wood, or in coloured earth. These are to them "the mark of God in their forehead." Do they date from some ancient civilization whence the Free-Masons also proceeded? By their "Marks" or "signs," were the works of the several Masons known; and his "sign" was quoted when he came for payment of his due, or had to suffer fines for damaged blocks. O'Brien tells us that the Celtic name of a Mason, *Saer*, has three significations; firstly, *free*; secondly, *mason*; thirdly, *Son of God*. The Hebrew word *aliben* expresses less than this. The English title gives only two of the meanings which O'Brien attributes to the word *Saer*. (O'Brien on the Book of Ballymote, in his work on Round Towers, London 1834.)

In France, upwards of two thousand Mason's Marks, ranging from the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries, have been collected. But our remarks refer only to the most ancient of these, our story going no further than the close of the thirteenth century in Tuscany. Before that date, what treasures of Gothic Art have we not in England! Ripon Cathedral, 1140; Fountains Abbey, 1204; Bolton Abbey, 1230; Exeter Cathedral, 1279. In France, we have Rheims, 1220; Chartres, 1220; Beauvais, 1225; Notre Dame de Paris, 1250. But of their very contracts and labours no trace remains. There was found at Sienna, by Padre Guglielmo della Valle, in

the year 1780, the original contract of an agreement made in the Church of St John, at Pisa, on the third of October 1266, by the Master Mason or Operarius of the Duomo of Sienna, then raised to the glory of God. He agrees to take with him to Sienna, as his disciples or scholars, Niccolo Pisano, Arnolfo di Cambio di Colle, and Jacopo di Lapo, all names now great and famous. We will quote a part of it: "*Et etiam in Kal, Martis proxime prædictis pro suis discipulis secum ducat Senas Arnolphum et Lapum suos discipulos. Quos secum pro infrascriptis salariis ut infrà scribitur tenebit usque ad complementum dicti pulpiti si tantum fuerit tempus quo cum eo stare et morari tenetur.*" (Father della Valle published this document at Florence, in 1782, in his "*Lettere Sanesi.*")

Lastly, with regard to the entirely laical life of the Free-Masons, as completely and entirely distinct from the clerical order, we will strengthen our own conviction, by concluding with the following terse extract from *Boisseree, Cath. de Cologne; Munich 1843.* He says: "*Si l'on considère l'essor que pendant le treizième siècle l'abondance et la liberté des villes donnèrent au commerce, à l'industrie, et aux Arts, on concevra facilement que c'est dans la classe de la bourgeoisie et non dans celle du clergé, que l'on doit chercher les inventeurs de cette admirable architecture consacrée au culte divin. Le clergé, malgré tout ce qu'il fit de grand et d'utile pour les lettres et les sciences, manquait de cette liberté qu'offre la vie active du monde, et qui est un élément nécessaire pour faire prospérer les arts ainsi que la poésie.*"

But if not clergy, in the sense of tonsured servants of Rome, or of the Eastern Patriarchates, there is no doubt that they were *Cultores Dei*. There is a theory that they came into Europe through the Northern *Kelle Dei*, the Celtic *Childeach*:

"Peace to their shades! the pure Culdees
Were Albyn's earliest priests of God;
Ere yet an island of her seas
By foot of Saxon Monk was trod."

(Campbell's *Reullura.*)

Certain it is that the Free-Masons of Germany claim for themselves a Culdee origin. Equally true is it that the "Scottish" or "Aberdeen" rite* ranks among the highest to the present day, and is by many supposed to have had a Culdee origin. The word or name "Culdee" (*Kelle Dei*, *Cultores Dei*), points to the purity and enlightenment of the men to whom we humbly desire to direct attention and reverence.

We would not be understood in the above remarks to fall into any confusion of the old Free-Masons with the Scottish Templars, who date, some say, from the Order founded by Godfrey de Bouillon, Duke of Lorraine, in the city of Jerusalem, anno 1099; which order was afterwards brought to Edinburgh, and established in Scotland, by Robert the Bruce, in 1314. There may be resemblances, but there can have been no real connection between the building Free-Masons and the Knights Templar.

* A French writer gives the "Heradom de Kilwinning" as the eighteenth grade of Masonry.

NOTE VI.

ON FOLCO PORTINARI'S FOUNDATION AND SETTLEMENT OF SANTA MARIA NUOVA.

BEING incited thereto by the kindly and successful labours of Monna Tessa, who had herself converted into a sort of hospital those certain houses, or cottages, purchased for her for that purpose by her generous master, Folco Portinari determined to devote himself to a greater work, and to found and endow a Hospital and Church for the sick poor of succeeding ages.

In 1283, he purchased from the brothers Lippo and Tura, sons of Guido di Benincasa, sundry lands and dwellings in Santa Maria al Campo, situated, as the name denotes, outside the precincts of the city walls, as they then stood. On the exact site of those lands and dwellings, bought from the brothers Lippo and Tura, stands that part of the present Hospital called the *Conservatorio delle Oblate*, which, like the Church of Sant'Egidio, is within the present block of the buildings of the Great Hospital. The Oblate are the Devoted, as the word implies; the sisters who nurse the sick, and do the work required for them.

In 1286, Messer Folco commenced building.

In 1287, on the 20th May, he obtained from Pope Honorius the Fourth a Bull whereby the Prior of San Piero Scheraggio, being then Delegate Apostolic, was empowered to sell to the said Folco, for the purposes of his Hospital, already commenced, a parcel of land belonging to the Brethren of Penance (*Fratelli della Penitenza*), popularly styled, because of their dress, Brethren of the Sack. This parcel of ground belonged to the Convent of these Brethren of the Sack; which convent abutted on the side whereupon Folco Portinari built the present Church of Sant'Egidio, which, as we before said, is within the Hospital of Santa Maria Nuova, part of which also stands on the parcel of land sold under the Bull of Pope Honorius. The whole Convent of the Brethren of the Sack was afterwards purchased for the use and enlargement of the Hospital.

On the 23d June 1288, Master Folco dedicated his Hospital, and petitioned Andrea dei Mozzi, Bishop of Florence, for permission to erect also an altar to St Mary in the said Hospital, which leads us to suppose that his charitable work was then finished and inhabited.

The first Rector of the Church and Hospital was elected by Folco himself, and was the priest Benedetto, son of Ridolfo da Monte Bonello. This nomination was confirmed by the said Bishop in the same year, 1288, and the formality of investiture was solemnised by Alexander, Prior of San Martino a Strada. The legal Acts were drawn out, and passed by Ser Grazia, son of Arrigo, episcopal notary in Florence.

On the 31st December 1288, scarcely two years after the first commencement of the good work he had achieved, Folco Portinari was gathered to his fathers. As a meet tribute to his virtues, the city gave him a funeral at the public cost. The "Decree of the Signoria of Florence on the death of Folco Portinari, which occurred December 31, 1288," is preserved in the *Priorista Petribuoni*.

The above details have been abridged from the "*Regolamenti dei Regi Spedali di Santa Maria Nuova, e di San Bonifazio, per Gaetano Cambiagi, Stampatore Granducale. Firenze. 1780.*" one large volume.

The above-mentioned Bull of Pope Honorius the Fourth, dated 1287, is still extant.

NOTE VII.

CONCERNING FOLCO PORTINARI'S GOOD SERVANT, MONNA TESSA.

THE courteous Rev. Federigo Barducci showed us in a paved cloister, near an enclosed court next to the Church of Sant'Egidio, within the Hospital, another extremely interesting monument indissolubly linked with the Portinari family. The court at the side of the cloister was formerly a cemetery for the Hospital, and in old days was termed *Porto delle ossa*. In the cloister stands the monument of Monna Tessa, the aged serving-woman of the Portinari family, who, though her station was humble, used it for purposes of great good. Through her exertions in attending on the sick poor in certain huts or cottages, which her master gave her for the purpose, she induced him so to see the necessity and excellence of such a work, that he eventually founded the Hospital and its Church, and endowed them, as we have seen in a preceding note. No doubt her feet often trod the St Matthew's Ward, in which her master's tomb was so long placed, until she came to be also buried on the scene of their kindly labours; though, as of custom and right, the remains of the master were above, and those of the servant in the cemetery below. Her effigy is in gray stone, rudely enough carved, but gives the impression of a faithful portrait. It is built into the wall of the cloister. It is a basso-rilievo of an aged woman wearing the coarse cloth gown and hood of the thirteenth century. A satchel hangs from her girdle. She is hard-featured and old-maidish. You see a face worn by time, and wrinkled by trial; but it tells of kindly labour done, of efforts not merely intended, but bravely accomplished; and (for it is a front view of face and figure) you can at once with ease picture to yourself the very woman going in and out on that very spot. Doubtless, to the artist who chiselled the stone, her bodily presence had been familiar. Whether or not an inscription was originally placed on her tomb, is unknown. Perhaps her effigy was thought, at the time, sufficiently suggestive of her identity; but, in the seventeenth century, a large white marble slab was bestowed on her, with the following in Roman characters:—"Madonna Tessa effigiata in questo basso-rilievo, di pari caritativa che fedel serva di Folco Portinari per essersi finchè visse in alcune case compre del padrone impiegata con merito e con plauso nella cura degl' infermi coll' esempio della sua gran carità e col prò grande altresì de' medesimi infermi indusse la pia e liberal generosità di Folco a fondare questo ora sì magnifico ospedale, e la fondazione seguì Adì 23 Guigno, 1288." "Madonna Tessa (or Mistress Tessa), effigied in this bas-relief, as charitable as she was faithful in the service of Folco Portinari, while she lived, employed herself in the care of the sick, within certain houses purchased by her master; through the example of her great charity and service to the sick, she induced the pious and liberal generosity of Folco to found this now magnificent Hospital, and the foundation took place on the 23d of June 1288."

"You see," said the Rev. Federigo Barducci, as he finished reading to us the above; "you see how potent is goodness, even in a humble station. Here is a lesson that all persons may do good, and deserve future gratitude!" and, on a remark being made about her gown and hood, he added, "There are vocations for which fashion never changes. Our *Oblate* (the sisters who serve the Hospital) have always worn the self-same dress as Monna Tessa. They are wearing it still. Come with

me, and I will show some of them to you." We left old Monna Tessa, and followed him into one of the women's wards. A bright Italian sun shone upon a long, and perfectly clean and airy ward, in which two Arab women, a lovely girl, and some striking faces of other but all widely differing characters, were attracting our delighted observation; when the Curato led up a young and blooming sister, clad in the identical dress of old Monna Tessa. She spoke so timidly, however, and shrank, with such evident pain, from observation, that little more than a blushing smile could be seen of her, when she positively fled back to her angelic duties among the sick women. "Silly thing!" said the Curato, "you had not half time to take note of her dress! but you will, no doubt, have observed that it is identical with that of the old monument to Monna Tessa. Now, you must take a look at the other Portinari tombs, and at the few fine works of art our Church has always possessed." (For these, see Note X.)

NOTE VIII.

ON THE PONTIFF BRETHREN, OR THE ORDER OF BRETHREN OF THE BRIDGE.

Classic students will here be reminded of the Corporations of Boatmen (*nautæ*) under the Roman Empire, and of the *Utricularii* or *Utricularii*, also the *Lenuncularii* or *Lintrarii*, whose rafts and boats of skins covered the rivers of Italy and Gaul. But the Middle Ages show us, in the Bridge Brethren, a totally different, and far more interesting association.

It would be wrong if the fear of being taxed with over-antiquarianism, or if the dread of flippant remark, led to the omission of these men from a story purporting to describe a portion of the thirteenth century, above all, in Italy, where, soon afterwards, there were few, if any, cities without their Hospice or Hospital of Bridge Brethren. And yet, what portion of mediæval history have we found so difficult to disentangle from the errors and mistakes of the few who allude to the existence of the Order! Lami, Federici, and Grégoire alone, corrected the errors of Morel, Helyot, and the mass of Dictionaries and Encyclopædias. Of the regular Church Histories, the most part are mute on the subject. The indefatigable Grégoire complains of the utter silence of Noël Alexandre, Fleury, Racine, and Becchetti; a list we might prolong with ease. After vainly seeking Grégoire's pamphlet at the Library of the British Museum, we could only, after considerable delay and trouble, at the Library of the then Musée Impérial, obtain a sight of it. But surely time and trouble are not ill spent in rescuing from oblivion men to whom past ages have owed so much.

Curious to observe what causes have been assigned by some ecclesiastical writers for the first rise of this excellent Order, which they trace to the observance of Penances ordered by the Church. We believe that this is an error; and that it has arisen out of some mistake. The natural and usual course of things singles out the strong-hearted and adventurous, in all ages, for the labours of growing civilization, which form public duty and service. "The lukewarmness of the Christians of the Middle Ages" (we translate again from Bishop Grégoire's valuable tract), "having forced the Church to relax the severity of canonical punishments, she commuted them partly to pious works of another kind." And the learned Father Morin, of the Oratory, fixes the work of our Bridge-Brethren, as of the Church's own invention, by the following words, in his Commentary on the History of Penances, "Not only

church-building, and devotion to the sick and poor, but also keeping the roads open, making fresh roads, and building bridges, were accounted meritorious actions." (*Commentarius Historicum de Disciplina Administratione Sacramenti Penitentiae*, de Auctore J. Morin, in folio, Parisiensi, 1651, d. 10, c. 22, p. 768, etc.)

Did the Flamens of ancient Rome administer, as a penance, the keeping of the Sublician Bridge to their brethren, who, in right of being keepers of that bridge, they named Pontifices, or Pontiffs? Surely not. Those same Roman Pontiffs wore white (as did the Bridge Brethren of the Middle Ages), because their duty was to sacrifice on the other side of the bridge Sublicius, which led to the place of augury. In time, Pontifex Maximus and Imperator became one; and Christian Rome has transferred the title to her Bishop; who, on the Vatican, where antique Pontiffs swept their snowy robes, is habited in white as they were. We entirely disbelieve that the Bridge Brethren were a Penitential Order.

For the white robes of the Bridge Brethren of the text, here is the authority of Duchesne and Ducange, quoting a charter of 1471, relating to the building of the Pont du Saint Esprit, by the Brethren of the Bridge:—"Horum Hospitaliorum Pontificum, seu Factorum Pontium (sic aliquando vocantur) habitus erat vestis alba, cum signo Pontis et Crucis de panno supra pectus, sicut loquitur charta anno MDCCCLXXI, pro Hospitali Pontis S. Spiritus ex Schedis D. Lancelot." And further on they add: "Fratres Pontis dicti quod Pontes construerant uti facilius et tutiores fluvios transire possent viatores." (*Glossarium ad Scrip. Med. et Infim. Latinitatis*, tom. iii.) "Of these Hospitaller Pontiffs, or Makers of Bridges (for this they were sometimes called), the dress was white, with the sign of a Bridge and Cross of cloth upon the breast, as says a charter of 1471, of the Hospital of the Pont du Saint Esprit, preserved in the records of Dom Lancelot." "They were styled Bridge Brethren, because they built bridges that travellers might more easily and safely pass the rivers."

Furthermore, in the Chapel of the Goat (de la Chèvre) at Mirabeau, on the Durance, there is an inscription placed there by the Bridge Brethren in the year 1239. It is too long and difficult to quote here. It mentions an eclipse of the sun on the 11th of June of that year. This is in Latin. Next, there follows, in Provençal, an adage, to the effect that, if thou commencest great works and dost finish them well, thou mayest be accounted good. But whether the eclipse was synchronous with any of their great works and charities does not appear. The inscription has probably belonged to a larger monument. The Bridge of Bompas, on the Durance, was built by them, but at what date is not known.

The Pont du Gard, in southern France, and Trajan's great bridge over the Danube, were among the last great works of this class done by the Romans. The Pontiff Brothers revived the science, as we have attempted to show, during the early part of the Middle Ages.

NOTE IX.

INFLUENCES OF HEBREW AND ARABIC LEARNING ON THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

The precise historical sequence and progress of the transition from Apostolic simplicity to the apex and acme of Roman divergence from it, is at present a matter of difficulty as well as amazement. Greater even

than it is, however, might this divergence have been, had not the early years of the Middle Ages brought much of the old learning of the Arabs and the Hebrews into direct contact with the mind of Europe. The Crusaders familiarized the natives of almost all European lands with the Monotheistic systems of Arabian and Hebrew belief, which, though branded by the Popes as infamously heretical, yet came to exercise a distinct influence for good. After the first mixture of Arabs and Latins in the eighth century, and the subsequent check of Arab invasion by Charlemagne, there came a constant influence of the Moorish element into Europe by means of traders, missionaries, and travellers, till the rise of the Moorish Universities of Cordova and Toledo made known the whole arcana of Arab science and learning. And this is saying much, for, at that period, while the mind of Europe was dark and dismal, harnessed and harassed by scholastic sophistry and narrowness, the Arab Professors cultivated earnest science, and were actually founding the future increase of human knowledge. In the beginning of the twelfth century, the Arabian system of numerals, and the "Cossicke Art," the *Regola della Cosa* (*Cosa* being the translation of the Arab term for the unknown quotient or quantity) was introduced into Italy, from Arabia, by Leonardo Fibonacci, the clerk of a merchant of Pisa. This science, then termed the "Cossicke Art," is now familiar to us as Algebra, a purely Arabic word. The introduction of Algebra at once facilitated the study of Geometry, and enlarged the powers of mind. The Free Italian cities had long traded with Antioch, Jaffa, Acre, Tripoli, and other cities. Count Cæsar Balbo, in his excellent summary of the History of Italy (a most valuable work in small compass), quotes Pardessus (*tableau viii. bis.*) as follows: Genoese in Antioch, from 1098 to 1127; in Jaffa, Acre, and Cæsarea, 1105; in Tripoli, 1169; in Laodicea, 1108 to 1127; the Venetians in Jaffa, 1099; the Pisans in Jaffa, Acre, and Cæsarea, 1105; in Antioch, 1108. To this we might add other Eastern settlements among the Arab people. So that the mind of Italy was to some extent familiarized with Arab culture and industry during the eleventh and twelfth centuries. But greater still was the influence, when, in the Moorish Universities of Spain, Averroes Ebn Roshd, son of the chief Muphti of Andalusia, became the most powerful Commentator on Aristotle. He was an indefatigable expositor of the tenets of the Ash'ari sect. To him was opposed, in the exposition of Grecian Philosophy, then the great theme of the learned, Abn-Hamed-el-Gazel of Bagdad, whose "Treatise on Religious Knowledge," was a text-book of those times. The Arabian commentators of Aristotle were translated by many of the Christian Doctors of that age, and, as Oriental disputation became familiar to Europeans, the pantheistic doctrines inseparable from Oriental discussion spread far and wide throughout Europe. So much was this the case, that Albertus Magnus and Thomas Aquinas, two of the pillars of Roman Theology, employed their mighty pens in attacking, and, to their own satisfaction, demolishing the writings and followers of the Andalusian Averroes. Their weighty tomes were directed "Contra Averrhoistas," by whom they signified the Christian clergy and laity who fed too copiously on the Arabian versions of Aristotle. So far in those days did the fashion or mania for Aristotle spread, that there were cities in Germany where his "Ethics" were publicly read in the Churches on the Lord's day, in the place and stead of the Gospels. From this undue exaltation of Aristotle, it arose, that in proportion as the Romish Church had favoured him, so much did the fathers of the Protestant Reformation,

when they came, debase the great Grecian thinker. Martin Luther sustained in Heidelberg the thesis: "*Qui in Aristotele vult philosophari, prius oportet in Christo stultificari.*" "He who wishes to philosophize with Aristotle, must first break with Christ." Literally, "must stultify," but this is not English in the present instance. In Italy herself, the University of Salerno had a well-defined Arabian element, and in the kingdom of Naples, round Nocera, as well as in Sicily, there were large colonies of Arabs; indeed, the Emperor Frederic greatly patronized their learning, and had them at his Italian Court, far more than the Popes approved. The Free Cities of Italy were also familiar with the Brahmanic schools of Ellora and Benares. Their merchants knew the East well. From China, where it had been long in use, Flavio Gioja of Amalfi, brought the loadstone and the Mariner's Compass, then called the "*Marinetta*;" as says Guiot de Provence, speaking of the North Star:

"Icelle estoile ne se menet,
Un art font qui mentir ne puet,
Par vertu de la *Marinette*,
Une pierre laide et noirâtre
Ou li fer volontiers se ioint."

If we may add to Arab influence that of Eastern nations more remote, we shall find Marco Polo, the Venetian, after twenty-one years' service under Kublai Khan (the great Monarch of Mongolia, who, from his black tent, commanded so much Eastern territory), come back with a full knowledge of Tartary, Hindostan, Sumatra, Java, the Malay Isles, and part of China, to write in his prison dungeon, at Genoa, a book of travels which introduced to his country the first notions of printing, the earliest ideas of engraving, the first establishment of Postal Service,* the first Bank Notes, and the first knowledge of the uses of coal. Through these manifold influences of divers branches of the great human family, laymen now found their intelligence fully equal to that of the priest, who had formerly been the only man of education. From this time, the priests' monopoly of tongue and pen were abated. Scientific study took root, and through all dangers and vicissitudes kept its ground to the present day, when, to instance a single point of contrast between Past and Present, we will refer to the presumed age of the world, a date settled by Popes and priests, from a mistaken reading of Holy Scripture, at a period of four thousand years. The Science of our time, however, furnishes honest reasons for extending this cycle; for (to quote a single example) the presence of man himself in the northern countries of Europe may be reasonably computed to have lasted for the last three hundred and sixty thousand years. But, if scientific men shrink as they do from assigning even approximate dates to the vast changes undergone by our globe, far more ought unscientific persons to have declined venturing on computations founded merely on the genealogies of Oriental Patriarchs.

Amid the ruins of Chaldaea, so carefully explored by Rawlinson, Loftus, and others, there was found an engraved plate, containing a chart of the stars, which, on being shown to astronomers, and examined by them, is found to represent a conjunction or situation of the heavenly bodies, which must have occurred no less than seventeen thousand years ago. It is God's will that we should learn. God himself gave

* Pagnini states that there are treatises in Italian libraries which prove that China, which it then took three years to reach, was as well known in that age as it is now.—(*Della Decima.*, vol. iii.)

us reason and intellect for this end ; and He alone is "*Æterna rerum causa*," the Eternal cause of all things.

To revert to the Arabian influences of the thirteenth century, Marino Sanuto of Venice, drew up the first chart of Africa ; and while Rome obstinately held views resulting from mistaken understanding of Scripture, and adherence to the planetary system of Ptolemy, he could point to the Arab settlements all over Africa, whence the Arabs had seen the four Austral Stars,* or Southern Cross, and could speak of another cosmogony from actual vision and knowledge.

Dante himself, from his attentive study of Arab science, gives the right theory of the causes of solar eclipse, states that the centre of the earth possesses the attraction of gravitation, knew that the four Austral Stars had once been visible in our Northern Hemisphere. (They became invisible in 53° 30' north latitude, two thousand nine hundred years before Jesus Christ.) Dante had noted the natural repose or sleep of the breathing organs in plants, knew the true theory of rain and the rainbow, could account for the scintillation of stars, and understood the influences of light on the growth and colouring of trees and plants.

So vast a change did the study of science bring about in Europe, that there is no doubt that, without the influence exercised by scientific culture on the minds of men, superstition would at that time have taken such hold as to have choked and drowned Christianity itself. Nothing but the powerful rise of reasonable knowledge at that time checked the excessive folly of the worship of relics of dead men—the saints, and of their sanctuaries, their bones, and even their gowns and kerchiefs, with incredible legends and miracles—the intolerable deluge of which threatened at one period to swamp Christianity itself, and exalt man-worship upon its ruins. The strong opposition to this *latría*, or adoration, by those sects that had never at any time acknowledged the Pope's supremacy, and also by those Hebrews and Arabs, whose position in Europe permitted them to denounce it, led the Popes to establish the Holy Office, which proceeded to expel the Moors, Arabs, and Gypsies from Spain, and from all the countries of the Mediterranean ; thus inflicting on Spain alone a loss and injury she has never again recovered : and affixing to the Romish religion a stigma that can neither be mitigated by sophistry, nor explained away by casuistic eloquence. Vain it is to say how inseparable are miseries and infirmities from the priestly government of men. The fact remains, that no priesthood has ever ruled save by a greater or less degree of fanaticism. All ages prove it. Arab culture, of which we are treating, so long as it was independent of religion, was truthful and progressive. *Because it was progressive*, the fanaticism of the Prophet and the Koran stamped it out, took its place, and by wars and persecutions erased the last vestiges of scientific study. To this fatal result, Averröes, of whom we lately spoke, was himself cruelly sacrificed. For, what is termed religious revival, whether Christian, Mahometan, Hindoo, or what you please, is only a revival of fanatical preference, either for particular priests, or for particular tenets put forward by the priests. Ritualistic tricks of one school or another become watchwords of war ; and the love of God to man, and of man to God vanishes from the human soul. Our

* The Austral Stars, now only visible to the South of Europe, were, in the days of Hadrian and Antoninus Pius, held to be part of the Constellation of the Centaur, under whose hind-leg they occur. Amerigo Vespucci remarked, in 1591, that they formed a rhomboidal figure. Baron Von Humboldt assigns their change of aspect to the precession of the equinoxes.

brief life ought to move on two fixed poles—the love of kindness and the love of truth. The whole life of Christ reads us this lesson. He instituted no priesthood—left us no ritual. St Peter became no high-priest—neither did James, nor John, nor Paul. Like their Master, they died poor and lowly. How has posterity made millions by misrepresenting this, and coined immeasurably, where the Apostles reaped no harvest but one of pain, poverty, and suffering!

NOTE IXA.

THE TOMB OF MASTER FOLCO PORTINARI AT SANTA MARIA NUOVA IN FLORENCE (CHURCH OF SANT' EGIDIO).

Through the kind courtesy of the Rev. Frederigo Barducci, Curate of Sant' Egidio, the Church of the Royal Hospital of Santa Maria Nuova, situated within its buildings, we obtained the following copy of the Inscription on the Tomb of the father of Dante's Beatrice, founder of the Hospital in the thirteenth century. It is a handsome, though plain, Altar tomb of hewn grayish stone, and is in the same simple and classical style as the early works of Donatello or the Pisani. The mind at once recognizes in it the beauty of a simple taste, far indeed from the redundant ostentation of the tombs of later centuries. In the centre of what may perhaps be styled the altar front, is a floriated Greek cross, on either side of which are the arms of the Portinari—a doorway between two lions rampant. On the said doorway (which stands, if we recollect rightly, on steps) there is the same curiously long side-bolt, which is to be seen on thousands of house doors in Florence, to this day. Above and below these three divisions on the front, runs the inscription in deeply-cut Gothic letters, thus:—“✠ Hic jacet Folchus Portinarius, qui fuit fundator et ædificator huius ecclesiæ et ospitalis S. Mariæ Novæ et decessit ano MCCLXXXVIII. die XXXI Decmbris, cujus aña P. D. misericordia requescat in pace.”

Upon the cover of the tomb, beneath a mural arch, is the record of the removal of this tomb from its original station, at one end of a sick ward, called St Matthew's Ward (for in those days religion was entwined in all things), into the Church of Sant' Egidio, which removal was done in 1845, by the Grand Duke Leopold the Second, according to the following:—“Folchi Portinari Sepulchrum quod erat veteris Valetudinaris sacello hic ponendum curavit Dux Leopoldus II., MDCCCXLV.”

But the Grand Duke Leopold II. did not, in 1845, place Master Folco's tomb in the part of Sant' Egidio which it now occupies. The site he gave it was a far better one, on the proper right of the altar, close to the Portinari vaults, and beneath the Portinari picture (concerning which see Note 2 of this Appendix).

From so good a site, worthy of the good old Founder, the tomb has been removed into its present dark corner, to make room for a monument, not yet ready (1873), to the memory of Conte Galli, who has recently bequeathed much to the Hospital.

In February 1873, the former site of Folco's ancient tomb showed only a large vacant space of whitewashed wall—the grand old Portinari picture and the older Portinari tomb being removed elsewhere. Gratitude and respect to benefactors is a paramount duty, but why, in honouring the noble friend of to-day forget the old first benefactor, the burgher noble of 1289? Rather, would we think, as Italy prospers, and

can afford money for directly unremunerative purposes—rather, we should say, would old Folco's tomb be placed in a still grander spot than it has ever occupied yet in all these ages; and rather might, perhaps, a nook in Santa Croce itself, be found for one who was not only the munificent founder of perhaps the earliest Hospital of the Middle Ages, but also the Father of “la Beatrice di Dante,”—Dante's Beatrice. Could we ask either the father or the child, they might say “No,” and might prefer in death, as they did in life, a homelier quietness. But it is none the less a good and proper lesson to the living, to honour those who, seeking no honour for themselves, were, by that additional virtue, the more truly honourable.

NOTE X.

OTHER PORTINARI TOMBS AND WORKS OF ART IN THE CHURCH OF SANT' EGIDIO IN SANTA MARIA NUOVA.

The traveller to Florence, bewildered as he or she must be by the perfect luxury and wealth of works of Art on every side, should not omit, while viewing Folco's tomb, and the grand Portinari picture that used to hang above it, those other interesting relics of the past, which the small church of Sant' Egidio preserves. The Altar is a fine work in pietra dura, given by one of the Ricasoli. Behind it is a lovely Madonna and Child, by Luca della Robbia, in his pure white glazed terra-cotta. Best of all is a Ciborium, in cream-coloured marble, by Mino da Fiesole. Its gilded bronze door, representing the Eternal Father enthroned, and holding a Book, on which are the letters A and Ω, is by Lorenzo Ghiberti, the author of those bronze gates of the Baptistery, “worthy to be the gates of Paradise.” This gem is built into the Church wall, on the proper right of the Altar. It was originally brought from a Church at Fiesole. In it is kept the holy oil used for anointing the dying.

On the floor of the Church, below the steps of the Altar, are three large slabs of white marble, inlaid with black, and inscribed:—“*Folchi de Portinaris Sepulchrum descenditum*.” Beneath these slabs, and under the floor or presbiterio, are the vaults of the Portinari family. It is not known to what date or to what special members of the family, these vaults have belonged, but they were free for all Master Folco's descendants, as the inscription testifies. Now, the last of these is said to have been Anton Maria Portinari, who died in Florence in 1772. The earliest deed, now extant, connected with this family, is dated 1187. We therefore have in them a family who, for five hundred and eighty-five years, continued an unbroken male line in the same city, i.e., from Portinari, son of Folco Portinari, in the deed of 1187, to the decease of Anton Maria Portinari in 1772.—(See *Fraticelli*, *Storia della Vita di Dante Allighieri*, pag. 98.)

NOTE XI.

OF THE CREDO, OR PROFESSION OF FAITH OF DANTE, AND ITS DATE IN HIS LIFE.

The poem called the *Credo*, or *Profession of Faith* of Dante Allighieri, was first printed at Venice, by Spira, in 1477, at the end of his folio edition of the “*Divina Commedia*.” Next, it was printed at Milan by the

Piemontesi in 1478, also in folio. From that period no correct edition appears to have been issued till the Marquis Trivulzio republished it, at his own cost, at Bologna, among the Minor Works of Dante, with the comments of the learned Abate Saverio Quadrio, in 1753. Since then it has been reprinted by Rigoli, in his *Saggio di Rime di diversi buoni Autori*, Florence, 1825, and by Fraticelli, who includes the *Credo* in both his editions of Dante's Minor Works; the last and best is that of 1856. The *Credo*, then, has not been lost sight of; but it has obtained so much less notice than the "*Divina Commedia*," that, to the general public in most countries, it is nearly unknown. And yet its history possesses deep interest. Don Saverio Quadrio, the Abate Rigoli, and Pietro Fraticelli, have none of them settled the question as to the precise date or time in Dante's life at which the *Credo* was written. We will proceed to look into the evidence on this point.

The Riccardiana Library of Florence possesses twelve copies of it in MS. Of these twelve, three furnish special and particular indications of the occasion of its composition, but they do not state the date or year of the occurrence. The three MSS. in question are *Codex* 1011, *Codex* 1154, and *Codex* 1691.

Codex 1011 is preceded by a notice, stating that the *Credo* was written by Dante in one single night, during a great wrath and trial of the Franciscan Friars against him. "The said friars being furious at his mention of their order in his '*Paradiso*,' and having convened the whole Convent, and gathered a great Council, and consulted learned Masters, to ascertain from the said '*Paradiso*' whether the said book should be burned, and also Dante himself as a Heretic. Whereon they instituted a great trial, and accused him to the Inquisitor as a heretic who did not believe in God, nor observe the articles of faith. He appeared before the Inquisitor, and vespers being past, Dante replied and said,—'Give me time until to-morrow, and I will furnish to you in writing how I believe in God; and if I am wrong give to me the punishment that I deserve.' Whereon the Inquisitor granted him till the following day at the third hour. Hence Dante watched all night, and answered by the book which follows presently; wherein he declares our faith, and all the articles; the which is a perfect and beautiful thing for unlettered men, and full of useful examples and prayers to God and the blessed Virgin Mary, as the reader will find,—so that there is no need to have or seek other books to know all the said articles and the seven mortal sins, for all is declared so well and clearly, that so soon as the Inquisitor had read them, in presence of his Council of XII. Masters of Theology, who could find no more to say against him, the Inquisitor let Dante go, and laughed at the Friars, who much marvelled how he could write so well in rhyme on such short notice," etc. With this account Boccaccio also agrees.

Codex 1154 is headed—"Concione, laquale mandò Dante Allighieri da Florencia essendo accusato per eretico al Papa." "Song which Dante Allighieri sent from Florence, being accused as a heretic to the Pope."

Codex 1691, has the following preface:—"Uno Capitolo di Dante sendo stato accusato allo' nquisitore, scusandosi dicie così, e fa questa risposta." "A chapter of Dante having been accused to the Inquisitor, excusing himself he speaks thus, and makes this reply."

The reason why the *Credo* was written, i.e., to answer before the Inquisitor on a charge of heresy, is thus precisely the same in all three. None of them give the year, but *Codex* 1011 expressly states that it was after the writing of the Divine Comedy, and in consequence of a passage

in the "Paradiso." From this account we see weighty reasons for withholding belief or trust, and they are as follows: Asserting first, that after long and tedious examination of the whole subject, as for and against, we are convinced that Dante's appearance before the Inquisitor was in his youth, and not in his latter years, after he had finished the Divine Comedy; we submit that the express, distinct, and clear words of Dante himself in the opening lines of the *Credo*, prove that it was written in his youth. He says,—

"Io scrissi già d'amor più volte rime
Quanto più seppi dolci, belle, e vaghe,
E in pulirle adoprai tutte mie lime."

Here he says, "I have written of Love many a rhyme, As sweet, as beautiful, as fair, as I knew how; And did my best to polish what I wrote." Certainly he is here speaking of the time immediately past; and it is certain that he wrote no rhymes of love after the death of Beatrice, June 9, 1290, when he was in his twenty-fifth year. It is equally sure and certain that, at that date, he had not written the Divine Comedy, probably had only sketched out his first notions of terza rima, if even those. The sonnets, Canzoni, and Ballate, in praise of Beatrice Portinari, are the "Rhymes of Love" he mentions in the opening of the *Credo*. Those addressed to the Memory of Beatrice, or to her under the symbol of Heavenly Wisdom, could not, by any possibility, be called "Rhymes of Love," "Rime d'Amor." For he proceeds to say,—

"Di ciò son fatte le mie voglie smaghe
Perch' io conosco avere speso invano
Le mie fatiche e d'aspettar mal paghe."

"From them (i.e. the rhymes of love) my mind has been turned away, For I know that I have laboured in vain, And my waiting has been ill-requited."

Does not this point distinctly to the grief and disappointment of her death?

He continues,—

"Da questo falso amor omai la mano
A scriver più di lui io vo' ritrarre,
E ragionar di Dio, come Cristiano."

"From this false love now will I draw back my hand, and write no more of it, but will speak of God as becomes a Christian."

And then he commences the Apostles' Creed, and goes on to the sacraments, the Ten Commandments, the seven mortal sins, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ave Maria. The whole of these form the *Credo di Dante*, which we submit (with all deference to *Codex* 1011 and to Boccaccio) was written, not in his mature age but in his youth.

The "ill paid love," the "false love," the "love that had waited," the recently written "Rhymes of Love," fit no time but that of his youth. It was not in his mature age, having a wife and children, being a wandering, penniless exile, "eating," as he says, "the bread of others," and "climbing others' stairs;" it was not then (and that was the time when he had written the *Paradiso*) that he could have spoken of recently exerting his best pains to polish and improve his "Rhymes of Love." The whole statement is one that solely and only fits his youth; and it seems to us (because expressly declared in his own words) that the *Credo*

was written at the time when he ceased to write love verses, i.e., at the time of the death of Beatrice. No other circumstances of his life account for the declaration herein made by himself. The transcriber of *Codez* 1011, and Boccaccio also, had heard a wrong version; and only part of their story is true, the part that refers to the trial and to the *Credo*, and to the issue of it. The cause of the trial has been misapprehended. That the Franciscans accused him in youth, is supported by a statement of Francesco da Buti, who lectured on the Divine Comedy in the Cathedral of Pisa, sixty years after the death of Dante, i.e., in 1385. Buti affirms that, "in the youth of Dante, he became a Minor Friar of the order of St Francis, the which he left before making profession." "Si feu Frate Minore dell'ordine di San Francesco, del quale uscette innanzi che facesse professione."

To this the poet alludes in the 16th canto of the "*Inferno*"—

"Io aveva una corda intorno cinta,
E con essa pensai alcuna volta,
Prender la lonza colla pelle dipinta."

"Around my waist I had a girdle tied,
With which, indeed, I once had thought to win
The nimble panther with the spotted hide."

(Wright's version.)

To wear for a year the Franciscan habit, with its cord or rope girdle, was in those days a very common and usual penance, and was called entering the Third Order of St Francis. It was frequently done by persons out of devotion, as they understood it, or as a measure of precaution to screen them from the consequences of offence given to the religious Orders then so powerful. Carey, in his note on the above-mentioned lines of the 16th canto of the "*Inferno*" says, "It is believed that our poet, in the earlier part of his life, had entered into the order of St Francis."

Briefly, then, we hold the *Credo* to have been, as Dante himself shows, written in his youth. If, as all the MSS. agree in stating, the *Credo* saved him from the pains which the Inquisition awarded to Heretics, it was in all probability at that time that he was induced or commanded to enter the Third Order of St Francis, to observe for a time the rules of that profession, and to wear its garb. Not in the evening of life, when he had a wife, Gemma Donati, five sons, Alligero, Eliseo, Joseph, Peter, and Gabriel, and one daughter Beatrice, named after the all-beautiful Portinari; not then, an exile, penniless, wandering, "eating," as he says, "the bread of others," and "climbing others' stairs;" not then can he have written that he had till that time written "of love," but "would withdraw his hand" from such a theme, "to speak of God as a good Christian should do." Why, in those later years of his, he had written of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, and had indeed made large and lordly proof of his Christianity.

But further, as to the impression or belief that it was in the early, and not in a later period of Dante's life that he wore the garb of the Third Order of St Francis, we will refer to MS. No. 698 of the Italian MSS. of the Bibliothèque Imperiale of Paris. It is an illuminated parchment MS. of the "*Divina Commedia*," with the Commentary of Benvenuto da Imola, and was transcribed for Nicholas, Marquis of Este. At the opening of the Poem, Dante, meeting the three allegorical beasts—the leopard, the lion, and the wolf—is attired by the painter in the brown garb of the

Franciscan Order, with a tight girdle of rope, tight-fitting sleeves, white skull-cap, brown hood, and black shoes. The breast of the tunic is open, and shows a darker vest within. In other portions of the Poem, he is clad in red, or blue, or crimson, with grey boots that reach to the knees. From this we see that the scribe knew, or was directed to assume, that Dante, in his early life, had worn the Third, or Penitential Order of St Francis. After the first opening of the Poem, he is represented in a diversity of rich and cheerful garments. Once it is a robe of crimson, over which is a tunic of blue, on the head a hood of crimson over a tight cap of some light colour. The tunic has no girdle; the sleeves are wide and loose. Again, he wears, as before, a crimson robe; but over it a large azure mantle, the hood of which covers the head; with these are long grey hose, and black shoes.

Now, as to the mention of Franciscans in *Codex 1011*, and the fact stated in *Codex 1154*, that the *Credo* was sent by Dante "from Florence;" "mandó Dante Allighieri da Florencia," as we before quoted; these two statements agree with historical fact. The Holy Office, or Inquisition for Heresy, was made over to the Franciscan Order in Florence, between the years 1261 and 1264, by Pope Urban the Fourth, and was by them administered in their own convent. In most other cities the Holy Office belonged to the Dominicans. Professor Lami, in his *Antichità Toscane*, vol. xxvi., page 52 (Florence 1766), states that the Florentine Inquisitors "first used as prisons certain chambers in the Monastery of the Certosa; but the prisoners so disturbed the monks by cries, screams, and groans, that the monks paid a tribute to the Inquisition to be delivered and made free from the same." After the payment of this tribute the prisoners detained by the Holy Office were kept in dungeons within the city. Therefore, from these dungeons within the city, Dante would send his *Credo*, "from Florence," as the Codex says, "*de Florentia*." But, how could he have sent the *Credo*, or anything else, from Florence in his maturer age, after writing his "*Paradiso*," when all the world knows that he never returned there after his first exile in 1302? Then, lastly, as to his joining the Third Order of St Francis, we will add, that, as a *Terziario*, he has always been claimed by the Franciscan writers. For this reason, say they, he was buried at Ravenna, in their habit, and laid to rest in the Church of their Convent; a statement which has been incontestably proved in our own day, by the discovery of the remains of Dante in the Franciscan Church of Ravenna, on the 24th May 1865. (See Note 13 of this Appendix.)

Lastly, comes the consideration of the *Credo* from internal evidence of style and manner. The lines bear no trace of that experience and mastery over the difficulties of *terza rima* which are displayed so triumphantly in the "*Commedia*." From beginning to end, the *Credo* is the work of a tyro in that metre. There is no likeness to the lofty unembarrassed and admirable versification of the "*Divina*." The *Credo* reads like a first attempt at this kind of composition, or at best, like an early trial of strength. We had long held this opinion, when we met with strong corroboration of it from the pen of one admirably fitted to judge such a question. The MS. $\frac{v}{33}$ of the Bibliothèque of the Rue Richeliéu, contains, after the "*Trionfi*" of Petrarca a copy of this same *Credo*, entitled "*Versi di Dante al Inquisitore*," or "Verses of Dante to the Inquisitor." They bear the following head or preface, "*Salincontra chominceranno i versi che Dante Aldeghieri poeta fiorentino fece al Inquisitore che l'avea costrecto P. ereticho volendo qui dire Dante contro i frati dell Ordine de*

Santo Francescho." "Hereafter will commence the verses which Dante Aldeghieri, Florentine poet, made to the Inquisitor, who had imprisoned him as a heretic, Dante wishing herein to answer (or speak to) the monks of the Order of St Francis."

This copy agrees with *Codex* 1011 of the Riccardiana Library, in pointing to the Franciscans as his accusers. It contains the usual eighty-two *terzine*, and appears synonymous with other copies of the *Credo*. But it is the mention of it made by the learned Doctor Antonio Marsand, which is important. In the first volume of his valuable and elaborate Catalogue of the Italian MSS. belonging to the French nation, page 290, he speaks thus,—we translate from the original Italian,—“They are eighty-two *terzine*, in which, reading them again and again, though with great difficulty, because of the unusual and very strange abbreviations which occur at every instant, it appeared to me, in some portions, to recognise the pen of that Divine Poet, and in others, to recognise it no more. But, said I to myself, what matters this? May not this, perhaps, be one of the first poetical compositions of our Allighieri?” (*Catalogo Marsand*, Paris 1835, 2 vols., 4to.) He then proceeds to furnish extracts which are identical with the *Credo*, or *Professione di Fede*, as published by Quadrio, in 1723, by Rigoli in 1825, and by Fraticelli in 1856. As to the opinion Dr Antonio Marsand gives of the *Credo* being a work of Dante's youth, that opinion is entitled to great weight; for it would be extremely difficult to point to any man more laboriously versed than he in the language, style, and manner, even to the smallest idiosyncracies and peculiarities of the writers of Dante's time.

Besides, if, as *Codex* 1011 incorrectly states, the *Credo* had been penned after the *Divina Commedia*, what Inquisitor could have been so weak and foolish as to accept from a Poet of mature age and gigantic ability, so poor an answer to a charge of Heresy, as a versification of those elements of the Catholic faith, known to every schoolboy? Far other circumstances than those of *Codex* 1011, must have induced the Inquisitors to condone the offence imputed to Dante. An old offender does not escape as easily as a young one.

For all the above reasons, therefore, we believe ourselves not wrong, but right, in ascribing the writing of the *Credo* to the period of the death of Beatrice, in the year 1290, in which the poet reached his twenty-fifth year. And we hold that this additional feature of his life, this fresh detail, this further point of interest, endears him still more to us, as showing one more scene of that chequered experience, whose sufferings never daunted his spirit, nor trammelled his genius.

NOTE XII.

ON THE SOMETIME RESIDENCE OF DANTE ALLIGHIERI AT TAL-Y-LLYN IN NORTH WALES.

In the Cambrian Register for the year 1795, in a Catalogue of the famous Hengwrt MSS., it is stated that Dante lived for a time at Tal-y Llyn, in Merioneth. Tal-y-Llyn is a village near a small lake in the hills near Cader Idris. The lake itself is known to the natives as Llyn Mwyngil. The name of the village signifies “the end of the lake.” The years in which Dante was an exile, are from 1308 to 1311. Which of these years was spent in Britain is unknown, as no record of his wanderings out of Italy has been preserved. Troya has, however,

attempted it in his *Veltro Allegorico*, a work of merit, in which zeal and industry would, were it possible, atone for the absence of data. Fra Giovanni di Serravalle, Prince Bishop of Fermo, Diocese of Rimini, who, during the Council of Constance, 1456, undertook a Latin version and commentary on the Divine Comedy, at the request of Cardinal Amadeo di Saluzzo, and the Bishops of Salisbury and Bath, states that Dante continued his studies at Oxford. Vellutello, in his Life of Dante, affirms that he visited Germany; but we have no information from Dante himself to set at rest these and similar statements. An old commentator declares that Dante visited "*et ultimos in orbe Britannos*" (our memory fails to recall if this is from the Anonimo Famigliare di Dante). Such a term might well apply to the Northern Welsh. If the statement of the Cambrian Register for 1795 is to be credited the only residence near the Lake of Tal-y-Llyn, in which Dante could have been received as a guest, at that time, was Castell Bere, or Castel de Bere, a Norman Castle which had been built by Hugues le Loup, commonly called Hugh Lupus, the great Earl of Chester. In this castle the earl held in prison the Welsh Prince, Gryffyth ap Cynan, who had reigned from 1075 to 1137. This was long before Dante's time. It fell into the hands of the Welsh after Hugh Lupus; for about 1284 Castle de Bere was taken from "the Welsh Prince" by Aylmer de Valence, the powerful Earl of Pembroke; who, in all probability, was the protector of Dante during his stay in North Wales, if ever he was there. In the end of Edward the Second's reign (which lasted till 1327), Castell-y-Bere was burned; and never since has it been rebuilt.

The conquest of Wales by Edward the First, was accomplished in 1283. Twice after that year, Edward the First visited Castell de Bere, and once he stayed there several days. Nothing but the site of this ancient castle remains on the spot where it once stood. Its ruins have been used for all sorts of purposes in that little visited region. Mr Wynne of Peniarth, the distinguished and learned antiquary and genealogist of the principality, has removed into his own grounds such sculptured stones as he found still remaining. At his hands and those of his family, respect and care will be given to even these mute witnesses of the probable visit of Dante to their mountains. Peniarth lies on the Dunsany river below the beautiful "Craig-y-Deren," or "Bird Rock," within a short distance of the site of Castell de Bere.

NOTE XIII.

ON THE FINDING OF THE MORTAL REMAINS OF DANTE ALLIGHIERI,
MAY 4, 1865.

It is said that Byron always lifted his hat from his head as he rode past the tomb of Dante, during his residence at Ravenna. The tomb was a small abutment from the Church of the Franciscans. It was erected one hundred and sixty years after the poet's death by Senator Bernardo Bembo, then Podestà of Ravenna, for the Republic of Venice, father of the Cardinal of the same name, who has been, by mistake, repeatedly accredited with this good deed of his father's. And yet, while Byron and the rest of the world believed the tomb to hold the remains of Dante, the said tomb was empty. And that it was so became known in this wise. In taking down the buttress of the wall next the tomb, which wall joined the buttress to the Church, there was found on the 24th

May 1865, a wooden coffin, the contents of which were the remains of the poet; for on the cover or lid of the coffin were the words:—"Dantis ossa a me Fra Antonio Santi hic posita, anno 1677, die 18 Octobris." This discovery created much surprise. The Municipal Council of Ravenna convened a meeting, and ordered the marble tomb to be opened. This was done. The tomb was found to be empty. It contained nothing but some small bones belonging to a human body. The remains contained in the wooden coffin, on examination, were found entire in all parts save and excepting the small bones found in the marble tomb. These were two fingers and a small bone of one foot. When placed together, the whole became entire, and was solemnly carried to the Library of Ravenna, till such time as a richer tomb may be prepared. Brother Antonio Santi doubtless hid the remains in haste, in dread of their being removed or destroyed, at the time when Dante's works were forbidden and innumerable copies of them destroyed.* The measurement of the poet's remains gave a height of five feet and eight inches. Boccaccio expressly states that he was "of middle height," "*di media statura*." No vestige remained of the Franciscan garb in which he is said to have been interred; but the above facts positively determine that he was laid to rest in the Franciscan Church of Ravenna.

* The Roman Inquisition prohibited the Divine Comedy along with the Koran of Mahomet. (See Raynaud's *Erotemata de malis et bonis Libris*, p. 200. Also *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*, p. 765, edition of 1667.)

The Spanish Inquisition interdicted particular passages, and corrected Landino's Commentary. They ordered certain passages to be expunged from all future editions, and forbade all commentaries or expositions, wherever printed. "*Los tres lugares*," say they, "*que arriba se manden expurgar, se quiten de la misma comedia, que tambien ANDA SIN EXPOSITORES de qualquiera impresion que sea.*"



December, 1875.

AN ALPHABETICAL LIST
OF
HENRY S. KING & CO.S
PUBLICATIONS.

B

a

4



*65 Cornhill, and 12 Paternoster Row, London,
December, 1875.*

A LIST OF
HENRY S. KING & CO.'S
PUBLICATIONS.

ABBEY (Henry).

BALLADS OF GOOD DEEDS, AND OTHER VERSES. Fcap. 8vo.
Cloth gilt. 5s.

ADAMS (A. L.), M.A.

**FIELD AND FOREST RAMBLES OF A NATURALIST IN
NEW BRUNSWICK.** With Notes and Observations on the
Natural History of Eastern Canada. 8vo., cloth. Illustrated. 14s.

ADAMS (F. O.), H.B.M.'s Secretary of Embassy at
Paris, formerly H.B.M.'s Chargé d'Affaires, and Secretary of
Legation at Yedo.

THE HISTORY OF JAPAN. From the Earliest Period to the
Present Time. New Edition, revised. Demy 8vo. In 2 vols.
With Maps and Plans. 21s. each.

ADAMS (W. Davenport, Jun.)

LYRICS OF LOVE, from Shakespeare to Tennyson. Selected
and arranged by. Fcap. 8vo., cloth extra, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

ADON.

THROUGH STORM AND SUNSHINE. Illustrated by M. E.
Edwards, A. T. H. Paterson, and the Author. 1 vol. Crown 8vo.
Price 7s. 6d.

A. K. H. B.

A SCOTCH COMMUNION SUNDAY, to which are added Certain Discourses from a University City. By the Author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s.

ALLEN (Rev. R.), M.A.

ABRAHAM: HIS LIFE, TIMES, AND TRAVELS, as told by a Contemporary 3800 years ago. Post 8vo., with Map. Cloth. Price 10s. 6d.

AMOS (Professor Sheldon).

THE SCIENCE OF LAW. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s. Vol. X. of the International Scientific Series.

ANDERSON (Rev. Charles), M.A.

CHURCH THOUGHT AND CHURCH WORK. Edited by. Containing articles by the Revs. J. M. Capes, Professor Cheetham, J. Ll. Davis, Harry Jones, Brooke, Lambert, A. J. Ross, the Editor, and others. Second Edition. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d.

WORDS AND WORKS IN A LONDON PARISH. Edited by. Second Edition. Demy 8vo. 6s.

THE CURATE OF SHYRE. Second Edition. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

NEW READINGS OF OLD PARABLES. Demy 8vo. 4s. 6d.

ANDERSON (Colonel R. P.)

VICTORIES AND DEFEATS. An Attempt to explain the Causes which have led to them. An Officer's Manual. Demy 8vo. 14s.

ANSON (Lieut.-Col. The Hon. A.), V.C., M.P.

THE ABOLITION OF PURCHASE AND THE ARMY REGULATION BILL OF 1871. Crown 8vo. 1s.

ARMY RESERVES AND MILITIA REFORMS. Crown 8vo. 1s.

THE STORY OF THE SUPERSESSIONS. Crown 8vo. 6d.

ARGYLE (Duke of).

SPEECHES ON THE SECOND READING OF THE CHURCH PATRONAGE (SCOTLAND) BILL IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, June 2, 1874; and Earl of Camperdown's Amendment, June 9, 1874, placing the Election of Ministers in the hands of Rate-payers. Crown 8vo. Sewed. 1s.

ARMY OF THE NORTH GERMAN CONFEDERATION.

A Brief Description of its Organization, of the Different Branches of the Service and their rôle in War, of its Mode of Fighting, etc., etc. Translated from the Corrected Edition, by permission of the author, by Colonel Edward Newdegate. Demy 8vo. 5s.

ASHANTEE WAR (The).

A Popular Narrative. By the Special Correspondent of the "Daily News." Crown 8vo. 6s.

ASHE (T.) Author of "The Sorrows of Hypsipyle."

EDITH; OR, LOVE AND LIFE IN CHESHIRE. Sewed. 6d.

ASHTON (John).

ROUGH NOTES OF A VISIT TO BELGIUM, SEDAN, AND PARIS, in September, 1870-71. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

AUNT MARY'S BRAN PIE.

By the author of "St. Olave's," "When I was a Little Girl," etc. Illustrated. 3s. 6d.

SUNNYLAND STORIES. Fcap. 8vo. Illustrated. 3s. 6d.

Being two of Henry S. King and Co.'s Three and Sixpenny Series of Children's Books.

AURORA: A Volume of Verse. 5s.

AYRTON (J. C.)

A SCOTCH WOOLING. 2 vols. Crown 8vo.

BAGEHOT (Walter).

PHYSICS AND POLITICS; or, Thoughts on the Application of the Principles of "Natural Selection" and "Inheritance" to Political Society. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 4s.

Volume II. of the International Scientific Series.

THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION. A New Edition, Revised and Corrected, with an Introductory Dissertation on Recent Changes and Events. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

LOMBARD STREET. A Description of the Money Market. Crown 8vo. Sixth Edition. 7s. 6d.

BAIN (Alexander), LL.D.

MIND AND BODY. The Theories of their Relation. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo. 4s.

Volume IV. of the International Scientific Series.

BANKS (Mrs. G. Linnæus).

GOD'S PROVIDENCE HOUSE. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

One of the volumes of the Cornhill Library of Fiction.

BARING (T. C.), M.P., late Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford.

THE ODES OF PINDAR. A Translation.

BARLEE (Ellen).

LOCKED OUT; A Tale of the Strike. With a Frontispiece.
1s. 6d.

BAYNES (Rev. Canon R. H.), Editor of "Lyra Anglicana," etc.

HOME SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS. Second Edition. Fcap.
8vo. Cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

. *This may also be had handsomely bound in Morocco with gilt edges.*

BECKER (Bernard H.)

THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES OF LONDON. 1 vol. Crown
8vo. 5s.

BENNETT (Dr. W. C.)

SONGS FOR SAILORS. Dedicated by Special Request to
H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. With
Steel Portrait and Illustrations.

An Edition in Illustrated Paper Covers, 1s.

BABY MAY. HOME POEMS AND BALLADS. With Frontis-
piece. Cloth elegant. Crown 8vo. 6s.

BABY MAY AND HOME POEMS. Fcap. 8vo. Sewed in
Coloured Wrapper. 1s.

NARRATIVE POEMS AND BALLADS. Fcap. 8vo. Sewed
in Coloured Wrapper. 1s.

BENNIE (Rev. Jas. Noble), M.A.

THE ETERNAL LIFE. Sermons preached during the last
twelve years. Crown 8vo. 6s.

BERNARD (Bayle).

**SAMUEL LOVER, THE LIFE AND UNPUBLISHED WORKS
OF.** In 2 vols. Post 8vo. With a Steel Portrait. 21s.

BETHAM-EDWARDS (Miss M.)

KITTY. Crown 8vo. With a Frontispiece. 3s. 6d.
One of the volumes of the Cornhill Library of Fiction.

**MADEMOISELLE JOSEPHINE'S FRIDAYS, AND OTHER
STORIES.** Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

BISCOE (A. C.)

THE EARLS OF MIDDLETON, Lords of Clermont and of
Fettercairn, and the Middleton Family. 1 vol. Crown 8vo.
10s. 6d.

BLANC (Henry), M.D.

CHOLERA: HOW TO AVOID AND TREAT IT. Popular and Practical Notes. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

BLUME (Major William).

THE OPERATIONS OF THE GERMAN ARMIES IN FRANCE, from Sedan to the end of the war of 1870-71. With Map. From the Journals of the Head-quarters Staff. Translated by the late E. M. Jones, Maj. 20th Foot, Prof. of Mil. Hist., Sandhurst. Demy 8vo. 9s.

BOGUSLAWSKI (Captain A. von).

TACTICAL DEDUCTIONS FROM THE WAR OF 1870-71. Translated by Colonel Lumley Graham, late 18th (Royal Irish) Regiment. Third Edition, Revised and Corrected. Demy 8vo. 7s.
A volume of Henry S. King and Co.'s Series of Military Works.

BONWICK (James).

THE TASMANIAN LILY. Cr. 8vo. With Frontispiece. 5s.

MIKE HOWE, THE BUSHRANGER OF VAN DIEMEN'S LAND. Crown 8vo. With Frontispiece. 5s.

BOSWELL (R. B.), M.A., Oxon.

METRICAL TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK AND LATIN POETS, and other Poems. Crown 8vo. 5s.

BOTHMER (Countess Von).

CRUEL AS THE GRAVE. A Novel. 3 vols.

BOWRING (L.), C.S.I., Lord Canning's Private Secretary, and for many years Chief Commissioner of Mysore and Coorg.

EASTERN EXPERIENCES. Illustrated with Maps and Diagrams. Demy 8vo. 16s.

BRAVE MEN'S FOOTSTEPS. By the Editor of "Men who have Risen." A Book of Example and Anecdote for Young People. With Four Illustrations by C. Doyle. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

BRIALMONT (Colonel A.)

HASTY INTRENCHMENTS. Translated by Lieut. Charles A. Empsom, R.A. With nine Plates. Demy 8vo. 6s.

BRIEFS AND PAPERS. Being Sketches of the Bar and the Press. By Two Idle Apprentices. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

BROOKE (Rev. Stopford A.), M.A., Chaplain in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen.

THE LATE REV. F. W. ROBERTSON, M.A., LIFE AND LETTERS OF. Edited by Stopford Brooke, M.A.

I. In 2 vols., uniform with the Sermons. Steel Portrait. 7s. 6d.

II. Library Edition. 8vo. Two Steel Portraits. 12s.

III. A Popular Edition, in 1 vol. 8vo. 6s.

THEOLOGY IN THE ENGLISH POETS.—COWPER, COLERIDGE, WORDSWORTH, and BURNS. Second Edition. Post 8vo. 9s.

CHRIST IN MODERN LIFE. Sermons Preached in St. James's Chapel, York Street, London. Eighth Edition. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

FREEDOM IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. Six Sermons suggested by the Voysey Judgment. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

SERMONS Preached in St. James's Chapel, York Street, London. Eighth Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

SERMONS Preached in St. James's Chapel, York Street, London. Second Series. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 7s.

FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE: The Life and Work of. A Memorial Sermon. Crown 8vo. Sewed. 1s.

BROOKE (W. G.), M.A., Barrister-at-Law.

THE PUBLIC WORSHIP REGULATION ACT. With a Classified Statement of its Provisions, Notes, and Index. Third Edition, revised and corrected. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

SIX PRIVY COUNCIL JUDGMENTS—1850-1872. Annotated by. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 9s.

BROWN (Rev. J. Baldwin), B.A.

THE HIGHER LIFE. Its Reality, Experience, and Destiny. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

THE DOCTRINE OF ANNIHILATION IN THE LIGHT OF THE GOSPEL OF LOVE. Five Discourses. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

BROWN (John Croumbie), LL.D., etc.

REBOISEMENT IN FRANCE; or, Records of the Replanting of the Alps, the Cevennes, and the Pyrenees with Trees, Herbage, and Bush, with a view to arresting and preventing the destructive consequences and effects of Torrents. 1 vol. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d.

THE HYDROLOGY OF SOUTHERN AFRICA. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.

BROWNE (Rev. Marmaduke E.)

UNTIL THE DAY DAWN. Four Advent Lectures delivered in the Episcopal Chapel, Milverton, Warwickshire, on the Sunday evenings during Advent, 1870. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

BRYANT (William Cullen).

POEMS. Red-line Edition. Handsomely bound. With 24 Illustrations and Portrait of the Author. 7s. 6d.

A Cheaper Edition, with Frontispiece. 3s. 6d.

BUCHANAN (Robert).

POETICAL WORKS. Collected Edition, in 3 Vols., price 6s. each.

Vol. I.—“Ballads and Romances;” “Ballads and Poems of Life,” and a Portrait of the Author.

Vol. II.—“Ballads and Poems of Life;” “Allegories and Sonnets.”

Vol. III.—“Cruiskeen Sonnets;” “Book of Orm;” “Political Mystics.”

MASTER-SPIRITS. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

BULKELEY (Rev. Henry J.)

WALLED IN, and other Poems. Crown 8vo. 5s.

BUNNETT (F. E.)

LEONORA CHRISTINA, MEMOIRS OF, Daughter of Christian IV. of Denmark; Written during her Imprisonment in the Blue Tower of the Royal Palace at Copenhagen, 1663-1685. Translated by F. E. Bunnètt. With an Autotype Portrait of the Princess. Medium 8vo. A New and Cheaper Edition. 5s.

LINKED AT LAST. 1 vol. Crown 8vo.

UNDER A CLOUD; OR, JOHANNES OLAF. By E. D. Wille. Translated by F. E. Bunnètt. 3 vols.

BURTON (Mrs. Richard).

THE INNER LIFE OF SYRIA, PALESTINE, AND THE HOLY LAND. 2 vols. Demy 8vo. 24s.

BUTLER (Josephine E.)

JOHN GREY (of Dilston): MEMOIRS. By his Daughter. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

CALDERON.

CALDERON'S DRAMAS: The Wonder-Working Magician—Life is a Dream—The Purgatory of St. Patrick. Translated by Denis Florence MacCarthy. Post 8vo. 10s.

CAMDEN (Charles).

HOITY TOITY, THE GOOD LITTLE FELLOW. With Eleven Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

THE TRAVELLING MENAGERIE. With Ten Illustrations by J. Mahoney. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

The above form part of Henry S. King & Co.'s Three and Sixpenny Series of Children's Books.

CARLISLE (A. D.), B.A., Trin. Coll., Camb.

ROUND THE WORLD IN 1870. A Volume of Travels, with Maps. New and Cheaper Edition. Demy 8vo. 6s.

CARNE (Miss E. T.)

THE REALM OF TRUTH. Crown 8vo. 5s. 6d.

CARPENTER (E.)

NARCISSUS AND OTHER POEMS. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

CARPENTER (W. B.), LL.D., M.D., F.R.S., etc.

THE PRINCIPLES OF MENTAL PHYSIOLOGY. With their Applications to the Training and Discipline of the Mind, and the Study of its Morbid Conditions. 8vo. Illustrated. 12s.

CARR (Lisle).

JUDITH GWYNNE. 3 vols. Crown 8vo. Second Edition.

CHRISTOPHERSON (The late Rev. Henry), M.A.,
Assistant Minister at Trinity Church, Brighton.

SERMONS. Crown 8vo. Cloth. 7s. 6d. With an Introduction by John Rae, LL.D., F.S.A.

CLAYTON (Cecil).

EFFIE'S GAME; HOW SHE LOST AND HOW SHE WON.
A Novel. 2 vols.

CLERK (Mrs. Godfrey), Author of "The Antipodes and Round the World."

'ILAM EN NAS. Historical Tales and Anecdotes of the Times of the Early Khalifahs. Translated from the Arabic Originals. Illustrated with Historical and Explanatory Notes. Crown 8vo. 7s.

CLERY (C.), Captain 32nd Light Infantry, Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General, late Professor of Tactics Royal Military College, Sandhurst.

MINOR TACTICS. Demy 8vo. Second Edition. With 26 Maps and Plans. 16s.

CLODD (Edward), F.R.A.S.

THE CHILDHOOD OF THE WORLD: a Simple Account of Man in Early Times. New Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s.

A Special Edition for Schools. 1s.

THE CHILDHOOD OF RELIGIONS. Including a Simple Account of the Birth and Growth of Myths and Legends. Crown 8vo. 5s.

COLERIDGE (Sara).

PRETTY LESSONS IN VERSE FOR GOOD CHILDREN, with some Lessons in Latin, in Easy Rhyme. A New Edition. Illustrated. 3s. 6d.

PHANTASMION. A Fairy Romance. With an Introductory Preface by the Right Hon. Lord Coleridge of Ottery St. Mary. A New Edition. Illustrated. 7s. 6d.

MEMOIR AND LETTERS OF SARA COLERIDGE. Edited by her Daughter. Third Edition, Revised and Corrected. With Index. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. With Two Portraits. 24s.

Cheap Edition. With one Portrait. 7s. 6d.

COLLINS (Mortimer).

THE PRINCESS CLARICE. A Story of 1871. 2 vols.

SQUIRE SILCHESTER'S WHIM. By Mortimer Collins, Author of "Marquis and Merchant," etc. 3 vols.

MIRANDA. A Midsummer Madness. 3 vols.

THE INN OF STRANGE MEETINGS, AND OTHER POEMS. Crown 8vo. 5s.

THE SECRET OF LONG LIFE. Dedicated by special permission to Lord St. Leonard's. Fourth Edition. Large crown 8vo. 5s.

COLLINS (Rev. Richard), M.A.

MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE IN THE EAST. With special reference to the Syrian Christians of Malabar, and the results of modern Missions. With Four Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 6s.

CONWAY (Moncure D.)

REPUBLICAN SUPERSTITIONS. Illustrated by the Political History of the United States. Including a Correspondence with M. Louis Blanc. Crown 8vo. 5s.

CONYERS (Ansley).

CHESTERLEIGH. 3 vols. Crown 8vo.

COOKE (M. C.), M.A., LL.D.

FUNGI; their Nature, Influences, Uses, etc. Edited by the Rev. M. J. Berkeley, M.A., F.L.S. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. With Illustrations. 5s.

Being Vol. XIV. of the International Scientific Series.

COOKE (Professor Josiah P.), of the Harvard University.

THE NEW CHEMISTRY. Second Edition. With Thirty-one Illustrations. 5s.

Vol. IX. of the International Scientific Series.

SCIENTIFIC CULTURE. Crown 8vo. Cloth. 1s.

COOPER (T. T.)

THE MISHMEE HILLS: an Account of a Journey made in an Attempt to Penetrate Thibet from Assam, to open New Routes for Commerce. Second Edition. With Four Illustrations and Map. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.

CORNHILL LIBRARY OF FICTION, The. 3s. 6d. per Volume.

HALF-A-DOZEN DAUGHTERS. By J. Masterman.

THE HOUSE OF BABY. By Mrs. G. Hooper.

A FIGHT FOR LIFE. By Moy Thomas.

ROBIN GRAY. By Charles Gibbon.

KITTY. By Miss M. Betham-Edwards.

HIRELL. By John Saunders.

ONE OF TWO; or, The Left-Handed Bride. By J. Hain Friswell.

READY-MONEY MORTIBOY. A Matter-of-Fact Story.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE HOUSE. By Mrs. G. L. Banks.

FOR LACK OF GOLD. By Charles Gibbon.

ABEL DRAKE'S WIFE. By John Saunders.

CORY (Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur).

THE SHADOW OF COMING EVENTS. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

COSMOS. A Poem. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

SUBJECTS.—Nature in the Past and in the Present—Man in the Past and in the Present—The Future.

COTTON (Robert Turner).

MR. CARINGTON. A Tale of Love and Conspiracy. 3 vols. Crown 8vo.

CUMMINS (Henry Irwin), M.A.

PAROCHIAL CHARITIES OF THE CITY OF LONDON. Sewed. 1s.

CURWEN (Henry).

SORROW AND SONG: Studies of Literary Struggle. Henry Mürger—Novalis—Alexander Petöfi—Honoré de Balzac—Edgar Allan Poe—André Chénier. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. 15s.

DAVIDSON (Samuel), D.D., LL.D.

THE NEW TESTAMENT, TRANSLATED FROM THE LATEST GREEK TEXT OF TISCHENDORF. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

DAVIES (G. Christopher).

MOUNTAIN, MEADOW, AND MERE: a Series of Outdoor Sketches of Sport, Scenery, Adventures, and Natural History. With Sixteen Illustrations by Bosworth W. Harcourt. Crown 8vo. 6s.

RAMBLES AND ADVENTURES OF OUR SCHOOL FIELD CLUB. Crown 8vo. With 4 Illustrations. 5s.

DAVIES (Rev. J. Llewelyn), M.A.

THEOLOGY AND MORALITY. Essays on Questions of Belief and Practice. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

D'ANVERS (N. R.)

LITTLE MINNIE'S TROUBLES. An Every-day Chronicle. Illustrated by W. H. Hughes. Fcap. 3s. 6d.
A Simple Chronicle of a Child's Life.

DE KERKADEC (Vicomtesse Solange).

A CHEQUERED LIFE, being Memoirs of the Vicomtesse de Leoville Meilhan. Edited by. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Containing many recollections of the First Emperor Napoleon and his Court.

DE L'HOSTE (Colonel E. P).

THE DESERT PASTOR, JEAN JAROUSSEAU. Translated from the French of Eugène Pelletan. In fcap. 8vo., with a Frontispiece. New Edition. 3s. 6d.

One of Henry S. King and Co.'s Three and Sixpenny Books for the Young.

DE LIEFDE (Jacob).

THE GREAT DUTCH ADMIRALS. Crown 8vo. With Eleven Illustrations by Townley Green and others. 5s.

One of Henry S. King and Co.'s Five Shilling Books for the Young.

DE REDCLIFFE (Viscount Stratford), P.C., K.G., G.C.B.

WHY AM I A CHRISTIAN? Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s.

DE TOCQUEVILLE (Alexis).

CORRESPONDENCE AND CONVERSATIONS OF, WITH NASSAU WILLIAM SENIOR. 2 vols. Post 8vo. 21s.

DE VERE (Aubrey).

ALEXANDER THE GREAT. A Dramatic Poem. Small crown 8vo. 5s.

THE INFANT BRIDAL, AND OTHER POEMS. A New and Enlarged Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

THE LEGENDS OF ST. PATRICK, AND OTHER POEMS. Small crown 8vo. 5s.

DE WILLE (E.)

UNDER A CLOUD; OR, JOHANNES OLAF. A Novel. Translated by F. E. Bunnëtt. 3 vols. Crown 8vo.

DENNIS (John).

ENGLISH SONNETS. Collected and Arranged. Fcap. 8vo. Elegantly bound. 3s. 6d.

DOBSON (Austin).

VIGNETTES IN RHYME AND VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

DONNÉ (Alphonse), M.D.

CHANGE OF AIR AND SCENE. A Physician's Hints about Doctors, Patients, Hygiene, and Society; with Notes of Excursions for Health in the Pyrenees, and amongst the Watering-places of France (Inland and Seaward), Switzerland, Corsica, and the Mediterranean. A New Edition. Large post 8vo. 9s.

DOWDEN (Edward), LL.D.

SHAKSPERE: a Critical Study of his Mind and Art. Post 8vo. 12s.

DOWNTON (Rev. Henry), M.A.

HYMNS AND VERSES. Original and Translated. Small crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

DRAPER (John William), M.D., LL.D. Professor in the University of New York; Author of "A Treatise on Human Physiology."

HISTORY OF THE CONFLICT BETWEEN RELIGION AND SCIENCE. Fifth Edition. 5s.

Vol. XIII. of the International Scientific Series.

DREW (Rev. G. S.), M.A., Vicar of Trinity, Lambeth.

SCRIPTURE LANDS IN CONNECTION WITH THEIR HISTORY. Second Edition. 8vo. 19s. 6d.

NAZARETH: ITS LIFE AND LESSONS. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s.

DREW (Rev. G. S.), M.A.

THE DIVINE KINGDOM ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN.
8vo. 10s. 6d.

THE SON OF MAN: His Life and Ministry. Crown 8vo.
7s. 6d.

DREWRY (G. Overend), M.D.

THE COMMON-SENSE MANAGEMENT OF THE STOMACH.
Fcap. 8vo. Second Edition. 2s. 6d.

DURAND (Lady).

**IMITATIONS FROM THE GERMAN OF SPITTA AND
TERSTEGEN.** Fcap. 8vo. 4s.

DU VERNON (Colonel von Verdy).

STUDIES IN LEADING TROOPS. An authorized and accurate
Translation by Lieutenant H. J. T. Hildyard, 71st Foot. Parts I.
and II. Demy 8vo. 7s.

This is one of Henry S. King and Co.'s Series of Military Works.

E. A. V.

JOSEPH MAZZINI: A Memoir. With Two Essays by
Mazzini—"Thoughts on Democracy," and "The Duties of
Man." Dedicated to the Working Classes by P. H. Taylor, M.P.
Crown 8vo. With Two Portraits. 3s. 6d.

EDEN (Frederic).

THE NILE WITHOUT A DRAGOMAN. Second Edition.
Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

EDWARDS (Rev. Basil).

MINOR CHORDS; OR, SONGS FOR THE SUFFERING: a
Volume of Verse. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, 3s. 6d.; paper, 2s. 6d.

ELLOART (Mrs.)

LADY MORETOUN'S DAUGHTER. 3 vols. Crown 8vo.

ENGLISH CLERGYMAN.

**AN ESSAY ON THE RULE OF FAITH AND CREED OF
ATHANASIUS.** Shall the Rubric preceding the Creed be
removed from the Prayer-book? 8vo. Sewed. 1s.

EROS AGONISTES. Poems. By E. B. D. Fcap. 8vo.
3s. 6d.

EVANS (Mark).

THE STORY OF OUR FATHER'S LOVE, told to Children;
being a New and Enlarged Edition of Theology for Children.
Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

EYRE (Maj.-Gen. Sir Vincent), C.B., K.C.S.I., etc.

LAYS OF A KNIGHT-ERRANT IN MANY LANDS. Square crown 8vo. With Six Illustrations. 7s. 6d.

Pharaoh Land. | Home Land. | Wonder Land. | Rhine Land.

FAITHFULL (Mrs. Francis G.)

LOVE ME, OR LOVE ME NOT. 3 vols. Crown 8vo.

FARQUHARSON (Martha).

I. ELSIE DINSMORE. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

II. ELSIE'S GIRLHOOD. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

III. ELSIE'S HOLIDAYS AT ROSELANDS. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

These are volumes of Henry S. King and Co.'s Series of Three and Sixpenny Books for the Young.

FAVRE (Mons. Jules).

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE NATIONAL DEFENCE. From the 30th June to the 31st October, 1870. The Plain Statement of a Member. 1 vol. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.

FISHER (Alice).

HIS QUEEN. 3 vols. Crown 8vo.

FORBES (Archibald).

SOLDIERING AND SCRIBBLING. A Series of Sketches. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

FOTHERGILL (JESSIE).

HEALEY. A Romance. 3 vols. Crown 8vo.

FOWLE (Rev. T. W.), M.A.

THE RECONCILIATION OF RELIGION AND SCIENCE. Being Essays on Immortality, Inspiration, Miracles, and the Being of Christ. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.

FRASER (Donald), Accountant to the British-Indian Steam Navigation Company, Limited.

EXCHANGE TABLES OF STERLING AND INDIAN RUPEE CURRENCY, upon a new and extended system, embracing Values from One Farthing to One Hundred Thousand Pounds, and at Rates progressing, in Sixteenths of a Penny, from 1s. 9d. to 2s. 3d. per Rupee. Royal 8vo. 10s. 6d.

FRERE (Sir H. Bartle E.), G.C.B., G.C.S.I., etc.

THE THREATENED FAMINE IN BENGAL; How it may be Met, and the Recurrence of Famines in India Prevented. Being No. 1 of "Occasional Notes on Indian Affairs." Crown 8vo. With 3 Maps. 5s.

FRISWELL (J. Hain).

THE BETTER SELF. Essays for Home Life. Crown 8vo. 6s.
Contents :—Beginning at Home—The Girls at Home—The Wife's Mother—Pride in the Family—Discontent and Grumbling—Domestic Economy—On Keeping People Down—Likes and Dislikes—On Falling Out—Peace.

ONE OF TWO; or, The Left-Handed Bride. Crown 8vo. With a Frontispiece. 3s. 6d.

Being a Volume of the Cornhill Library of Fiction.

GARDNER (John), M.D.

LONGEVITY; THE MEANS OF PROLONGING LIFE AFTER MIDDLE AGE. Third Edition, revised and enlarged. Small crown 8vo. 4s.

GARRETT (Edward).

BY STILL WATERS. A Story for Quiet Hours. Crown 8vo. With Seven Illustrations. 6s.

GIBBON (Charles).

FOR LACK OF GOLD. Crown 8vo. With a Frontispiece. 3s. 6d.

ROBIN GRAY. Crown 8vo. With a Frontispiece. 3s. 6d.

The above Volumes form part of the Cornhill Library of Fiction.

GILBERT (Mrs.)

MRS. GILBERT, FORMERLY ANN TAYLOR, AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND OTHER MEMORIALS OF. Edited by Josiah Gilbert. In 2 vols. Post 8vo. With 2 Steel Portraits and several Wood Engravings. 24s.

GILL (Rev. W. W.)

MYTHS AND SONGS OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC. With a Preface by F. Max Müller, M.A., Professor of Comparative Philology at Oxford. 1 vol. Post 8vo.

GODKIN (James).

THE RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF IRELAND: Primitive, Papal, and Protestant. Including the Evangelical Missions, Catholic Agitations, and Church Progress of the last half Century. 1 vol. 8vo. 12s.

GODWIN (William).

WILLIAM GODWIN: HIS FRIENDS AND CONTEMPORARIES. By C. Kegan Paul. 2 vols. Demy 8vo. With Portraits.

THE GENIUS OF CHRISTIANITY UNVEILED. Being Essays never before published. Edited, with a Preface, by C. Kegan Paul. 1 vol. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

GOETZE (Capt. A. von), Captain of the Prussian Corps of Engineers attached to the Engineer Committee, and Instructor at the Military Academy.

OPERATIONS OF THE GERMAN ENGINEERS DURING THE WAR OF 1870-1871. Published by Authority, and in accordance with Official Documents. Translated from the German by Colonel G. Graham, V.C., C.B., R.E. Demy 8vo. Cloth. With 6 large Maps. 21s.

GOODMAN (Walter).

CUBA, THE PEARL OF THE ANTILLES. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

GOSSE (Edmund W.)

ON VIOL AND FLUTE. With Title-page specially designed by William B. Scott. Crown 8vo. 5s.

GRANVILLE (A. B.), M.D., F.R.S., etc.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A. B. GRANVILLE, F.R.S., etc. Edited, with a brief account of the concluding years of his life, by his youngest Daughter, Paulina B. Granville. 2 vols. Demy 8vo. With a Portrait. 32s.

GRAY (Mrs. Russell).

LISETTE'S VENTURE. A Novel. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. 21s.

GREEN (T. Bowden).

FRAGMENTS OF THOUGHT. Dedicated by permission to the Poet Laureate. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

GREENWOOD (James), "The Amateur Casual."

IN STRANGE COMPANY; or, The Note Book of a Roving Correspondent. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

GREY (John), of Dilston.

JOHN GREY (of Dilston): MEMOIRS. By Josephine E. Butler. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

GRIFFITH (Rev. T.), A.M., Prebendary of St. Paul's.

STUDIES OF THE DIVINE MASTER. Demy 8vo. 12s.

GRIFFITHS (Captain Arthur).

THE QUEEN'S SHILLING. A Novel. 2 vols. 21s.

MEMORIALS OF MILLBANK, AND CHAPTERS IN PRISON HISTORY. 2 vols. Post 8vo. 21s. With Illustrations.

GRUNER (M. L.)

STUDIES OF BLAST FURNACE PHENOMENA. Translated by L. D. B. Gordon, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d.

GURNEY (Rev. Archer Thompson).

WORDS OF FAITH AND CHEER. A Mission of Instruction and Suggestion. 1 vol. Crown 8vo. 6s.

FIRST PRINCIPLES IN CHURCH AND STATE. Demy 8vo. Sewed. 1s. 6d.

HAECKEL (Professor Ernst), of the University of Jena.

THE HISTORY OF CREATION. A Popular Account of the Development of the Earth and its Inhabitants, according to the Theories of Kant, Laplace, Lamarck, and Darwin. The Translation revised by Professor E. Ray Lankester, M.A., F.R.S. With Coloured Plates and Genealogical Trees of the various groups of both plants and animals. 2 vols. Post 8vo. 32s.

THE HISTORY OF THE EVOLUTION OF MAN. Translated by E. A. Van Rhyne and L. Elsborg, M.D. (University of New York), with Notes and Additions sanctioned by the Author. Post 8vo.

HARCOURT (Capt. A. F. P.)

THE SHAKESPEARE ARGOSY: Containing much of the wealth of Shakespeare's Wisdom and Wit, alphabetically arranged and classified. Crown 8vo. 6s.

HAWES (Rev. H. R.), M.A.

SPEECH IN SEASON. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 9s.

THOUGHTS FOR THE TIMES. Eighth Edition. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

UNSECTARIAN FAMILY PRAYERS, for Morning and Evening for a Week, with short selected passages from the Bible. Square crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

HAWTHORNE (Julian).

BRESSANT. A Romance. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. 21s.

IDOLATRY. A Romance. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. 21s.

HAWTHORNE (Nathaniel).

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. A Memoir, with Stories now first published in this country. By H. A. Page. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

SEPTIMIUS. A Romance. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 9s.

HAYMAN (Henry), D.D., late Head Master of Rugby School.

RUGBY SCHOOL SERMONS. With an Introductory Essay on the Indwelling of the Holy Spirit. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

HEATHERGATE. A Story of Scottish Life and Character.

By a New Author. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. 21s.

HELLWALD (Baron F. Von).

THE RUSSIANS IN CENTRAL ASIA. A Critical Examination, down to the present time, of the Geography and History of Central Asia. Translated by Lieut.-Col. Theodore Wirgman, LL.B. In 1 vol. Large post 8vo. With Map. 12s.

HELVIG (Captain Hugo).

THE OPERATIONS OF THE BAVARIAN ARMY CORPS. Translated by Captain G. S. Schwabe. With Five large Maps. In 2 vols. Demy 8vo. 24s.

This is one of Henry S. King and Co.'s Series of Military Books.

HINTON (James), late Aural Surgeon to Guy's Hospital.

THE PLACE OF THE PHYSICIAN. Being the Introductory Lecture at Guy's Hospital, 1873-74; to which is added **ESSAYS ON THE LAW OF HUMAN LIFE, AND ON THE RELATION BETWEEN ORGANIC AND INORGANIC WORLDS.** Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

PHYSIOLOGY FOR PRACTICAL USE. By various writers. Second Edition. With 50 Illustrations. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. 12s. 6d.

AN ATLAS OF DISEASES OF THE MEMBRANA TYMPANI. With Descriptive Text. Post 8vo. £6 6s.

THE QUESTIONS OF AURAL SURGERY. Post 8vo. With Illustrations. 2 vols. 12s. 6d.

HOCKLEY (W. B.)

TALES OF THE ZENANA; or, A Nuwab's Leisure Hours. By the Author of "Pandurang Hari." With a Preface by Lord Stanley of Alderley. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. 21s.

PANDURANG HARI; or, Memoirs of a Hindoo. A Tale of Mahratta Life sixty years ago. With a Preface by Sir H. Bartle E. Frere, G.C.S.I., etc. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. 21s.

HOFFBAUER (Captain).

THE GERMAN ARTILLERY IN THE BATTLES NEAR METZ. Based on the official reports of the German Artillery. Translated by Capt. E. O. Hollist. Demy 8vo. With Map and Plans. 21s.

This is one of the volumes in Henry S. King and Co.'s Military Series.

**HOLROYD (Major W. R. M.), Bengal Staff Corps,
Director of Public Instruction, Punjab.**

TAS-HIL UL KALAM; or, Hindustani made Easy. Crown 8vo. 5s.

HOPE (Lieut. James).

IN QUEST OF COOLIES. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 6s.

HOOPER (Mrs. G.)

THE HOUSE OF BABY. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

One of the volumes of the Cornhill Library of Fiction.

HOOPER (Mary).

LITTLE DINNERS: HOW TO SERVE THEM WITH ELEGANCE AND ECONOMY. Ninth Edition. 1 vol. Crown 8vo. 5s.

COOKERY FOR INVALIDS. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

HOPKINS (Manley).

THE PORT OF REFUGE; or, Counsel and Aid to Shipmasters in Difficulty, Doubt, or Distress. Crown 8vo. 6s.

HOWARD (Mary M.), Author of "Brampton Rectory."

BEATRICE AYLMER, AND OTHER TALES. Crown 8vo. 6s.

HOWARD (Rev. G. B.)

AN OLD LEGEND OF ST. PAUL'S. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

HOWE (Cupples), Master Mariner.

THE DESERTED SHIP. A real story of the Atlantic. Illustrated by Townley Green. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

One of Henry S. King and Co.'s Three and Sixpenny Books for the Young.

HOWELL (James).

A TALE OF THE SEA, SONNETS, AND OTHER POEMS. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

HUGHES (Allison).

PENELOPE, AND OTHER POEMS. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

HULL (Edmund C. P.)

THE EUROPEAN IN INDIA. A Handbook of Practical Information for those proceeding to, or residing in, the East Indies, relating to Outfits, Routes, Time for Departure, Indian Climate, etc. With a **MEDICAL GUIDE FOR ANGLO-INDIANS.** By R. R. S. Mair, M.D., F.R.C.S.E., late Deputy Coroner of Madras. Second Edition, Revised and Corrected. In 1 vol. Post 8vo. 6s.

HUMPHREY (Rev. W.), of the Congregation of the Oblates of St. Charles.

MR. FITZJAMES STEPHEN AND CARDINAL BELLARMIN. Demy 8vo. Sewed. 1s.

HUTTON (James).

MISSIONARY LIFE IN THE SOUTHERN SEAS. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC SERIES (The).

- I. THE FORMS OF WATER IN CLOUDS AND RIVERS, ICE AND GLACIERS.** By J. Tyndall, LL.D., F.R.S. With 14 Illustrations. Fifth Edition. 5s.
- II. PHYSICS AND POLITICS;** or, Thoughts on the Application of the Principles of "Natural Selection" and "Inheritance" to Political Society. By Walter Bagehot. Third Edition. 4s.
- III. FOODS.** By Edward Smith, M.D., LL.B., F.R.S. Profusely Illustrated. Third Edition. 5s.
- IV. MIND AND BODY:** The Theories of their Relation. By Alexander Bain, LL.D. Fourth Edition. With Four Illustrations. 4s.
- V. THE STUDY OF SOCIOLOGY.** By Herbert Spencer. Fourth Edition. 5s.
- VI. ON THE CONSERVATION OF ENERGY.** By Balfour Stewart, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S. With 14 Engravings. Third Edition. 5s.
- VII. ANIMAL LOCOMOTION;** or, Walking, Swimming, and Flying. By J. B. Pettigrew, M.D., F.R.S. Second Edition. With 119 Illustrations. 5s.
- VIII. RESPONSIBILITY IN MENTAL DISEASE.** By Henry Maudsley, M.D. Second Edition. 5s.
- IX. THE NEW CHEMISTRY.** By Professor J. P. Cooke, of the Harvard University. Second Edition. With 31 Illustrations. 5s.
- X. THE SCIENCE OF LAW.** By Professor Sheldon Amos. Second Edition. 5s.
- XI. ANIMAL MECHANISM.** A Treatise on Terrestrial and Aerial Locomotion. By Professor E. J. Marey. With 117 Illustrations. Second Edition. 5s.
- XII. THE DOCTRINE OF DESCENT AND DARWINISM.** By Professor Oscar Schmidt (Strasburg University). Second Edition. With 26 Illustrations. 5s.
- XIII. THE HISTORY OF THE CONFLICT BETWEEN RELIGION AND SCIENCE.** By Professor J. W. Draper. Fifth Edition. 5s.

INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC SERIES (The).

- XIV. FUNGI;** their Nature, Influences, Uses, etc. By M. C. Cooke, M.A., LL.D. Edited by the Rev. M. J. Berkeley, M.A., F.L.S. Second Edition. With numerous Illustrations. 5s.
- XV. THE CHEMICAL EFFECTS OF LIGHT AND PHOTOGRAPHY.** By Dr. Hermann Vogel (Polytechnic Academy of Berlin). Third Edition, translation thoroughly revised. With 100 Illustrations. 5s.
- XVI. THE LIFE AND GROWTH OF LANGUAGE.** By William Dwight Whitney, Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology in Yale College, New Haven. Second Edition. 5s.
- XVII. MONEY AND THE MECHANISM OF EXCHANGE.** By Prof. W. Stanley Jevons. Second Edition. 5s.
- XVIII. THE NATURE OF LIGHT:** With a General Account of Physical Optics. By Dr. Eugene Lommel, Professor of Physics in the University of Erlangen. Second Edition. With 188 Illustrations and a table of Spectra in Chromolithography. 5s.
- XIX. ON FERMENTATION.** By Professor Schutzenberger, Director of the Chemical Laboratory at the Sorbonne. Crown 8vo.
- XX. ANIMAL PARASITES AND MESSMATES.** By Monsieur Van Beneden, Professor of the University of Louvain, Correspondent of the Institute of France. With 83 Illustrations.
- XXI. THE FIVE SENSES OF MAN.** By Professor Bernstein, of the University of Halle. Crown 8vo.



INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC SERIES (The).*Forthcoming Volumes.*

Prof. W. KINGDON CLIFFORD, M.A. The First Principles of the Exact Sciences explained to the Non-mathematical.

Prof. T. H. HUXLEY, LL.D., F.R.S. Bodily Motion and Consciousness.

Dr. W. B. CARPENTER, LL.D., F.R.S. The Physical Geography of the Sea.

Prof. WILLIAM ODLING, F.R.S. The Old Chemistry viewed from the New Standpoint.

W. LAUDER LINDSAY, M.D., F.R.S.E. Mind in the Lower Animals.

Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., F.R.S. On Ants and Bees.

Prof. W. T. THISELTON DYER, B.A., B.Sc. Form and Habit in Flowering Plants.

Mr. J. N. LOCKYER, F.R.S. Spectrum Analysis.

Prof. MICHAEL FOSTER, M.D. Protoplasm and the Cell Theory.

H. CHARLTON BASTIAN, M.D., F.R.S. The Brain as an Organ of Mind.

Prof. A. C. RAMSAY, LL.D., F.R.S. Earth Sculpture: Hills, Valleys, Mountains, Plains, Rivers, Lakes; how they were Produced, and how they have been Destroyed.

Prof. RUDOLPH VIRCHOW (Berlin Univ.) Morbid Physiological Action.

Prof. CLAUDE BERNARD. History of the Theories of Life.

Prof. H. SAINTE-CLAIRE DEVILLE. An Introduction to General Chemistry.

Prof. WURTZ. Atoms and the Atomic Theory.

Prof. DE QUATREFAGES. The Human Race.

Prof. LACAZE-DUTHIERS. Zoology since Cuvier.

Prof. BERTHELOT. Chemical Synthesis.

INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC SERIES (The):

(Forthcoming Volumes.)

Prof. J. ROSENTHAL. General Physiology of Muscles and Nerves.

Prof. JAMES D. DANA, M.A., LL.D. On Cephalization; or, Head-Characters in the Gradation and Progress of Life.

Prof. S. W. JOHNSON, M.A. On the Nutrition of Plants.

Prof. AUSTIN FLINT, Jr. M.D. The Nervous System, and its Relation to the Bodily Functions.

Prof. FERDINAND COHN (Breslau Univ.) Thallophytes (Algæ, Lichens, Fungi).

Prof. HERMANN (University of Zurich). Respiration.

Prof. LEUCKART (University of Leipsic). Outlines of Animal Organization.

Prof. LIEBBEICH (University of Berlin). Outlines of Toxicology.

Prof. KUNDT (University of Strasburg). On Sound.

Prof. REES (University of Erlangen). On Parasitic Plants.

Prof. STEINTHAL (University of Berlin). Outlines of the Science of Language.

P. BERT (Professor of Physiology, Paris). Forms of Life and other Cosmical Conditions.

E. ALGLAVE (Professor of Constitutional and Administrative Law at Douai, and of Political Economy at Lille). The Primitive Elements of Political Constitutions.

P. LORAIN (Professor of Medicine, Paris). Modern Epidemics.

Mons. FREIDEL. The Functions of Organic Chemistry.

Mons. DEBRAY. Precious Metals.

Prof. CORFIELD, M.A., M.D. (Oxon.) Air in its relation to Health.

Prof. A. GIARD. General Embryology.

IGNOTUS.

CULMSHIRE FOLK. A Novel. New and Cheaper Edition.
In 1 vol. Crown 8vo. 6s.

INGELOW (Jean).

THE LITTLE WONDER-HORN. A Second Series of "Stories Told to a Child." With Fifteen Illustrations. Square 24mo. 3s. 6d.

OFF THE SKELLIGS. (Her First Romance.) 4 vols. Crown 8vo. 42s.

JACKSON (T. G.)

MODERN GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE. Crown 8vo. 5s.

JACOB (Maj.-Gen. Sir G. Le Grand), K.C.S.I., C.B.

WESTERN INDIA BEFORE AND DURING THE MUTINIES. Pictures drawn from life. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

JENKINS (E.) and RAYMOND (J.), Esqs.

A LEGAL HANDBOOK FOR ARCHITECTS, BUILDERS, AND BUILDING OWNERS. Second Edition Revised. Crown 8vo. 6s.

JENKINS (Rev. R. C.), M.A., Rector of Lyminge, and Honorary Canon of Canterbury.

THE PRIVILEGE OF PETER, Legally and Historically Examined, and the Claims of the Roman Church compared with the Scriptures, the Councils, and the Testimony of the Popes themselves. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

JENKINS (Edward), M.P.

GLANCES AT INNER ENGLAND. A Lecture delivered in the United States and Canada. Crown 8vo. 5s.

GINX'S BABY: His Birth and other Misfortunes. Thirty-fourth Edition. Crown 8vo. 2s.

LUCHMEE AND DILLO. A Story of West Indian Life. 2 vols. Demy 8vo. Illustrated. [Preparing.]

LITTLE HODGE. A Christmas Country Carol. Fourteenth Thousand. With Five Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 5s.

A Cheap Edition in paper covers, price 1s.

LORD BANTAM. Seventh Edition. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

JEVONS (Prof. W. Stanley).

MONEY AND THE MECHANISM OF EXCHANGE. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s.

Vol. XVII. of the International Scientific Series.

KAUFMANN (Rev. M.), B.A.

SOCIALISM: Its Nature, its Dangers, and its Remedies considered. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

KEATING (Mrs.)

HONOR BLAKE: The Story of a Plain Woman. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. 21s.

KER (David).

ON THE ROAD TO KHIVA. Illustrated with Photographs of the Country and its Inhabitants, and a copy of the Official Map in use during the Campaign, from the Survey of Captain Leusilin. 1 vol. Post 8vo. 12s.

THE BOY SLAVE IN BOKHARA. A Tale of Central Asia. Crown 8vo. With Illustrations. 5s.

THE WILD HORSEMAN OF THE PAMPAS. Crown 8vo. Illustrated. 5s.

Two of Henry S. King and Co.'s Five Shilling Books for the Young.

KING (Alice).

A CLUSTER OF LIVES. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

KING (Mrs. Hamilton).

THE DISCIPLES. A New Poem. Second Edition, with some Notes. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

ASFROMONTE, AND OTHER POEMS. Second Edition. Cloth. 4s. 6d.

KINGSFORD (Rev. F. W.), M.A., Vicar of St. Thomas's, Stamford Hill; late Chaplain H. E. I. C. (Bengal Presidency).

HARTHAM CONFERENCES; or, Discussions upon some of the Religious Topics of the Day. "Audi alteram partem." Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

KNIGHT (Annette F. C.)

POEMS. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth. 5s.

LACORDAIRE (Rev. Père).

LIFE: Conferences delivered at Toulouse. Crown 8vo. A New and Cheaper Edition. 3s. 6d.

LADY OF LIPARI (The).

A Poem in Three Cantos. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

LAURIE (J. S.), of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law; formerly H.M. Inspector of Schools, England; Assistant Royal Commissioner, Ireland; Special Commissioner, African Settlement; Director of Public Instruction, Ceylon.

EDUCATIONAL COURSE OF SECULAR SCHOOL BOOKS FOR INDIA.

The following Works are now ready :—

THE FIRST HINDUSTANI READER. Stiff linen wrapper, 6d.

THE SECOND HINDUSTANI READER. Stiff linen wrapper, 6d.

GEOGRAPHY OF INDIA; with Maps and Historical Appendix, tracing the growth of the British Empire in Hindustan. 128 pp. fcap. 8vo. Cloth. 1s. 6d.

In the Press :—

ELEMENTARY GEOGRAPHY OF INDIA.

FACTS AND FEATURES OF INDIAN HISTORY, in a series of alternating Reading Lessons and Memory Exercises.

LAYMANN (Captain), Instructor of Tactics at the Military College, Neisse.

THE FRONTAL ATTACK OF INFANTRY. Translated by Colonel Edward Newdigate. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

L. D. S.

LETTERS FROM CHINA AND JAPAN. 1 vol. Crown 8vo., with Illustrated Title-page. 7s. 6d.

LEANDER (Richard).

FANTASTIC STORIES. Translated from the German by Paulina B. Granville. With Eight full-page Illustrations by M. E. Fraser-Tytler. Crown 8vo. 5s.

One of Henry S. King and Co.'s Five Shilling Books for the Young.

LEATHES (Rev. Stanley), M.A.

THE GOSPEL ITS OWN WITNESS. Being the Hulsean Lectures for 1873. 1 vol. Crown 8vo. 5s.

LEE (Rev. Frederick George), D.C.L.

THE OTHER WORLD; or, Glimpses of the Supernatural. Being Facts, Records, and Traditions, relating to Dreams, Omens, Miraculous Occurrences, Apparitions, Wraiths, Warnings, Second-sight, Necromancy, Witchcraft, etc. 2 vols. A New Edition. Crown 8vo. 15s.

LEE (Holme).

HER TITLE OF HONOUR. A Book for Girls. New Edition. Crown 8vo. With a Frontispiece. 5s.

LENOIR (J).

FAYOUM; or, Artists in Egypt. A Tour with M. Gérôme and others. Crown 8vo. A New and Cheaper Edition. With 13 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

LISTADO (J. T.)

CIVIL SERVICE. A Novel. 2 vols. Crown 8vo.

LORIMER (Peter), D.D.

JOHN KNOX AND THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND: His work in her Pulpit and his influence upon her Liturgy, Articles, and Parties. Demy 8vo. 12s.

LOVER (Samuel), R.H.A.

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL LOVER, R.H.A.; Artistic, Literary, and Musical. With Selections from his Unpublished Papers and Correspondence. By Bayle Bernard. 2 vols. Post 8vo. With a Portrait. 21s.

LOWER (Mark Antony), M.A., F.S.A.

WAYSIDE NOTES IN SCANDINAVIA. Being Notes of Travel in the North of Europe. Crown 8vo. 9s.

LYONS (R. T.), Surgeon-Major, Bengal Army.

A TREATISE ON RELAPSING FEVER. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

MACAULAY (James), M.A., M.D., Edin.

IRELAND. A Tour of Observation, with Remarks on Irish Public Questions. Crown 8vo. A New and Cheaper Edition. 3s. 6d.

MAC CARTHY (Denis Florence).

CALDERON'S DRAMAS. Translated from the Spanish. Post 8vo. Cloth, gilt edges. 10s.

MAC DONALD (George).

GUTTA-PERCHA WILLIE, THE WORKING GENIUS. With Nine Illustrations by Arthur Hughes. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

One of Henry S. King and Co.'s Three and Sixpenny Books for the Young.

MALCOLM. A Novel. Second Edition. 3 vols. Crown 8vo.

ST. GEORGE AND ST. MICHAEL. 3 vols. Crown 8vo.

MY SISTER ROSALIND. By the author of "Christina North." A Novel. 2 vols.

MAC KENNA (Stephen J.)

PLUCKY FELLOWS. A Book for Boys. With Six Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

One of Henry S. King and Co.'s Three and Sixpenny Books for the Young.

AT SCHOOL WITH AN OLD DRAGOON. Crown 8vo. With Six Illustrations. 5s.

One of Henry S. King and Co.'s Five Shilling Books for the Young.

MACLACHLAN (Archibald Neil Campbell), M.A.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS, DUKE OF CUMBERLAND; being a Sketch of his Military Life and Character, chiefly as exhibited in the General Orders of his Royal Highness, 1745—1747. Post 8vo. With Illustrations. 15s.

MATR (R. S.), M.D., F.R.C.S.E., late Deputy Coroner of Madras.

THE MEDICAL GUIDE FOR ANGLO-INDIANS. Being a Compendium of Advice to Europeans in India, relating to the Preservation and Regulation of Health. With a Supplement on the Management of Children in India. Crown 8vo. Limp cloth. 3s. 6d.

MANNING (His Eminence).

ESSAYS ON RELIGION AND LITERATURE. By various Writers. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.

CONTENTS:—The Philosophy of Christianity—Mystic Elements of Religion—Controversy with the Agnostics—A Reasoning Thought—Darwinism brought to Book—Mr. Mill on Liberty of the Press—Christianity in relation to Society—The Religious Condition of Germany—The Philosophy of Bacon—Catholic Laymen and Scholastic Philosophy.

MAREY (E. J.)

ANIMAL MECHANICS. A Treatise on Terrestrial and Aerial Locomotion. Second Edition. With 117 Illustrations. 5s.
Volume XI. of the International Scientific Series.

MARKEWITCH (B.)

THE NEGLECTED QUESTION. Translated from the Russian, by the Princess Ourousoff, and dedicated by Express Permission to Her Imperial and Royal Highness Marie Alexandrovna, the Duchess of Edinburgh. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. 14s.

MARRIOTT (Maj.-Gen. W. F.), C.S.I.

A GRAMMAR OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. Crown 8vo. 6s.

MARSHALL (Hamilton).

THE STORY OF SIR EDWARD'S WIFE. A Novel. 1 vol.
Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

MARZIALS (Theophile).

THE GALLERY OF PIGEONS, and other Poems. Crown 8vo.
4s. 6d.

MASTERMAN (J.)

HALF-A-DOZEN DAUGHTERS. Crown 8vo. With a Frontis-
piece. 3s. 6d.

One of the Cornhill Library of Fiction.

MAUDSLEY (Dr. Henry).

RESPONSIBILITY IN MENTAL DISEASE. Second Edition. 5s.
Vol. VIII. of the International Scientific Series.

MAUGHAN (William Charles).

THE ALPS OF ARABIA; or, Travels through Egypt, Sinai,
Arabia, and the Holy Land. Demy 8vo. With Map. A New
and Cheaper Edition. 5s.

MAURICE (C. Edmund).

LIVES OF ENGLISH POPULAR LEADERS. No. 1.—STEPHEN
LANGTON. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

No. 2.—TYLER, BALL, and OLDCASTLE. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

MEDLEY (Lieut.-Col. J. G.), Royal Engineers.

AN AUTUMN TOUR IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.
Crown 8vo. 5s.

MENZIES (Sutherland).

MEMOIRS OF DISTINGUISHED WOMEN. 2 vols. Post 8vo.

MICKLETHWAITE (J. T.), F.S.A.

MODERN PARISH CHURCHES: Their Plan, Design, and
Furniture. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

MIRUS (Major-General von).

CAVALRY FIELD DUTY. Translated by Major Frank S.
Russell, 14th (King's) Hussars. Crown 8vo. Cloth limp. 7s. 6d.
This work is one of Henry S. King and Co.'s Military Series.

MOORE (Rev. Daniel), M.A.

CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH. A Course of Lent Lectures, delivered in the Parish Church of Holy Trinity, Paddington. By the author of "The Age and the Gospel: Hulsean Lectures," etc. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

MOORE (Rev. Thomas), Vicar of Christ Church, Chesham.

SERMONETTES: on Synonymous Texts, taken from the Bible and Book of Common Prayer, for the Study, Family Reading, and Private Devotion. Small Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

MORELL (J. R.)

EUCLID SIMPLIFIED IN METHOD AND LANGUAGE. Being a Manual of Geometry. Compiled from the most important French Works, approved by the University of Paris and the Minister of Public Instruction. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

MORICE (Rev. F. D.), M.A., Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford.

THE OLYMPIAN AND PYTHIAN ODES OF PINDAR. A New Translation in English Verse. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

MORLEY (Susan).

AILEEN FERRERS. A Novel. 2 vols. Crown 8vo.

THROSTLETHWAITE. A Novel. 3 vols. Crown 8vo.

MORSE (Edward S.), Ph. D., late Professor of Comparative Anatomy and Zoology in Bowdoin College.

FIRST BOOK OF ZOOLOGY. With numerous Illustrations.

MOSTYN (Sydney).

PERPLEXITY. A Novel. 3 vols. Crown 8vo.

MUSGRAVE (Anthony).

STUDIES IN POLITICAL ECONOMY. 6s.

NAAKÈ (John T.), of the British Museum.

SLAVONIC FAIRY TALES. From Russian, Servian, Polish, and Bohemian Sources. With Four Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 5s.

NEWMAN (John Henry), D.D.

CHARACTERISTICS FROM THE WRITINGS OF DR. J. H. NEWMAN. Being Selections, Personal, Historical, Philosophical, and Religious, from his various Works. Arranged with the Author's personal approval. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. With Portrait. 6s.

* * A Portrait of the Rev. Dr. J. H. Newman, mounted for framing, can be had, price 2s. 6d.

NEWMAN (Mrs.)

TOO LATE. A Novel. 2 vols. Crown 8vo.

NOBLE (James Ashcroft).

THE PELICAN PAPERS. Reminiscences and Remains of a Dweller in the Wilderness. Crown 8vo. 6s.

NORMAN PEOPLE (The).

THE NORMAN PEOPLE, and their Existing Descendants in the British Dominions and the United States of America. One handsome volume. 8vo. 21s.

NORRIS (Rev. A.)

THE INNER AND OUTER LIFE POEMS. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.

NOTREGE (John), A.M.

THE SPIRITUAL FUNCTION OF A PRESBYTER IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. Crown 8vo. Red edges. 3s. 6d.

ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE (The).

THE ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE. A Reprint of the first 5 Volumes, in 2 Volumes. Demy 8vo. 28s.

PAGE (H. A.)

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, A MEMOIR OF, with Stories now first published in this country. Large post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

PAGE (Capt. S. Flood).

DISCIPLINE AND DRILL. Four Lectures delivered to the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers. Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. 1s.

PALGRAVE (W. Gifford).

HERMANN AGHA. An Eastern Narrative. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth, extra gilt. 18s.

PARKER (Joseph), D.D.

THE PARACLETE: An Essay on the Personality and Ministry of the Holy Ghost, with some reference to current discussions. Demy 8vo. 12s.

PARR (Harriett).

ECHOES OF A FAMOUS YEAR. Crown 8vo. 8s. 6d.

PAUL (C. Kegan).

GOETHE'S FAUST. A New Translation in Rime. Crown 8vo. 6s.

WILLIAM GODWIN: HIS FRIENDS AND CONTEMPORARIES. 2 vols. With Portraits. Demy 8vo.

PAYNE (John).

SONGS OF LIFE AND DEATH. Crown 8vo. 5s.

PAYNE (Professor).

LECTURES ON EDUCATION. 6d. each.

I. Pestalozzi: the Influence of His Principles and Practice.

II. Fröbel and the Kindergarten System. Second Edition.

III. The Science and Art of Education.

IV. The True Foundation of Science Teaching.

PELLETAN (Eugène).

THE DESERT PASTOR, JEAN JAROUSSEAU. Translated from the French. By Colonel E. P. De L'Hoste. With a Frontispiece. Fcap. 8vo. New Edition. 3s. 6d.

PENRICE (Major J.), B.A.

A DICTIONARY AND GLOSSARY OF THE KO-RAN. With copious Grammatical References and Explanations of the Text. 4to. 21s.

PERCEVAL (Rev. P.)

TAMIL PROVERBS, WITH THEIR ENGLISH TRANSLATION. Containing upwards of Six Thousand Proverbs. Third Edition. 8vo. Sewed. 9s.

PERRIER (Amelia).

A WINTER IN MOROCCO. With Four Illustrations. Crown 8vo. A New and Cheaper Edition. 3s. 6d.

A GOOD MATCH. A Novel. 2 vols. Crown 8vo.

PESCHEL (Dr.)

MANKIND: A Scientific Study of the Races and Distribution of Man, considered in their Bodily Variations, Languages, Occupations, and Religions.

PETTIGREW (J. B.), M.D., F.R.S.

ANIMAL LOCOMOTION; or, Walking, Swimming, and Flying. Second Edition. With 119 Illustrations. 5s.

Volume VII. of the International Scientific Series.

PIGGOT (John), F.S.A., F.R.G.S.

PERSIA—ANCIENT AND MODERN. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

POUSHKIN (Alexander Serguevitch).

RUSSIAN ROMANCE. Translated from the Tales of Belkin, etc. By Mrs. J. Buchan Telfer (*née* Mouravieff). Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

POWER (Harriet).

OUR INVALIDS: HOW SHALL WE EMPLOY AND AMUSE THEM? Fcap 8vo. 2s. 6d.

POWLETT (Lieut. Norton), Royal Artillery.

EASTERN LEGENDS AND STORIES IN ENGLISH VERSE.
Crown 8vo. 5s.

PRESBYTER.

UNFOLDINGS OF CHRISTIAN HOPE. An Essay showing that the Doctrine contained in the Damnatory Clauses of the Creed commonly called Athanasian is unscriptural. Small crown 8vo. Cloth. 4s. 6d.

PRICE (Prof. Bonamy).

CURRENCY AND BANKING. One Vol. Crown 8vo. 6s.

PROCTOR (Richard A.)

OUR PLACE AMONG INFINITIES. A Series of Essays contrasting our little abode in space and time with the Infinities around us. To which are added "Essays on Astrology," and "The Jewish Sabbath." Crown 8vo. 6s.

THE EXPANSE OF HEAVEN. A Series of Essays on the Wonders of the Firmament. With a Frontispiece. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

RANKING (B. Montgomerie).

STREAMS FROM HIDDEN SOURCES. Crown 8vo. 6s.

READY-MONEY MORTIBOY.

READY-MONEY MORTIBOY. A Matter-of-Fact Story. Crown 8vo. With frontispiece. 3s. 6d.

This is one of the volumes of the Cornhill Library of Fiction.

REANEY (Mrs. G. S.)

WAKING AND WORKING; OR, FROM GIRLHOOD TO WOMANHOOD. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. 5s.

One of Henry S. King and Co.'s Five Shilling Books for the Young.

SUNBEAM WILLIE, AND OTHER STORIES, for Home Reading and Cottage Meetings. Small square, uniform with "Lost Gip," etc. 3 Illustrations. **1s. 6d.**

REGINALD BRAMBLE.

REGINALD BRAMBLE. A Cynic of the Nineteenth Century. An Autobiography. 1 vol. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

REID (T. Wemyss).

CABINET PORTRAITS. Biographical Sketches of Statesmen of the Day. 1 vol. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

RHOADES (James).

TIMOLEON. A Dramatic Poem. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

RIBOT (Professor Th.)

CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH PSYCHOLOGY. La. post 8vo. 9s.
An analysis of the views and opinions of the following metaphysicians, as expressed in their writings:—James Mill, Alexander Bain, John Stuart Mill, George H. Lewes, Herbert Spencer, Samuel Bailey.

HEREDITY: A Psychological Study on its Phenomena, its Laws, its Causes, and its Consequences. 1 vol. Large crown 8vo. 9s.

ROBERTSON (The Late Rev. F. W.), M.A.

THE LATE REV. F. W. ROBERTSON, M.A., LIFE AND LETTERS OF. Edited by the Rev. Stopford Brooke, M.A., Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen.

I. 2 vols., uniform with the Sermons. With Steel Portrait. 7s. 6d.
II. Library Edition, in Demy 8vo. with Two Steel Portraits. 12s.
III. A Popular Edition, in 1 vol. 6s.

New and Cheaper Editions :—

SERMONS.

Vol. I. Small crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Vol. II. Small crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Vol. III. Small crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Vol. IV. Small crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

EXPOSITORY LECTURES ON ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS. Small crown 8vo. 5s.

AN ANALYSIS OF MR. TENNYSON'S "IN MEMORIAM." (Dedicated by Permission to the Poet-Laureate.) Fcap. 8vo. 2s.

THE EDUCATION OF THE HUMAN RACE. Translated from the German of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

The above Works can also be had bound in half morocco.

. A Portrait of the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, mounted for framing, can be had, price 2s. 6d.

NOTES ON GENESIS. Uniform with the Sermons.

LECTURES AND ADDRESSES, with other literary remains. A New Edition. 5s.

ROSS (Mrs. Ellen), ("Nelsie Brook.")

DADDY'S PET. A Sketch from Humble Life. Square crown 8vo. Uniform with "Lost Gip." With Six Illustrations. 1s.

ROXBURGHE LOTHIAN.

DANTE AND BEATRICE FROM 1282 TO 1290. A Romance. 2 vols. Post 8vo. Cloth. 24s.

RUSSELL (William Clark).

MEMOIRS OF MRS. LETITIA BOOTHBY. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

RUSSELL (E. R.)

IRVING AS HAMLET. Demy 8vo. Second Edition. Sewed. 1s.

SADLER (S. W.), R.N., Author of "Marshall Vavasour."

THE AFRICAN CRUISER. A Midshipman's Adventures on the West Coast. A Book for Boys. With Three Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

One of Henry S. King and Co.'s Three and Sixpenny Books for the Young.

SAMAROW (Gregor).

FOR SCEPTRE AND CROWN. A Romance of the Present Time. Translated by Fanny Wormald. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. 15s.

SAUNDERS (Katherine).

THE HIGH MILLS. A Novel. 3 vols. Crown 8vo.

GIDEON'S ROCK, and other Stories. 1 vol. Crown 8vo. 6s.

JOAN MERRYWEATHER, and other Stories. 1 vol. Crown 8vo. 6s.

MARGARET AND ELIZABETH. A Story of the Sea. 1 vol. Crown 8vo. 6s.

TOO LONG UNTOLD, and other Stories. 2 vols. Crown 8vo.

CONTENTS:—Too Long Untold—The Harpers of Men-y-don—Ida's Story—Little Missey—The Shaken Nest.

SAUNDERS (John).

HIRELL. Crown 8vo. With Frontispiece. 3s. 6d.

ABEL DRAKE'S WIFE. Crown 8vo. With Frontispiece. 3s. 6d.

These works form separate volumes of the Cornhill Library of Fiction.

ISRAEL MORT, OVERMAN. The Story of the Mine. 8 vols. Crown 8vo.

SCHELL (Major von).

THE OPERATIONS OF THE FIRST ARMY UNDER GEN. VON GÖRKE. Translated by Col. C. H. von Wright. Four Maps. Demy 8vo. 9s.

THE OPERATIONS OF THE FIRST ARMY UNDER GEN. VON STEINMETZ. Translated by Captain E. O. Hollist. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.

These works form separate volumes of Henry S. King and Co.'s Military Series.

SCHERFF (Major W. von).

STUDIES IN THE NEW INFANTRY TACTICS. Parts I. and II. Translated from the German by Colonel Lumley Graham. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d.

This work is one of Henry S. King and Co.'s Military Series.

SCHMIDT (Prof. Oscar), Strasburg University.

THE DOCTRINE OF DESCENT AND DARWINISM. Second Edition. 26 Illustrations. 5s.

Being Vol. XII. of the International Scientific Series.

HANDBOOK OF COMPARATIVE ANATOMY. Crown 8vo.

SCOTT (Patrick).

THE DREAM AND THE DEED, and other Poems. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

SEEKING HIS FORTUNE, and other Stories.

SEEKING HIS FORTUNE, and other Stories. Crown 8vo. With Four Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

One of Henry S. King and Co.'s Three and Sixpenny Books for the Young.

SENIOR (Nassau William).

ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE. Correspondence and Conversations with Nassau W. Senior, from 1833 to 1859. Edited by M. C. M. Simpson. 2 vols. Large post 8vo. 21s.

JOURNALS KEPT IN FRANCE AND ITALY. From 1848 to 1852. With a Sketch of the Revolution of 1848. Edited by his Daughter, M. C. M. Simpson. 2 vols. Post 8vo. 24s.

SEVEN AUTUMN LEAVES.

SEVEN AUTUMN LEAVES FROM FAIRYLAND. Illustrated with 9 Etchings. Square crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

SHADWELL (Major-General), C.B.

MOUNTAIN WARFARE. Illustrated by the Campaign of 1799 in Switzerland. Being a Translation of the Swiss Narrative compiled from the Works of the Archduke Charles, Jomini, and others. Also of Notes by General H. Dufour on the Campaign of the Valtelline in 1635. With Appendix, Maps, and Introductory Remarks. Demy 8vo. 16s.

SHELDON (Philip).

WOMAN'S A RIDDLE; or, Baby Warmstrey. A Novel. 3 vols. Crown 8vo.

SHERMAN (Gen. W. T.)

MEMOIRS OF GEN. W. T. SHERMAN, Commander of the Federal Forces in the American Civil War. By Himself. 2 vols. Demy 8vo. With Map. 24s. *Copyright English Edition.*

SHELLEY (Lady).

SHELLEY MEMORIALS FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES. With (now first printed) an Essay on Christianity by Percy Bysshe Shelley. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. With Portrait. 5s.

SHIPLEY (Rev. Orby), M.A.

STUDIES IN MODERN PROBLEMS. By various Writers. Crown 8vo. 2 vols. 5s. each.

CONTENTS.—VOL. I.

Sacramental Confession.
Abolition of the Thirty-nine Articles. Part I.
The Sanctity of Marriage.
Creation and Modern Science.

Retreats for Persons Living in the World.
Catholic and Protestant.
The Bishops on Confession in the Church of England.

CONTENTS.—VOL. II.

Some Principles of Christian Ceremonial.
A Layman's View of Confession of Sin to a Priest. Parts I. and II.
Reservation of the Blessed Sacrament.

Missions and Preaching Orders.
Abolition of the Thirty-nine Articles. Part II.
The First Liturgy of Edward VI. and our own office contrasted and compared.

SMEDLEY (M. B.)

BOARDING-OUT AND PAUPER SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

SMITH (Edward), M.D., LL.B., F.R.S.

HEALTH AND DISEASE, as influenced by the Daily, Seasonal, and other Cyclical Changes in the Human System. A New Edition. 7s. 6d.

FOODS. Third Edition. Profusely Illustrated. 5s.
Volume III. of the International Scientific Series.

PRACTICAL DIETARY FOR FAMILIES, SCHOOLS, AND THE LABOURING CLASSES. A New Edition. 3s. 6d.

CONSUMPTION IN ITS EARLY AND REMEDIABLE STAGES. A New Edition. 7s. 6d.

SMITH (Hubert).

TENT LIFE WITH ENGLISH GIPSIES IN NORWAY. With Five full-page Engravings and Thirty-one smaller Illustrations by Whympers and others, and Map of the Country showing Routes. Second Edition. Revised and Corrected. 8vo. 21s.

SONGS FOR MUSIC.

SONGS FOR MUSIC. By Four Friends. Square crown 8vo. 5s.
Containing Songs by Reginald A. Gatty, Stephen H. Gatty, Greville J. Chester, and Juliana H. Ewing.

SOME TIME IN IRELAND.

SOME TIME IN IRELAND. A Recollection. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

SONGS OF TWO WORLDS.

SONGS OF TWO WORLDS. By a New Writer. First Series. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

SONGS OF TWO WORLDS. By a New Writer. Second Series. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

SONGS OF TWO WORLDS. By a New Writer. Third Series. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

SPENCER (HERBERT).

THE STUDY OF SOCIOLOGY. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s.
Volume V. of the International Scientific Series.

STEVENSON (Rev. W. Fleming).

HYMNS FOR THE CHURCH AND HOME. Selected and Edited by the Rev. W. Fleming Stevenson.

The most complete Hymn Book published.

The Hymn Book consists of Three Parts:—I. For Public Worship.—II. For Family and Private Worship.—III. For Children.

* * * Published in various forms and prices, the latter ranging from 8d. to 6s. Lists and full particulars will be furnished on application to the Publishers.

STEWART (Professor Balfour).

ON THE CONSERVATION OF ENERGY. Third Edition.
With Fourteen Engravings. 5s.

Volume VI. of the International Scientific Series.

STRETTON (Hesba). Author of "Jessica's First Prayer."

CASSY. Twenty-fourth Thousand. With Six Illustrations.
Square crown 8vo. 1s. 6d.

THE KING'S SERVANTS. Thirtieth Thousand. With Eight
Illustrations. Square crown 8vo. 1s. 6d.

LOST GIP. Forty-third Thousand. With Six Illustrations.
Square crown 8vo. 1s. 6d.

*** Also a handsomely-bound Edition, with Twelve Illustrations,
price 2s. 6d.*

THE WONDERFUL LIFE. Eighth Thousand. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

FRIENDS TILL DEATH. With Frontispiece. Limp cloth, 6d.

TWO CHRISTMAS STORIES. With Frontispiece. Limp
cloth, 6d.

HESTER MORLEY'S PROMISE. 3 vols. Crown 8vo.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA. 3 vols. Crown 8vo.

STUBBS (Lieut.-Col. Francis W.), Royal (late Bengal)
Artillery.

THE REGIMENT OF BENGAL ARTILLERY: The History of
its Organization, Equipment, and War Services. With Maps
and Plans. 2 vols. 8vo. [Preparing.]

SULLY (James).

SENSATION AND INTUITION. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.

TAYLOR (Rev. J. W. Augustus), M.A.

POEMS. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

TAYLOR (Sir Henry).

EDWIN THE FAIR AND ISAAC COMNENUS. 3s. 6d.

A SICILIAN SUMMER AND OTHER POEMS. 3s. 6d.

TAYLOR (Colonel Meadows), C.S.I., M.R.I.A.

SEETA. A Novel. 3 vols.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A THUG.

TARA: a Mahratta Tale.

RALPH DARNELL.

TIPPOO SULTAN.

A NOBLE QUEEN. 3 vols. Crown 8vo.

New and Cheaper Edition in one vol. crown 8vo. with Frontis-
piece. Each 6s.

TENNYSON (Alfred).**QUEEN MARY.** A Drama. New Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.**TENNYSON'S (Alfred) Works.** Cabinet Edition. Ten Volumes. Each with Portrait. 2s. 6d.**CABINET EDITION.** 10 vols. Complete in handsome Ornamental Case. 28s.**TENNYSON'S (Alfred) Works.** Author's Edition. Complete in Five Volumes. Cloth gilt, 6s. each; half-morocco, Roxburgh style, 7s. 6d. each.**EARLY POEMS, and ENGLISH IDYLLS.**—VOL. I.**LOCKSLEY HALL, LUCRETIVS, and other Poems.**—VOL. II.**THE IDYLLS OF THE KING (Complete).**—VOL. III.***THE PRINCESS, and MAUD.**—VOL. IV.**ENOCH ARDEN, and IN MEMORIAM.**—VOL. V.**TENNYSON'S IDYLLS OF THE KING, and other Poems.** Illustrated by Julia Margaret Cameron. 1 vol. Folio. Half-bound morocco, cloth sides. Six Guineas.**TENNYSON'S (Alfred) Works.** Original Editions.**POEMS.** Small 8vo. 6s.**MAUD, and other Poems.** Small 8vo. 3s. 6d.**THE PRINCESS.** Small 8vo. 3s. 6d.**IDYLLS OF THE KING.** Small 8vo. 5s.**IDYLLS OF THE KING.** Collected. Small 8vo. 7s.**THE HOLY GRAIL, and other Poems.** Small 8vo. 4s. 6d.**GARETH AND LYNETTE.** Small 8vo. 3s.**ENOCH ARDEN, etc.** Small 8vo. 3s. 6d.**SELECTIONS FROM THE ABOVE WORKS.** Square 8vo. Cloth, 3s. 6d. Cloth gilt, extra, 4s.**SONGS FROM THE ABOVE WORKS.** Square 8vo. Cloth extra, 3s. 6d.**IN MEMORIAM.** Small 8vo. 4s.**LIBRARY EDITION.** In 6 vols. 8vo. 10s. 6d. each.**POCKET VOLUME EDITION.** 11 vols. In neat case, 31s. 6d.

Ditto, ditto. Extra cloth gilt, in case, 35s.

POEMS. Illustrated Edition. 4to. 25s.

* On and after the 1st of January, 1876, the price of this volume will be 7s. 6d. cloth, and 9s. Roxburgh.

THOMAS (Moy).

A FIGHT FOR LIFE. Crown 8vo. With Frontispiece. 3s. 6d.
This is one of the volumes of the Cornhill Library of Fiction.

THOMSON (J. T.), F.R.G.S.

HAKAYIT ABDULLA. The Autobiography of a Malay Munshi, between the years 1808 and 1843. Demy 8vo. 12s.

THOMPSON (A. C.)

PRELUDES. A Volume of Poems. Illustrated by Elizabeth Thompson (Painter of "The Roll Call"). 8vo. 7s. 6d.

THOMPSON (Rev. A. S.), British Chaplain at St. Petersburg.

HOME WORDS FOR WANDERERS. A Volume of Sermons. Crown 8vo. 6s.

THOUGHTS IN VERSE. Small crown 8vo. 1s. 6d.

THRING (Rev. Godfrey), B.A.

HYMNS AND SACRED LYRICS. 1 vol. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

TODD (Herbert), M.A.

ARVAN; or, The Story of the Sword. A Poem. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

TRAHERNE (Mrs. Arthur).

THE ROMANTIC ANNALS OF A NAVAL FAMILY. Crown 8vo. A New and Cheaper Edition. 5s.

TRAVERS (Mar.)

THE SPINSTERS OF BLATCHINGTON. A Novel. 2 vols. Crown 8vo.

TREVANDRUM OBSERVATIONS.

OBSERVATIONS OF MAGNETIC DECLINATION MADE AT TREVANDRUM AND AGUSTIA MALLEY in the Observatories of his Highness the Maharajah of Travancore, G.C.S.I., in the Years 1852 to 1860. Being Trevandrum Magnetical Observations, Volume I. Discussed and Edited by John Allan Brown, F.R.S., late Director of the Observatories. With an Appendix. Imp. 4to. Cloth. £3 3s.

* * * *The Appendix, containing Reports on the Observatories and on the Public Museum, Public Park, and Gardens at Trevandrum, pp. xii.-116, may be had separately.* 21s.

TURNER (Rev. Charles).

SONNETS, LYRICS, AND TRANSLATIONS. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

TYNDALL (J.), LL.D., F.R.S.

THE FORMS OF WATER IN CLOUDS AND RIVERS, ICE AND GLACIERS. With Twenty-six Illustrations. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s.

Volume I. of the International Scientific Series.

UMBRA OXONIENSIS.

RESULTS OF THE EXPOSTULATION OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE W. E. GLADSTONE, in their Relation to the Unity of Roman Catholicism. Large fcap. 8vo. 5s.

UPTON (Roger D.), Captain late 9th Royal Lancers.

NEWMARKET AND ARABIA. An Examination of the Descent of Racers and Coursers. With Pedigrees and Frontispiece. Post 8vo. 9s.

VAMBERY (Prof. Arminius), of the University of Pesth.

BOKHARA : Its History and Conquest. Demy 8vo. 18s.

VANESSA. By the Author of "Thomasina," etc. A Novel. Second Edition. 2 vols. Crown 8vo.

VAUGHAN (Rev. C. J.), D.D.

WORDS OF HOPE FROM THE PULPIT OF THE TEMPLE CHURCH. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s.

THE SOLIDITY OF TRUE RELIGION, and other Sermons Preached in London during the Election and Mission Week, February, 1874. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

FORGET THINE OWN PEOPLE. An Appeal for Missions. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

THE YOUNG LIFE EQUIPPING ITSELF FOR GOD'S SERVICE. Being Four Sermons Preached before the University of Cambridge, in November, 1872. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

VINCENT (Capt. C. E. H.), late Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

ELEMENTARY MILITARY GEOGRAPHY, RECONNOITRING, AND SKETCHING. Compiled for Non-Commissioned Officers and Soldiers of all Arms. Square crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

RUSSIA'S ADVANCE EASTWARD. Based on the Official Reports of Lieutenant Hugo Stumm, German Military Attaché to the Khivan Expedition. With Map. Crown 8vo. 6s.

VIZCAYA ; or, Life in the Land of the Carlists.

VIZCAYA ; or, Life in the Land of the Carlists at the Outbreak of the Insurrection, with some Account of the Iron Mines and other Characteristics of the Country. With a Map and Eight Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 9s.

VOGEL (Prof.), Polytechnic Academy of Berlin.

THE CHEMICAL EFFECTS OF LIGHT AND PHOTOGRAPHY, in their application to Art, Science, and Industry. Third Edition. The translation thoroughly revised. With 100 Illustrations, including some beautiful Specimens of Photography. 5s.
Volume XV. of the International Scientific Series.

VYNER (Lady Mary).

EVERY DAY A PORTION. Adapted from the Bible and the Prayer Book, for the Private Devotions of those living in Widowhood. Collected and Edited by Lady Mary Vyner. Square crown 8vo. Elegantly bound. 5s.

WAITING FOR TIDINGS.

WAITING FOR TIDINGS. By the Author of "White and Black." 3 vols. Crown 8vo.

WARTENSLEBEN (Count Hermann von), Colonel in the Prussian General Staff.

THE OPERATIONS OF THE SOUTH ARMY IN JANUARY AND FEBRUARY, 1871. Compiled from the Official War Documents of the Head-quarters of the Southern Army. Translated by Colonel C. H. von Wright. With Maps. Demy 8vo. 6s.

THE OPERATIONS OF THE FIRST ARMY UNDER GEN. VON MANTEUFFEL. Translated by Colonel C. H. von Wright. Uniform with the above. Demy 8vo. 9s.

These works form separate volumes of Henry S. King and Co.'s Military Series.

WEDMORE (Frederick).

TWO GIRLS. 2 vols. Crown 8vo.

WELLS (Captain John C.), R.N.

SPITZBERGEN—THE GATEWAY TO THE POLYNIA ; or, A Voyage to Spitzbergen. With numerous Illustrations by Whympster and others, and Map. 8vo. 21s.

WETMORE (W. S.).

COMMERCIAL TELEGRAPHIC CODE. Post 4to. Boards. 42s.

WHAT 'TIS TO LOVE. By the Author of "Flora Adair," "The Value of Fostertown." 3 vols. Crown 8vo.

WHITNEY (William Dwight). Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology in Yale College, New Haven.

THE LIFE AND GROWTH OF LANGUAGE. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s. *Copyright Edition.*
Volume XVI. of the International Scientific Series.

WHITTLE (J. Lowry), A.M., Trin. Coll., Dublin.

"CATHOLICISM AND THE VATICAN." With a Narrative of the Old Catholic Congress at Munich. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

WILBERFORCE (Henry W.)

THE CHURCH AND THE EMPIRE. Historical Periods. Preceded by a Memoir of the Author by John Henry Newman, D.D., of the Oratory. With Portrait. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

WILKINSON (T. Lean).

SHORT LECTURES ON THE LAND LAWS. Delivered before the Working Men's College. Crown 8vo, 2s.

WILLIAMS (Rev. Rowland), D.D.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF ROWLAND WILLIAMS, D.D., with Selections from his Note-books. Edited by Mrs. Rowland Williams. With a Photographic Portrait. 2 vols. Large post 8vo. 24s.

WILLOUGHBY (The Hon. Mrs.)

ON THE NORTH WIND—THISTLEDOWN. A Volume of Poems. Elegantly bound. Small crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

WILSON (H. Schütz).

STUDIES AND ROMANCES. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

WINTERBOTHAM (Rev. R.), M.A., B.Sc.

SERMONS AND EXPOSITIONS. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

WOOD (C. F.)

A YACHTING CRUISE IN THE SOUTH SEAS. Demy 8vo. With Six Photographic Illustrations. 7s. 6d.

WRIGHT (Rev. W.), of Stoke Bishop, Bristol.

MAN AND ANIMALS: A Sermon. Crown 8vo. Stitched in wrapper. 1s.

WAITING FOR THE LIGHT, AND OTHER SERMONS. Crown 8vo. 6s.

WYLD (R. S.), F.R.S.E.

THE PHYSICS AND PHILOSOPHY OF THE SENSES; or, The Mental and the Physical in their Mutual Relation. Illustrated by several Plates. Demy 8vo. 16s.

YONGE (C. D.), Regius Professor, Queen's College, Belfast.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION OF 1688. Crown 8vo. 6s.

YORKE (Stephen), Author of "Tales of the North Riding."

CLEVEDEN. A Novel. 2 vols. Crown 8vo.

YOUNG (Eliza A.)

AN ESSAY ON THE CULTURE OF THE OBSERVING POWERS OF CHILDREN, especially in connection with the Study of Botany. Edited, with Notes and a Supplement, by Joseph Payne, F.O.P., Author of "Lectures on the Science and Art of Education," etc. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

FIRST BOOK OF BOTANY. Designed to cultivate the Observing Powers of Children. With 300 Engravings. New and Enlarged Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s.

YOUNG (Edward L.), M.D.

A CLASS BOOK OF CHEMISTRY, on the Basis of the new System. With 200 Illustrations.

ZIMMERN (Helen).

STORIES IN PRECIOUS STONES. With Six Illustrations. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s.

FORTHCOMING WORKS.

SIR THOMAS MUNRO, BART., K.C.B., sometime Governor of Madras.
A Selection from his Minutes and other Official Writings. Edited
by Sir Alexander Arbuthnot, K.C.S.I.

ALDYTH. A Novel. By the Author of "Healey." 3 vols. Crown 8vo.

IDA CRAVEN. A Novel. By Mrs. M. H. Cadell. 3 vols. Crown 8vo.

SCIENTIFIC INTRODUCTION TO GREEK AND LATIN. By Ferdinand Baur, Ph. D., Professor at Maulbronne. Translated and adapted by C. Kegan Paul, M.A., and E. B. Stone, M.A., late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and Assistant-Master at Eton College.

TOO LONG UNTOLD, and other Stories. By Katherine Saunders.
2 vols. Crown 8vo.

CONTENTS:—Too Long Untold—The Harpers of Men-y-don—
Ida's Story—Little Missy—The Shaken Nest.





